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Life of Charles Brockden Brown together with selections by Dunlop, William 1815

BIOGRAPHY.

IN the year 1793, Mr. Brown saw the desolation of his native city by that pestilence which is known by the name of yellow fever. His father's family, his brethren and himself were among those who fled in time to avoid its influence, and to escape the necessity of witnessing those scenes of loathsome misery which distinguished that disease. But in 1798, Charles, by remaining in New York until too late to fly, either with safety or propriety, was made an inmate of the disease, beheld it in its most horrid forms, and saw expiring, the victims of its irresistible power, men as much distinguished for their talents and acquirements as for every virtue which can dignify our nature.

The city of New York had been visited several years in succession by the pestilence, but its inhabitants flattered themselves each year that the afflictions of the foregoing would not be renewed. Many however removed with their families each summer into the country. Among this number was the writer, and Mr. Brown had frequently been his guest at Perth Amboy on such occasions. At this period he was pleasantly situated with his friends Smith and Johnson, and when the rumour of the yellow fever having again broke out in certain quarters of the town reached him, he was persuaded that as their neighbourhood was free from infection, they were safe.

In a letter to his brother James, dated the twenty-fifth of August, 1798, after mentioning his literary plans, for he was then preparing to publish "Wieland," and the project of a Magazine for his profit had been suggested; he concludes thus:

"heavy rains, uncleansed sinks, and a continuance of unexampled heat, has within these ten days, given birth to the yellow fever among us, in its epidemical form. Death and alarms have rapidly multiplied, but it is hoped that now, as formerly, its influence will be limited to one place.

"You may be under no concern on my account, since my abode is far enough from the seat of the disease, and my mode of living, from which animal food and spirituous liquors are wholly excluded, gives the utmost security."

This plan was in accordance to the theory of his friend Smith, who rigidly practised it himself at all times. Brown had much reason to rely upon the judgment of Smith, but if he did not feel that perfect security which his letter avows, he assumed the tone for the purpose of quieting the apprehensions of his friends.

On the fourth of September he writes thus to his brother James, justifying his continuance in New York.

"When did you learn to rely upon rumour and news-paper information? As to the state of this city, you might naturally suspect that it would be misrepresented and exaggerated. There is abundance of alarm, and the streets most busy and frequented will speedily be evacuated.

"As to the malignity of this disease, perhaps its attack is more violent than ordinary, but E. H. S. to whom I read your letter, answers for me that not more than one out of nine, when properly nursed, die; and that its fatality therefore is much less than the same disease in Philadelphia.

"In the present healthful state of this neighbourhood it would be absurd to allow fear to drive me away. When there is actual and indisputable danger it would be no less absurd to remain, since even if the disease terminate favourably, or even were certain so to terminate, we are sure of being infinitely troublesome to others and of undergoing much pain.

"E. H. S. has extensive and successful practice in this disease. Through fatigue and exposure to midnight airs, he is at present somewhat indisposed, but will shortly do well.

"If when this fever attacks our neighbourhood I run away, I am not sure that I shall do right. E. H. S. at least, probably

Johnson, will remain, at all events; and if I run the risk of requiring to be nursed, I must not forget that others may require to be nursed by me, in a disease where personal attentions are *all in all*."

I trust that I need not remark upon the truth of the above sentiment, or call the reader's attention to the high point of view in which it places Mr. Brown's character. The letters which at this time he wrote to his brother James were in answer to earnest entreaties of the family that he would fly from New York as they had done from Philadelphia, where the pestilence raged with equal malignity.

A few days after he writes thus: "this pestilential air seems to be extending itself to all quarters. Things here wear a very gloomy aspect. Pearl and Water Streets are wholly desolate, and all business at a stand. The lowest computation supposes one half of the inhabitants to have fled. Notwithstanding this depopulation, especially in the most infected spots, I am sorry to add that the malignity increases and the number of deaths.

"The atmosphere is perceptibly different from former years, and leaves nobody in perfect health, but the quarter where I reside is still free from sickness. All the physicians who have at all attended patients in this fever have been indisposed. Our friend E. H. S.'s indisposition has nearly gone, but he ascribes his preservation from death entirely to his vegetable diet and his refusing his attendance at the beginning of his complaint, to the summons of the sick. He is now nearly able to resume the medical functions. Five physicians much conversant with the sick have died within a very short space."

On Tuesday the twelfth of September while the ravages and malignity of the pest was hourly increasing, and Dr. Smith had just regained strength to again lend his aid to the accumulating sufferers, an interesting stranger arrived from the equally pestilential city of Philadelphia, whose fate and its consequences, brought the desolation in its most fearful form home to the domestic establishment of the three friends Johnson, Smith and Brown.

Joseph B. Scandella was a native of the Venetian state. Of an opulent and distinguished family, he had been educated as a

physician but had devoted his faculties to general improvement in science. He left home early in life for this purpose, and visited England as secretary to the Venetian embassy. From thence his attention was called to our growing empire in the West; and to a liberal curiosity and ardent mind, no country on earth could be so attractive as that where the great experiment of an almost boundless federative republic had already made such progress as seemed to defy every effort of ignorance and malice to frustrate it.

He first visited the English provinces. When in the United States he made various journies in every direction, particularly bending his attention to the southern and western districts, where agriculture, the foundation of national wealth, is extending with such rapid strides, the happiness of an independent yeomanry, and erecting an empire which must necessarily correct, by its influence upon their interests, the tendency to corruption and European political bias in the maritime states.

After a residence of two years in the United States, Dr. Scandella prepared to return, and in the month of June embarked at the port of Philadelphia. The vessel proved unfit for a sea voyage and returned to port. He then came to New York and took passage in a packet from this port to Falmouth. Here he renewed an acquaintance began in Philadelphia with Dr. E. H. Smith. The detention of his baggage by some accident occasioned him to lose this opportunity of embarkation, and while awaiting another the yellow fever broke out in both cities. Notwithstanding its more early progress and greater malignity in Philadelphia, his concern for the welfare of an amiable family of helpless females, a widowed mother and her daughters, induced him to return to that city. He witnessed the death of every individual of the family.

After enduring the continual loss of rest, and exposing himself to the influence of an infected atmosphere for ten days, he set out on his return to New York, and in crossing the causey between Newark and this place first felt the deadly disease upon him.

He arrived in the evening at the Tontine Coffee House, and knowing the necessity of a lodging as much as possible re-

moved from the heartlessness of a hotel, he exerted himself to procure admittance at the various boarding houses, but terror steeled every heart, and shut every door against the sick stranger.

The benevolent Smith heard of his arrival, sought him instantly, and found him, under the influence of the pestilence, in bed at the Coffee House. He removed him to his room, resigned to him his bed, and became his physician and nurse.

On Sunday morning the seventeenth of September, Brown writes thus to his brother.

"When calamity is at a distance it affects us but little, and no sympathy for others can realize that distress which does not immediately affect us.

"You have discovered by the public papers the deplorable condition of our city, which in fact exceeds that of Philadelphia, inasmuch as the mortality bears a greater proportion to the population with us.

"Another circumstance greatly enhances our calamity, for the victims to this disease have been in innumerable cases, selected from the highest and most respectable class of inhabitants.

"Till lately, horrible as this evil is, and much conversant with it through the medium of physicians as I had been, I was not much affected by it until during the last week, this fatal pest has encompassed us and entered our own doors.

"On Tuesday last, an Italian gentleman of great merit and a particular friend of E. H. S. arrived in this city from Philadelphia. The disease had already been contracted, and admission into the boarding houses was denied him. Hearing of his situation our friend hastened to his succour and resigned to him his own bed. A nurse was impossible to be procured, and this duty therefore devolved upon us. Many moral incidents concurred to render this a most melancholy case. The disease was virulent beyond example, but his agonies have been protracted to this day. He now lies in one apartment of our house, a spectacle that sickens the heart to behold, and not far from his last breath, while, in the next, our friend E. H. S. is in a condition but little better.

"Extreme fatigues and anxieties could not fail of producing a return of this disease in Elihu. How it will end Heaven knows.

"Sunday evening. Our Italian friend is dead, and Elihu is preparing to be transported to ——s, whose house is spacious, healthfully situated, and plentifully accommodated. Our own house is a theatre of death and grief, where his longer continuance would infallibly destroy him and us.

"Before his last attack E. H. S. became sensible of the disproportionate hazard which he incurred, and had determined as soon as his friend Scandella had recovered or perished, and his present patients had been gotten rid of, to withdraw from town."

Brown had been himself attacked by the first symptoms of the fatal disease, and was removed to the house of the same friend who now received the unfortunate Smith. Brown's symptoms yielded to medicine, not so his friend's; he lingered a few days in a state allied to stupor; the efforts of his medical friends Miller and Mitchill were utterly unavailing; he saw the last symptom of the disease, black vomit, pronounced the word "decomposition" and died.

Thus perished, on Wednesday the twenty-first of September, 1798, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, Elihu Hubbard Smith; a man whose whole ambition was to increase his intellectual powers, with a view of devoting them to his fellow men.

In the Medical Repository, a work of which he was one of the most zealous founders and which was conducted after his death by his friends Miller and Mitchill, appeared a few lines devoted to his memory, from which I will indulge myself by repeating to the public the testimony of the enlightened writer.

"There were few who perished during that calamitous season, whose fate excited more universal regret, and whose memory will be more fondly and permanently cherished than Elihu H. Smith. In his domestic relations, the knowledge of his excellence, was necessarily confined to few; but by those few, his conduct as a son and a brother, will ever be regarded as a model of unblemished rectitude. Indefatigable in the

promotion of the true interest of those allied to him, a casual observer would be disposed to imagine his whole attention to be absorbed by this object, and that he whose affections were so ardent, and his mind so active for their good, had no leisure for the offices of friendship, and for the pursuit of general happiness. To these valuable purposes, however, no one attended with more zeal and assiduity. To those who were blessed with his friendship, and the number was by no means small, his attachment was unwavering and his efforts for their benefit without intermission. To the cause of general happiness, he devoted his abilities with no less zeal."

"His talents could not otherwise than slowly surmount the obstacles which were thrown in the way of his professional success by his youth, and by the want of patronage and support. His leisure he however devoted to the best purposes. Besides his medical pursuits, he cultivated with zeal and success, almost every branch of literature. As a physician his loss is irreparable. He had explored, at his early age, an extent of medical learning for which the longest lives are seldom found sufficient. His diligence and activity, his ardour and perseverance, knew no common bounds. The love of science and the impulse of philanthropy, directed his whole professional career, and left little room for the calculations of emolument. He had formed vast designs of medical improvement, which embraced the whole family of mankind, and were animated by the soul of benevolence."

Upon the removal of Dr. Smith from his own dwelling to the house of a friend, Mr. Brown resigned to him the chamber he had occupied in that friend's house, and by invitation removed to Dr. Miller's. Of his feelings at this time we must judge by his letters. The day before the death of his friend, he thus addresses his brother.

"What shall I write? I know that you ought to have frequent information of what is passing here, but I cannot trust myself with the narrative. My labour is to forget and exclude surrounding scenes and recent incidents.

"Smith is not dead, but unless miracles be wrought for him,

another day will number him with the victims of this most dreadful and relentless of pestilences.

"My excellent friend Dr. Miller dissuades me from going to you. The journey is too long, and the consequence of falling sick upon the road may be easily conceived. Here then I must remain.

"The number of physicians is rapidly declining, while that of the sick is as rapidly increasing. Dr. Miller, whose practice, as his skill, exceeds that of any other physician, is almost weary of a scene of such complicated horrors. My heart sickens at the perpetual recital to which I am compelled to be an auditor, and I long to plunge myself into woods and deserts where the faintest blast of rumour may not reach me.

"Thursday morning. The die is cast. E. H. S. is dead. O the folly of prediction and the vanity of systems.

"In the opinion of Miller the disease, in no case, was ever more dreadfully and infernally malignant. He is dead. Yesterday, at noon.

"I am well as circumstances will permit, and shall, as soon as possible, leave the city with William Johnson for Amboy or Connecticut."

In another letter he says "the weather has lately changed for the better, and hopes are generally entertained that the pestilence, for so it may truly be called, will decline. As to myself, I certainly improve, though slowly, and now entertain very slight apprehensions of danger to myself. Still I am anxious to leave the city. To go to Amboy and remain there for some time, will be most eligible. This calamity has endeared the survivors of the sacred fellowship, W. D., W. J. and myself to each other in a very high degree; and I confess my wounded spirit, and shattered frame, will be most likely to be healed and benefitted by their society. Permit me therefore, to decline going with you to Burlington. For a little while at least."

The next day, September twenty-fifth, Charles addressed his brother from Perth Amboy.

"It is with great pleasure, that I now inform you of my safe arrival at this place. Yesterday I wrote to you inform-

ing you of my intention to come hither on the morrow. After depositing my letter, Wm. Johnson and myself, concluded that if a water passage could readily be found to Staten Island, it would be advisable to depart immediately. This being forthwith sought for, was found. We left the city at two in the afternoon, and after a most auspicious passage arrived at Amboy at sun-set. I already feel the sensations of a new being, and am restored as it were by magic, to a tolerable degree of health and cheerfulness.

"Here I wish to stay, at least for some weeks, in the enjoyment of the purest air, and wholesome exercise. The change from a pestilential, desolate, and sultry city, to the odours and sprightly atmosphere of this village, is inexpressibly grateful and beneficial; and I believe you may dismiss all uneasiness, henceforth, on account of my safety.

"I seize this early opportunity, to inform you of my removal, because it was due to your generous concern for me."

After passing some weeks at Perth Amboy, Mr. Brown visited his family, and on the return of winter, took up his abode again in New York.

In the month of December, 1798, he thus details to his brother Armit, a plan for a magazine.

"Eight of my friends here, men in the highest degree respectable for literature and influence, have urged me so vehemently to undertake the project of a magazine, and promised their contributions and assistance to its success, that I have written and published proposals. Four hundred subscribers will repay the annual expense of sixteen hundred dollars. As soon as this number is obtained, the printers will begin, and trust to the punctual payment of these for reimbursement. All above four hundred, will be clear profit to me; one thousand subscribers will produce four thousand five hundred dollars, and deducting the annual expense will leave two thousand seven hundred. If this sum be attainable, in a year or two you will allow that my prospect is consoling. The influence of my friends, and their unexpected and uncommon zeal, inspire me with a courage which I should be unable to derive from any other quarter."

This was one of the many literary schemes, which now occupied the attention of Mr. Brown; for he at this time carried into effect, the plan which had long been forming in his mind of becoming an author by profession; of devoting his life to book-making, and trusting his future fortunes, as well as fame, to the labours of his pen. To become exclusively an author, was at that time a novelty in the United States, and if we except the editors of news-papers, no one had relied solely upon the support of his talents as a writer, and deliberately chosen this station in society. Mr. Brown was so far successful, that he never relinquished his plan, and, if health and life had been continued to him, would have supported in competence and reared to usefulness, a numerous and amiable family.

His first publication was Alcuin, in 1797. In 1798, he published Wieland. This powerful and original romance, excited attention and brought the author into the notice of all readers of works of this description. Few novels or romances have been written, which seize so strongly upon the imagination and feelings of the reader, hurry him from the realities which surround him, bury in oblivion his joys or sorrows, and fix his whole attention on the images which the author presents before him, as Wieland. In this work, the author, rejecting those events which flow from causes well known and constantly in operation, among men in society, which form the best and most useful groundwork for this species of composition, and discarding the hacknied machinery of castles, banditti and ghosts, took a new and untrodden ground. He made the events of his story depend upon, and flow from, two of those wonderful phenomena of the moral and physical world, which though known and established, were still mysterious and undefined, and though vouched for by unquestionable authorities, are of such rare occurrence, as not to be familiar, or even fully accounted for. Self-combustion is an awful and mysterious phenomenon of nature. The author of Wieland, by means of an instance of the extinction of life, and bodily decomposition, which he relates as having happened to the father of his hero, accounts for a predisposition to the reception of

insane and pernicious images, in the mind of Wieland. The author then calls to his aid, a second mysterious and wonderful phenomenon, the existence of which is not so well attested as the first, ventriloquism; and by endowing one of his characters with this stupendous power, a power which when once exerted, is incalculable in its effects, he excites his hero to the commission of acts, which though they have their prototypes in authentic records, are of a character so horrible as to border on the shocking, and in some measure defeat the end of the inventor, by lessening the attraction of the story.

Wieland, stimulated by what he considers supernatural premonition, murders his wife and children, and finally undeceived in part, and the high wrought tone of feeling which supported him under a consciousness of well doing, and of immediate communication with Heaven, being let down by a glimpse of the truth, he commits suicide. The causes of these dreadful effects, appear supernatural until the denouement or explanation takes place.

The author had doubtless a right to assume these wonderful appearances of nature as a basis for his fabrication. To his active imagination and fertile mind, they suggested the materials for erecting a superstructure of the greatest magnitude, and the most awful importance. Man, frail, ignorant and dependant, is prone to superstition. In all ages those natural phenomena, which are beyond the reach of our knowledge, have been deemed supernatural. The explosion of the electric fluid, has been heard with awe, as the voice of the Creator of the Universe; and its effect upon animal life, an effect as natural as that of fever or hunger, though less common, has been called his judgment, or the immediate display of his anger. In like manner, the expansion of subterraneous gases, and the misery occasioned by their rending the surface of the earth on spots where cities have been erected, has been ascribed to the jealousy or anger of the all-benevolent God, of our love and gratitude. As the causes of these effects became known, they ceased to be thus regarded. But a phenomenon so extraordinary, and apparently contrary to the known laws of nature as self-combustion, though easily ex-

plained to the philosopher, cannot but, even at this time, hold the mind in awful pause. The power of the biloquist, never yet explained, if it really exists, may be so used as to produce effects, which must necessarily unhinge the mind and force it to fall into the belief of supernatural interposition. Here Mr. Brown had possession of engines wherewith to work, of the most powerful and novel kind, and he made great use of them; but a doubt has been suggested of the propriety or policy of resorting to such tremendous agents in the conduct of a novel. It is true that they are in nature, but to the generality of mankind, they appear more strange, if not more unnatural, than ghosts or spectres. The instances of self-combustion or ventriloquism,* are so rare, that a work, whose events are founded on such materials, accords less with popular feelings and credulity, than if supernatural agency had been employed. In all ages and in all nations, tales of ghosts, of sorcery and witches, of genii, of demons, of local deities, and of familiar spirits; in short of communication with an invisible world of powerful and incorporeal beings, has received popular credence, and been familiar to man from his cradle to his grave. When the agency of such beings is used in a poem or a tale, if we do not believe, we at least are not shocked. On the other hand to the mass of readers, the natural causes of which we are speaking, are so indefinite and so little understood that disappointment is experienced when they are brought forward to account for appearances which the reader had previously supposed to be supernatural. It is perhaps always unsatisfactory, to find that causes which had purposely been made to convey an idea of more than mortal agency, are merely natural. The reader will remember the denouement of "the family of Montorio," and the waxen doll which inspires such high and mysterious ideas in Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho."

Notwithstanding these strictures upon Mr. Brown's agents, the writer is disposed to class Wieland among novels of the highest order. It has a well conducted fable, the incidents of

* It must not be supposed, that by ventriloquism, I mean the bungling trick which jugglers have called by that name.

which all tend to its progress and developement, and the style is pure, strong and eloquent.

The great cause of all the evils, which befal Wieland and his family, Carwin the biloquist, is a character approaching to the sublime, from the mystery thrown around him, and yet at times inspiring sentiments of disgust, and even contempt. The author does not give us the history of this personage, and thus, as was always his custom, left an opening for a continuation, or for another romance. Accordingly Mr. Brown afterwards began, and partly published "Memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist." This very interesting fragment, the reader will find well worthy of perusal, and will regret that the author did not finish a work so replete with novelty and interest.

In December of the same year, in which Wieland was published, Mr. Brown wrote his novel of "Ormond, or the Secret Witness," which had not the success of Wieland, neither did it deserve it. It has been remarked that there is a strong affinity between Ormond, the hero of this work, and Falkland, in the celebrated romance of Caleb Williams, written by William Godwin, the well known author of Political Justice. Indeed at this period of Mr. Brown's life, he was an avowed admirer of Godwin's style, and the effects of that admiration, may be discerned in many of his early compositions. It is remarked by the same friend, whose opinions I have before quoted in respect to Mr. Brown and his writings, that "Ormond and Falkland are both endeared to us on their first appearance, and while every heart is warmed by their benevolence and disinterestedness, they are suddenly converted into monsters of depravity. This change so sudden and unexpected, is nevertheless reconciled to the principles laid down by these authors. Ormond and Falkland, have each their separate objects, which they endeavour to obtain at first, by honourable means. So long as these means are found capable of answering their purposes, the respective characters glide smoothly on, and none of their noxious features are made visible. But behind this plausible exterior of courtesy and benevolence, fiery and uncontrollable passions are raging. They burn, it is true, with a smothered fire, but both Falk-

land and Ormond, are incited by those very passions, to do those very acts, which render them so endearing to our eyes. They have no motive to act otherwise than honourably, when they can accomplish their objects by so acting. But when they find that all these sacrifices avail them nothing, they immediately forsake this artificial character, and endeavour to obtain by dishonest means, what with honourable means they could not accomplish. The apparent incredulity attached to the existence of such characters results from the sudden turn of events by which these changes are brought about. The character takes its complexion from these events, and as long as they are favourable, we admire and respect, and when unfavourable, we abhor.

"Thus Ormond labours to overcome the virtue of Constantia, at first by loading her with favours and imposing every species of obligation. These, are squandered with a prodigal munificence, and her gratitude is raised to the highest pitch. Her virtue is notwithstanding invulnerable, to all these assaults, and Ormond thus foiled, changes his mode of assault, and endeavours to accomplish his object, by open violence."

Ormond was published in 1799, and Mr. Brown prosecuted his labour in the region of fiction, with an ardour increased by the success he had obtained, and with a rapidity of execution seldom paralleled. He had at this time begun five novels, all of which were in a state of progression. Two of the five were published, this same year; Arthur Mervyn, and Edgar Huntly. Arthur Mervyn, or Memoirs of the year 1793, was the third novel Mr. Brown published. The following which is the preface to it, will show the views and intentions of the author.

"The evils of pestilence by which this city has lately been afflicted, will probably form an æra in its history. The schemes of reformation and improvment to which they will give birth, or, if no efforts of human wisdom can avail to avert the periodical visitations of this calamity, the change in manners and population which they will produce, will be, in the highest degree, memorable. They have already supplied new and copious materials for reflection to the physician and the political

economist. They have not been less fertile of instruction to the moral observer, to whom they have furnished new displays of the influence of human passions and motives.

"Amidst the medical and political discussions which are now afloat in the community relative to this topic, the author of these remarks has ventured to methodize his own reflections, and to weave into an humble narrative, such incidents as appeared to him most instructive and remarkable among those which came within the sphere of his own observation. It is every one's duty to profit by all opportunities of inculcating on mankind the lessons of justice and humanity. The influences of hope and fear, the trials of fortitude and constancy, which took place in this city, in the autumn of 1793, have, perhaps, never been exceeded in any age. It is but just to snatch some of these from oblivion, and to deliver to posterity a brief but faithful sketch of the condition of this metropolis during that calamitous period. Men only require to be made acquainted with distress for their compassion and their charity to be awakened. He that depicts, in lively colours, the evils of disease and poverty, performs an eminent service to the sufferers, by calling forth benevolence in those who are able to afford relief, and he who pourtrays examples of disinterestedness and intrepidity, confers on virtue the notoriety and homage that are due to it, and rouses in the spectators, the spirit of salutary emulation.

"In the following tale a particular series of adventures is brought to a close; but these are necessarily connected with the events which happened subsequent to the period here described. These events are not less memorable than those which form the subject of the present volume, and may hereafter be published either separately or in addition to this."

This last paragraph prepares the reader for a sequel, which it will be my duty to notice hereafter; as Mr. Brown in this instance wrote and published another volume in continuation. At present I will confine myself to some remarks upon the first part, published in 1799.

That species of pestilence which for years desolated our principal cities, is now recollected by those who witnessed its ef-

fects with the sensation of dangers long passed, sufferings and losses reflected upon with tenderness, but without acuteness. The younger part of the community only know of the yellow fever by books, or by the traditionary tales of their fathers. All feel as if the danger was past and never more to return. Yet no one will say that on the return of those blessings which foreign commerce is supposed to bestow on nations, we, in the midst of security, shall not be again visited by a disease which constantly exists in some of the countries to which our merchants and sailors resort for profit. With a view to the possible recurrence of the same scene, as well as for its merits as a delineation of human nature as exhibited in our country, Arthur Mervyn is a work intitled to more than the common attention bestowed upon novels.

The author introduces his hero to the reader, sick of the prevailing pestilence of 1793, leaning against the outer wall of a house in Philadelphia, late in the evening, and but for the interference of some humane passenger, destined to perish in the street. Such a passenger returning to his home, perceives the situation of the unfortunate youth, and disdaining all those selfish considerations which led at that unfortunate period, to actions of the most shocking hard-heartedness, resolves, after consulting his wife, whose character was equally benevolent and enlightened, to do his duty to his fellow-creature.

Mervyn is received and nursed by this benevolent pair; he recovers, and they are forming plans for his future welfare, when a friend visiting at the house, recognises him and excites by his conduct, suspicions against the character of the youth they had preserved. The embarrassments thus produced, lead to the youth's telling his story, which constitutes the volume before us.

The son of a yeoman of Chester county, Pennsylvania, and the only survivor of many children, Arthur's treatment was such, as a delicate constitution required, and such circumstances would prompt. His mother, whose superiority of intellect was decided, in comparison with his father, died, and left that domestic œconomy, which falls to the female head of the family to devolve upon a coarse rustic girl, who soon enticed

the father of our hero into marriage. The usual consequences ensue, and Arthur quits his father's roof to *seek his fortune* in Philadelphia; destitute of knowledge of the world,. of friends, or of money.

He arrives in the night, after a long walk of fifteen hours, and loses his bundle, containing all his property, by leaving it in the market place. He recollects that a neighbour of his father's is in town, and even the name of the inn at which he puts up, and going thither, falls into the company of a young man to whom he imparts his situation, and who pays for his supper and invites him to partake of his bed for the night.

The rustic Arthur is conveyed into a magnificent house by a back door, and up to a chamber in the third story, where his companion under pretence of re-lighting his candle, leaves him locked up. Surrounded by doubt and perplexity, owing to the long absence of his conductor, his fears are increased by hearing one near him breathing as in sleep; this proves to be a child, and on the supposed approach of the parents he retires into a closet. A man enters, who proves to be a husband who had deposited this infant in his wife's bed, in the hope that she having recently lost her own, would adopt it. This takes place, and Arthur not only hears the dialogue appertaining to this incident, but an intimation of a plan by which the husband through the agency of his brother, should defraud a *rich nabob* of thirty thousand dollars.

The perilous and perplexing situation of Arthur in the closet, and schemes for extricating himself, are happily described and detailed; and not less so his difficulties in releasing himself from the bed chamber without that detection which he so naturally dreaded. He at length finds his way once more to freedom and the canopy of Heaven.

His poverty increased by the loss of his shoes, which he leaves in the closet to facilitate his undetected escape, and thoroughly discouraged and disgusted with the city, he determines to seek the country and obtain employment as a labourer, and by chance the street he takes leads him towards the Schuylkill, over which he had crossed in entering the town. Without money to pay the toll for passage, he in his distress turns

into another street, and wearied seats himself on the steps which lead to the door of a magnificent mansion. While debating upon the propriety of asking relief from the inhabitants, he is disturbed by a servant who comes out to wash the marble steps; and turning a corner meets a passenger whom he addresses, with a request for a loan sufficient to pay his passage and procure him a meal.

After some questions which lead to his knowledge of the youth's unprotected and forlorn situation, he leads him to his house, the same magnificent fabric from whose portal he had just retired, and having received proofs of his ability as a penman, and heard his artless story, he employs him as an amanuensis.

His patron places him immediately in the possession of a commodious apartment and abundant wardrobe. When disguised in his new habiliments, he surveys himself with wonder, and remarks his similarity to a stranger of the name of Clavering, a melancholy mad youth who had been received into the family of the elder Mervyn, and died under his roof.

Welbeck, for such was the name of Mervyn's patron, introduces him to a beautiful female, for whom he requires that respect which would be due to his daughter. This lovely creature gives tokens of the most lively surprise at the sight of Mervyn, who was clothed from a wardrobe which had formerly belonged to another, and uttered exclamations in a language unknown to him, conversing in the same foreign tongue with Welbeck, evidently on a subject connected with Mervyn's appearance, and with a perturbation which amounted to astonishment and distress.

After breakfast the lady, at the request of Welbeck, plays and sings, adding to the astonishment of the enraptured rustic, to whom every thing appertaining to his present situation appears as the effect of magic. After she has retired, Mervyn is conducted to an apartment adjoining that assigned as his, and Welbeck showing his right hand mutilated by the loss of the fore-finger, gives that as his reason for employing an amanuensis, and explains to Mervyn his duties, which are not to commence until the next week. In the meantime he is left

to the disposal of his with no other restrictions than a due conformity to the hours of eating and sleeping observed by the family.

Mervyn, left to his own reflections, endeavours to account for all that has befallen him, and to predict his future fortunes. Welbeck is no other, in Mervyn's mind, than an illustrious foreigner who has taken refuge with the remains of his immense fortunes in this land of refuge from European oppression, the lady is his daughter; the original owner of the clothes Mervyn wears was his son, the ladies attachment to her deceased brother, is to be transferred to the man who is so like him as to excite such lively sensations, and is to end in marriage.

After indulging some time in this waking dream, he sallies forth, and his curiosity is excited to gain some knowledge of the house in which he had so lately been immured. From a taylor in the neighbourhood, he learns that a young married couple reside in the house, and had lately lost their first born babe, which had nearly crazed the mother. Their names he does not learn.

Soon after this, Welbeck exacts a promise from Mervyn of silence, respecting every part of his story antecedent to his reception in his family. This conduct of Welbeck's excites suspicions in the breast of Mervyn, and even before he experiences the inconveniency arising from a promise, he repents having bound himself by it. The curiosity of Mervyn, which at all times borders on excess, is raised to a pitch far beyond that produced by any impulse he had before received, and the well imagined incidents which immediately follow, are calculated to raise it still higher.

The reader cannot but be again reminded of Caleb Williams, and Falkland, yet here is no servile copy, the characters of Mervyn and Welbeck are distinct in many circumstances from Williams and his master, and the situations in which they are placed are altogether new.

Mervyn is requested by Welbeck, to carry a letter to Mrs. Wentworth, and is directed to leave it with her servant; but Welbeck having represented the commission as of too much

importance to be entrusted to a common messenger, Mervyn seduced by his desire to see the lady, persuades himself that he shall better serve Welbeck by delivering the letter into her own hand, and for that purpose is shewn into her parlour. Here while examining a portrait which reminds him of one painted by the unfortunate Clavering of himself, and given to Mervyn, and which had been lost with his bundle on the night of his arrival in town, Mrs. Wentworth enters, and is almost as much surprised by his similarity to some person known to her, as the lady at Welbeck's had been.

The lady having retired to write an answer to Welbeck, Mervyn falls anew to examining the contents of the apartment, and to his astonishment, finds the portrait of Clavering, which had been lost with the bundle. On Mrs. Wentworth's return he claims his property, which leads to questions on her part putting him in a predicament extremely painful on account of his promise given to Welbeck. He gives the lady some account of Clavering's death, and breaks through his embarrassment by declaring, that he will resign the portrait to her, but cannot disclose more relative to himself or past transactions.

From Mrs. Wentworth he learns that Clavering was the son of the gentleman who owned the house in which Welbeck resides. That he had been thwarted in his wishes to go to Europe, had suddenly disappeared, and as they had no traces of him on this side the Atlantic, they had pursued him to Europe.

On the return of Mervyn to Welbeck, he relates what had passed with Mrs. Wentworth, and all he knew of Clavering. Welbeck undertakes to satisfy Mrs. Wentworth's curiosity, and desires him to avoid her and persist in his plan of secrecy.

A revolution had now taken place in the sensations of Mervyn. He no longer regarded Welbeck and the lady, with that complacency as at first. Mystery appeared incompatible with virtue. Suspicions were awakened which he could not quiet, and he feared for his own safety, and even his own integrity. An accidental meeting between Mervyn and his sister at the hour of day break, at the door of his supposed

daughter from which he was issuing, adds to the misgivings and perplexity of the youth, which are still further increased by perceiving that the lady is in a state which is only compatible with the character of a wife. The same day he is informed that she had left the city to avoid the extreme heat of the summer months.

An errand to the counting house of a merchant, revives in the mind of Mervyn the incidents of his first night in Philadelphia. Thetford the merchant on receiving Welbeck's letter, remarks that it is from the nabob. The plot which he had overheard for robbing *the nabob* is applied to Welbeck, and a determination formed of warning the latter by relating all he knew. In this purpose he is disappointed by Welbeck being absent from home, and not returning even at the hour when the servants usually retired. Mervyn alone sits up for him, but having retired from the parlour where he had left a light, on his return he finds that it had been taken away, although he knew the street door to be locked, and the key to be hanging within. He supplies himself with another light, and while wavering in respect to his future conduct, his curiosity is excited by the sight of the lady's chamber door, and he enters it; he however finds nothing extraordinary, excepting a miniature picture, very much resembling himself; while gratifying his ruling propensity, he hears the report of a pistol, and after recovering from the shock it occasions, he concludes that Welbeck had by some unknown means entered the house, gone to his chamber and committed suicide.

Under this impression he goes to the door of Welbeck's chamber, but not gaining admittance, is led to examine the room above, in which he finds Welbeck gazing in mute despair on the corse of a man recently murdered.

After a preliminary scene, Welbeck discloses his story to Mervyn, which is the history of weakness, wickedness, hypocrisy and sensuality, leading to every enormity and consequent misery. The lady heretofore described, was one of the victims of his villany, thrown into his power by the death of her brother, whose property, left with Welbeck for the sister's use, is applied to his own purposes and her destruction. This

property thus obtained, was not inexhaustible, and with the usual improvidence of guilt, it was soon dissipated so far as to admonish Welbeck that the end was near. He now joins with Thetford in a mercantile project which takes the remainder, besides making him responsible for a large amount of credit obtained by his notes. At the same time that he hears from Thetford that this vessel and cargo are lost, and he consequently reduced to beggary; he hears of the arrival of a man whose sister he had seduced, and who seeks for an interview with him. They meet accidentally at the door of Welbeck, and the injured man is the corse which lies weltering in blood on the floor of Welbeck's study.

Welbeck requests of Mervyn to assist him in burying the remains of Watson, whose death he deplores; and then to accompany him across the Delaware. The incidents appertaining to the interment of the body, and the embarkation on the river, are related in a style of eloquence and force, rarely met with. When in the middle of the river, Welbeck plunges in and sinks from the wondering youth, who loosing his hold of his oar, is left to the mercy of the stream. He swims to the shore with a pocket book which Welbeck had given him, as the property of Watson, and having reached the city, he examines its contents by the light of a lamp. He finds three fifty dollar bills and an open letter directed to Watson's wife. He incloses the money in the letter, and drops it in the post-office. Then pursues his way to Welbeck's, for the purpose of resuming his rustic dress, and flying from the now detested city.

When in Welbeck's house and ready to depart, his curiosity prompts him to seek a manuscript volume, which Welbeck had mentioned to him as belonging to the elder Lodi, and, satisfying his scruples as to the propriety of taking this book, he seizes and bears it off, reaching the country west of Schuylkill without accident.

Here Mervyn pauses in his tale; and here may be said to end the first part of the novel. The benevolent man who had rescued him from pestilence, tells, from his knowledge, that this accorded with certain facts relative to Mrs. Wentworth

and Welbeck. That Mrs. Wentworth on sending to make some inquiries of Welbeck, found the house shut up and abandoned. That when the creditors of Welbeck were alarmed, Mrs. Wentworth seized on the contents of the house for rent, but no sale took place in consequence of the breaking out of the late pestilence or yellow fever.

Mervyn is requested by his benefactor, to relate that which subsequently befel him, until their meeting; and goes on to state, that on the morning of quitting the city, he was received as a labourer on trial, by Mr. Hadwin, a plain, benevolent American yeoman. Hadwin's family consisted of his wife and two daughters, with servants, and Mervyn's manners and intelligence, soon rendered his situation that of a child of the family. The contrast between this place, these people, their manners, occupations and enjoyments, and the scenes and characters lately witnessed in the city, are happily noted by the author, without being dwelt upon. The elder daughter, it was soon discovered, had disposed of her affections. Mervyn becomes enamoured of the younger. While his time passed happily here, he recurred to a former thought of studying Italian by means of Lodi's book, and his own knowledge of Latin (a knowledge not accounted for) and accordingly sets about the task.

In the course of his study, he finds two leaves cemented together, and on opening them discovers a bank note. Other leaves are found similarly attached, and notes found to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. After some speculations suggested by the possession of this treasure, and its escape from the grasp of Welbeck; he recollects that it belongs to Lodi's daughter, and that it his duty to seek her. But now all other thoughts are banished by the rumour of the pestilence which desolated the city, and filled the country with consternation.

None suffered more from those fears, which this public calamity inspired, than Susan Hadwin. Her betrothed had fixed himself as a clerk with a merchant in the city, though entreated by letter to fly to the country, persisted in attending to his master's interests at the risk of his own life. Susan con-

tinued her intreaties, and her fears and anxieties threatened to produce the most fatal effects upon her health. Hadwin at length wrote commanding Wallace, who was his nephew, to come home with a neighbour, who still continued to visit the infected town with his market cart. Belding again returned, and to the inexpressible dismay of Susan, without a companion. Wallace who had daily sought him, had on this occasion failed to come, and the distress of the Hadwins, who could only account for his non-attendance by supposing the worst, was extreme.

Mervyn forms the generous determination of going in quest of Wallace, to bring him home if well, to nurse and assist him if sick. Without communicating his intention, he makes the requisite inquiries, finds that Wallace lives with Thetford, and has reason to believe that he is the youth, who for a trick to laugh at, inticed him into Thetford's dwelling, and shut him up in the bed-chamber.

Mervyn departs for the city, impelled by the benevolent intentions he had adopted, and hoping at the same time to discover the unfortunate daughter of Lodi, and restore to her the notes which so strangely had fallen into his possession. As Mervyn approaches and enters the city of pestilence, the narrative becomes historical, and is a just and vivid picture of the scenes of 1793, and of their influence upon the moral conduct of men.

Mervyn arrives at night, and after some adventures seeks the house of Thetford, he finds it abandoned, yet open, and makes his way to a chamber, in which was a light; he there finds a man in the last agonies, and while examining some tokens of pillage, is knocked down and deprived of sense. He narrowly escapes being buried while thus stunned, and on the entrance of one of those benevolent beings, who at that time exposed themselves to every danger, for the purposes of humanity, he learns among other circumstances, that Thetford's family had removed from this house some weeks ago. He is induced to remain until morning, where he is, by the representations of the benevolent Quaker, who relates to him the story of Maravegli, the person whose death he had arrived to

witness, which is nearly the history of the unfortunate Scandella.

On the return of day, Mervyn goes to Thetford's house and finds, that Thetford and his family had been cut off the last night, and that previously he had among other acts of inhumanity, generated by fear, sent Wallace to certain death at the hospital.

The friendly person who communicates this intelligence, offers Mervyn food, and the opportunity of repose. After breakfast he is left alone, and while meditating a search into Thetford's house for papers and books belonging to Wallace, Hadwin arrives, having come at the risk of his life, owing to the criminal secrecy of Mervyn, to learn something of Wallace, and soothe the agonies of Susan.

Sensible of the danger to which Hadwin was exposed, Mervyn hastily tells him, that Wallace is dead, and prevails upon him to return to his family.

Mervyn again enters the house of Thetford, with a determination to secure the property of Wallace for his friends, and while prosecuting this design, Wallace, himself, having escaped all the horrors of disease and the hospital, pale, exhausted and emaciated, enters. After an explanation, Mervyn, though oppressed by the disease, which had now fastened on him, goes in pursuit of a vehicle to convey Wallace to the Hadwins; this being fruitless, he prevails upon the young man to attempt to gain the country, by the exertion of his remaining strength, and after various distresses, a stranger whose route lay past Hadwin's door, is prevailed upon to give Wallace a place in his carriage.

Mervyn once more alone, and sinking under the effects of disease, endeavours to return to the house of the benevolent Quaker, but sinks exhausted upon the steps of a house which he recognizes to be Welbeck's. The fear of being conveyed to the hospital, the horrors of which had been detailed by Wallace, gives him strength to climb the wall and gain the bathing house, where copious draughts of water give him some relief from his tortures.

Unexpectedly he espies the shutters of a lower window of

the house open, and availing himself of the circumstance, he enters and gains possession of the chamber and bed of Welbeck.

While ruminating upon the incidents which had lately befallen, he thinks of the treasure he possesses, and determines that it ought to be applied to the relief of the poor of the suffering city. The mode of securing this application, he concludes, will be to inclose it, and direct it to some eminent citizen, with directions for its application. He resolves to execute this plan while he has yet strength, and rising, proceeds to Welbeck's study. As he attempts to enter, he hears some one bolt the door within, and thus knows that the place is preoccupied.

His entreaties to be admitted, are at first answered by sobs and groans, and at length by threats uttered in a strange voice, which however pronounces his name and bids him begone.

Here is introduced an episodical incident, altogether useless, and such a blot upon the story as could only have arisen from the author's writing, without revision, and forgetting in some measure that part of his work already consigned to the printer.

The occupant of the study, however, proves to be Welbeck, who not possessing resolution enough to effect his purposed suicide, had reached the Jersey shore, and had been humanely sheltered and nursed through a fever which succeeded the attempt upon his life. Here it had occurred to him that "Lodi, in speaking of the sale of his father's West-Indian property, mentioned that the sum obtained for it, was forty thousand dollars, Half only of this sum had been discovered by me. How had the remainder been appropriated." He remembered that he had in his youth been in the habit of depositing bank bills between the leaves of a book, in which he occasionally wrote extracts from classical authors; he thought of Lodi's manuscript, leaves of which he recollected as adhering together; the thought that this volume might contain the remaining twenty thousand dollars, animated him to new existence and exertion, and for the purpose of determining this momentous question, he had braved every danger, and the result had been

that he had now discovered that the book containing the supposed treasure was missing.

The scene which follows, may be termed the denouement of the drama of Arthur Mervyn. In it the author may be supposed, to have exerted his powers to the utmost. As I hope that this analysis of the story, will induce the reader of this volume to become the reader of the romance, I will not abridge a scene which is intended to excite to the climax of interest. It will be sufficient to mention, that Mervyn avows the possession of the treasure, and resists the menaces and artifices used by Welbeck to regain it. In the contest, the *notes* are burned to ashes.

The rage of Welbeck on this catastrophe is diverted from Mervyn, by the entrance of people into the house; he flies, and Mervyn, fearing the agents of the police who would convey him to the dreaded hospital, seeks refuge in a recess which screens him from pursuit, and at night in making an effort to reach the house of Medlicote, the benevolent Quaker, he was found and rescued from death by the person to whom he recounts his story.

The faults which deform this interesting and eloquent narrative, are altogether owing to haste, both in composing and in publishing. The work was sent to the printer before the writer had fully determined its plot. But for this, we should not meet with such obvious errors, as making Mervyn perfectly resemble both Lodi and Clavering, without any necessity for his resembling either; exciting an interest in Mrs. Wentworth, and leaving her and her story, like Butler's bear and fiddle; keeping Welbeck's servants quietly asleep in the house, while pistols are discharged, murder committed, the dead body buried, &c. when they could have been so easily removed; not to mention the impropriety of crowding so many incidents into the short space of five days. Dramatists are supposed to be bound by time, and circumscribed in the scene of their action; not so novelists, and therefore probability should not be violated, when no advantage can be gained by it. These are venial faults, and the beauties of Arthur Mervyn are splendid. But in proportion to the talents dis-

played by the author, is our regret that he did not do as much and as well, as he proved himself capable of doing.

Edgar Huntley, Mr. Brown's fourth romance, rapidly followed Arthur Mervyn. In this work, the author has chosen for a *cause* by which to produce effects at once stupendous and mysterious, that disease which is called *somnambulism*. The wonderful effects of this, hitherto not sufficiently explained malady, have been so frequently observed and commented upon, that its use as a foundation for fiction will not subject the author to a criticism similar to that which objected to the self-combustion and ventriloquism of Wieland. Edgar Huntley, unites to events, founded on somnambulism, "incidents of Indian hostility, and the perils of the western wilderness."

The hero tells his own story. He addresses it to the sister of his friend Waldegrave, who had been mysteriously murdered under the boughs of an elm, in the midst of a private road, on the verge of Norwalk, a wild and romantic tract of country, in one of the western counties of Pennsylvania.

Edgar relates, that journeying on foot with intent to reach the house of his uncle, overtaken by night, and ruminating on the fate of Waldegrave, he approached the fatal elm, and descried through the gloom, a man, naked from the waist upward, digging beneath the tree. His imagination represented in this man, the murderer of his friend; but upon hearing the sobs of anguish, which burst from him, his rage is changed to pity and sympathy. The stranger sat down in the pit he had dug, and uttered the most heart-rending moans; then suddenly starting up, began to fill the pit with the earth he had thrown up. On being addressed, he gazed at the quarter from whence the voice came, without appearing to see any object, and then continued to fill the pit. Having finished his work, he departed, and Edgar recognizing in this man, the conduct of a sleep-walker, proceeds on his way to his uncle's.

In thinking upon the late occurrence, Edgar is led to believe, that the sleep-walker is the murderer of Waldegrave. Although he did not recognize the features of the man, he is led by circumstances to believe him to be a labourer, called

Clithero, an emigrant from Ireland, now belonging to the family of Inglefield, a neighbouring yeoman.

Edgar, as well as Arthur, is possessed of unbounded curiosity. His maxim is "curiosity, like virtue, is its own reward." Like virtue too, it appears to be a foe to inactivity. Edgar the next night, as soon as the family had retired to rest, betakes him to the elm tree, and there again sees the sorrowful somnambulator. When the perturbed spirit leaves the elm, contrary to Huntley's expectations, instead of taking the road to Inglefield's, he takes an opposite direction, and Edgar, following, is led through bogs and briers, down steeps and over precipices, amidst the desert wilds of Norwalk, until his conductor plunging into a cavern, disappears. At the mouth of this cave, Edgar watches until morn, and then returns unsatisfied home.

On a third night, Edgar succeeds so far as to trace the sleep-walker to an out-house of Inglefield's, and thus to confirm his conjecture that this was no other than Clithero.

Edgar determines to question the sleep-walker, of whom several circumstances are eloquently related, tending to raise the interest of the reader in Clithero to a great height, before the design of Edgar is put in action. This interview is finely narrated, and we perceive in the unhappy Clithero, something allied to insanity, which adds to the sympathy already created for him. He breaks from Edgar after promising that he shall hereafter know his story.

Some time after, the sufferer unburthens his heart, after complaining that the misguided curiosity of Edgar had destroyed him. A native of Ireland, the son of a farmer, he had been educated with and made a companion to the son of the lady of the manor, and in due time attended him on his travels. The attendant proved more virtuous than his lord, and his admonitions becoming troublesome, he was sent home; though with all justice done to his character. He becomes a member of the lady's family, as her steward, and has nearer and better opportunities of appreciating her admirable qualities and conduct.

Mrs. Lorimer had a twin brother as like her in person as he was opposite in every mental or moral feature. Wiatte was the object of his sister's love, who, in this alone, deviated from her uniform rectitude. He was a monster of depravity, who sought her misery, and had been the occasion of preventing her from marrying a man, worthy of her choice, who had thereby been banished from his native land.

The misdeeds of Wiatte, at length procured the sentence of transportation to be passed upon him, but it was said that in the passage he was engaged in a mutiny and killed.

Mrs. Lorimer sought out an orphan daughter of this misloved brother, and adopted her as the intended wife of her son. Clithero saw and loved Clarice. Young Lorimer and Clarice saw each other with indifference, but Clarice felt her affections interested for Clithero; who thinking that honour forbade his aspiring to his lady's neice, resolves to depart from the scene of danger. In order to put this scheme into practice, he has an interview with Mrs. Lorimer, the consequence of which is her assuring him of the affections of Clarice, and giving her cheerful consent to the union.

The reader is led to this climax, in the happiness of Clithero, by a narrative of peculiar interest and felicity, and the expected nuptials are only delayed by ordinary occurrences, when the former favoured lover of Mrs. Lorimer, Sarsefield, makes his appearance again on the stage.

This worthy man had been buffetted about by fortune, in various quarters of the world, and among other situations, had taught at the village school of Edgar's native place, and been his beloved preceptor. An intimacy takes place between Sarsefield and Clithero, and the former appears to be re-assuming his early influence over Mrs. Lorimer, when the monster Wiatte, though supposed long since dead, returns. Here appears the fiend destined to blast the happiness of Mrs. Lorimer and Sarsefield, of Clarice and Clithero, and as such the latter views him. Anxiety deprives Clithero of his usual sleep, and produced a predisposition to mental derangement. In this state he is attacked by Wiatte, and not knowing his assailant he accidentally kills him. When he discovers that it is the

brother of his patroness, and the father of Clarice whom he has killed, his mind predisposed to insanity, is overpowered, and he is hurried on to a series of acts in rapid succession, which terminate in the death of Mrs. Lorimer, and the overthrow of all his happiness.

Clithero having finished his tale, which is told with the vehement eloquence of madness, he avows a determination of self-murder, and plunges into the thicket of the deserts of Norwalk.

Several days pass, and Clithero does not return. Edgar determines to seek for him or his remains, in the wilds of Norwalk, which are described as possessing the extreme of ruggedness and caverns of subterranean magnitude as to have baffled all conjecture of their extent.

That cavern to which he had formerly followed Clithero, was of this description, and Edgar undertakes to explore its recesses. The author has here a new field for descriptive eloquence, and after leading his hero and reader through the dangers of the dark, emerges on the summit of a mountain. Descriptions of perils amidst alpine precipices succeed, which can only be appreciated by the reader of the whole work, and which terminate in the discovery of Clithero, seated apparently out of the reach of human means, and in all the majestic misery of madness produced by conscious guilt. This second Cardenio soon vanishes, and Edgar returns after herculean labours to his home and his bed, not to sleep but to ruminate upon the fate of the sleep-walker.

The next day the restless and indefatigable Huntley, resumes his pursuit of the wretch who had been driven from the society of men, by his suspicions and curiosity. He reaches again the spot from whence he had discovered Clithero, and having in prosecution of a plan formed the preceding day, felled a tree across the chasm which then separated them, he proceeds in his adventurous search, and again discovers the maniac. Remorse had ceased with consciousness and he slept. After much debate, Edgar humanely decides not to awaken him, but to leave food by his side and return with the satisfaction of having gain-

ed access to his retreat, and, as he hopes, the means of alleviating his woes, if not of restoring him to health and peace.

Edgar receives a message requesting him to pass the next night at the house of Inglefield, and in compliance, passes in the evening by the fatal elm. The sight of this tree and certain indications that the earth had been recently removed, suggested ideas that the maniac in his sleep, might have buried in this spot something connected with the history of Mrs. Lorimer or Clarice. This was sufficient for the restless curiosity of our hero, and having formed his resolution to return from the house of Inglefield to the elm, instead of going to bed, he accordingly sits awaiting the proper time for the enterprize, when his curiosity receives a new impulse and leads his limbs in another direction.

In the chamber appropriated to the guest, stood a box which as Inglefield's housekeeper had told Huntley, was the property and workmanship of Clithero. This box was in its construction, eminently calculated to excite curiosity, as it was immovably closed without discoverable lock or key hole. The desire to examine this box, was irresistible, and having noted its uncommon structure on the outside, the desire to scrutinize within was still more irresistible.

Notwithstanding the consciousness of doing wrong, the box is opened by means of accidentally discovering a secret spring, but nothing results from this success except that all Huntley's ingenuity cannot shut it again as before.

The project of digging under the elm, is resumed, and is executed. Here another box is found, and borne off to Inglefield's, but as Edgar approaches the house, he sees a man issue whom he distinguishes as Clithero. On entering the apartment he had so lately occupied, he discovered the box which had been violated by his lawless curiosity, dashed into fragments on the hearth. On examining his prize, he finds a manuscript volume in the hand writing of Mrs. Lorimer, connected with the history of herself and her brother.

On the next day the persevering Huntley again proceeds to the desert haunts of the sleep-walker. A storm of wind and rain cannot damp the ardour of his curiosity, and new adven-

tures and new descriptions of this solitary region under the influence of tempests and torrents, amply repay the reader for accompanying him. His escape from a panther is narrated in a manner pre-eminently entitled to praise.

After the perils and hair-breadth escapes of this day, Edgar returns to his uncle's, and the next night is partly passed in sleep. He awakes however before morning, and his ever restless spirit prompts him to seek a certain pacquet of letters left by Waldegrave, which though deposited by himself in a private cabinet in his chamber, and under lock and key, are not to be found.

Every effort to regain this pacquet is in vain, and with his senses bewildered by the circumstance, he throws himself on his bed only to revolve again and again the circumstances of this inexplicable robbery.

He is aroused by his uncle who comes to inquire into the cause of his being up during the time of sleep, and why he had gone up stairs into the *long room* or garret. The question puzzles Huntley, who asserts that he has not been out of his chamber, and the uncle as positively asserts, that he or someone else had been walking to and fro in the upper story. This unknown visitant is connected by Edgar, with the loss of Waldegrave's letters, and his mind becomes hourly more perplexed by these incidents, and his eager concern for the fate of Clithero.

An episode here introduced, relieves the reader from pursuing a continued narrative of uncommonly high-wrought incidents, and inculcates a pure lesson of morality, but as *it is* an episode, I shall omit an analysis of it.

The reader perhaps has suspected from the adventures of the last mentioned night, the loss of the pacquet and the unknown visitant of the long room, that restlessness and anxiety had produced in Edgar the disease of somnambulism. The continuation of the narrative confirms this conjecture. He goes to sleep as usual in his chamber under the roof of his uncle, and awakes to consciousness surrounded by utter darkness, stretched on the craggy surface of a rock, with limbs benumbed by cold and aching with bruises, one of the most forlorn outcasts of human misery. This stupendous incident is finely imagined and ade

quately narrated. By degrees the unfortunate nocturnal wanderer gains a full sense of his forlorn condition, though without suspicion of the cause which had produced such disastrous effects. He had fallen through an aperture of the rock into one of the caverns of Norwalk, and appears to have only escaped death in one form to meet it in another more horrible. To escape from the torments of hunger, he contemplates self-murder. Under this accumulated misery, however, the love of life prevails, and armed with an Indian tomahawk, which accident had placed in his hand, he gropes his darksome way, until a rencontre with a second panther, gives him a bloody banquet, and saves him from death in the form then most dreaded. The effects of this unusual food, is pain and thirst of the most tormenting degree, but his strength is exerted to extricate himself from prison, and at length his steps are directed by the sound of water to a distant light, and new and (if possible) more perilous adventures.

He arrives at an aperture of his rocky prison, from which he descries, sleeping by a fire, four brawny savages of the wilderness, armed for war. The sound of the water-fall came from beyond them, and his progress to this source of relief to his torment, was of course, totally impeded. The parents of Edgar had been murdered by Indians, and with their images the strongest terrors and antipathies had ever been associated. A project of escape from the sleeping foe, is frustrated by discovering that a fifth warrior watched with his back to Edgar, and the fire and his face towards the mouth of the cave. The centinel, however, rises and goes out. The sound of low moanings directs the eyes of Huntley to a girl whom the savages had borne off from her murdered relatives, and who lay bound on the earth, while they refreshed their limbs after the fatigues of desolation and murder. The desire of rescuing this innocent, added to the intolerable torments of thirst, urge the youth to attempt a passage past the sleepers. He attracts her attention, and ensures her silence. He seizes a musket and hatchet belonging to the centinel, and issues from the cave. The vacillation of his thoughts; the extremity of his perils; are described with the pen of a master. He encounters and

despatches the wakeful savage without alarming his comrades, and having satiated his thirst and renewed his strength, he generously returns and accomplishes the rescue of the helpless captive. After the difficulties of making their way through a wilderness, they arrive at a log-hut, which though deserted affords them shelter and refreshment. Having now leisure to observe the gun he had brought off, he finds it a double-barrelled fusee belonging to himself, and left at his uncle's. Impressed with the conviction that his uncle and sisters had been murdered by the savages he had left in the cave, he wishes only for revenge and death, and soon has an opportunity to try his arms by the approach of three of the enemy, whom he discovers by the moon's light at some distance from the hut.

By an incident most happily imagined and described, Edgar is placed in such a situation as to command a view of the savages as they enter, without being seen by them, and after witnessing their surprise and exultation on regaining the captive girl, he is enabled to chose a spot which will enable him to shoot at least two of the foe, as they shall come forth from the hut.

The shrieks of the girl arrest his attention, and he sees an Indian drag her by the hair from the hut, and prepare to end her existence. Edgar's ball arrests the blow, and lays the barbarian dead at the feet of his intended victim. Another comes forth, but to share his comrade's fate. By seizing the loaded musket of the first slain savage, Edgar is enabled, by a happy incident to despatch the third of his enemies; but being slightly wounded, bleeding and exhausted, his forlorn condition and that of the girl, are scarcely capable of aggravation, when they are found by a party of the armed yeomanry of the neighbourhood, who are in pursuit of the marauders.

On their approach, Huntley, through fatigue and loss of blood, faints. His situation causes him to be left as dead, by the friends who carry off the girl, and Edgar is reserved for further perils and adventures, and to make his way back to the dwelling of his uncle, from whence he had been led by circumstances so marvellous, and to himself, as yet, unaccountable.

He has again to rely upon his fire arms for protection, and again to shed human blood, and witness the agonies of violent

death. Bewildered, in his attempts to regain the road that shall lead him home, he is lost and benighted, and finding that he is pursued by armed men, whom in the darkness, he supposes to be savages, he plunges into a river, and being by that action mistaken by the pursuers, his friends, for an Indian, he is exposed to their efforts for his destruction.

Escaping from this perilous situation, and pursuing his way, he encounters the vestiges of Indian warfare. Desolated houses, scalped and mangled corses of females, some of those many horrors which are always the consequence of the cruel and merciless hostility of those savages, whom the inhuman policy of European nations, has so often armed with the rifle, the tomahawk and the scalping knife, against the inhabitants of the United States; against the only civilized people who have endeavoured to wrest from the savage his hatchet, and place in his hand the instruments of agriculture.

As Huntley approaches his home, he is distracted by reports which lead him to believe that his sisters and the family of his uncle, have been victims to violence and murder. He enters a house in the neighbourhood, and has an unexpected interview with *Sarsefield*.

He learns from his former preceptor that his uncle is dead, but his sisters in safety. That the family mansion had not been visited, but his uncle had fallen in conflict with the enemy, and thus had the double barrelled fusee of Edgar fallen into savage hands. Sarsefield had been one of the pursuers of the marauding band, and without knowing him, seen Edgar at the time of his fainting at the door of the hut. Subsequent circumstances had suggested, that the forlorn and wounded youth, was Edgar Huntley, and a search instituted for his relief. It was these friends who had endeavoured to destroy him in the river.

I have by no means mentioned all the incidents, which the fertile invention of the author has introduced into this most interesting narrative. I would willingly induce the reader to seek a book, full of moral instruction and fascinating amusement.

Sarsefield having married the lamented Mrs. Lorimer, whom Clithero supposed dead, has brought her to America, and receives

from Huntley the news of Clithero's situation, and a recapitulation of his story. Sarsefield will not listen to any extenuation of what he supposes to be guilt in Clithero, and while still engaged in conversation with Edgar, the unhappy maniac is brought to the house by a party who had been in pursuit of the Indians. He was mangled by their weapons but not dead. He has strength to enter into a conversation with Edgar, in which the effects of his conduct towards him is detailed, and some interesting explanations given.

Sarsefield is convinced by Edgar, that Clithero's former conduct was the effect of insanity, and not of guilt, and leaves Pennsylvania to prosecute a journey into Virginia, which had brought him from New York, where he had left his wife.

Clithero's wounds are cured, and before he had been informed that he had not caused the death of his patroness, he disappears.

At this period the narrative of Huntley ceases, and the denouement of the romance is found in a series of letters, which conclude the volumes.

The first is from Huntley to Sarsefield, telling him that Clithero is apprised that his patroness is alive, and has set out for New York "with a mysterious intention to visit her," and calling upon Sarsefild if possible, to prevent the interview.

The second letter explains the means by which Clithero obtained information of the former Mrs. Lorimer's being alive, and by apprising the reader that Clithero is still a maniac, prepares him for the catastrophe.

The third and last letter is from Sarsefield to Huntley, and relates the consequences of his letters upon Mrs. Sarsefield, and upon Clithero. The first is materially injured in her health. The second being secured as a madman commits suicide.

Perhaps another denouement might have been more satisfactory. Perhaps the author may be accused of slighting his novel, near its conclusion. If he is guilty, he is not the first man of great talents, who has been convicted of the charge.

Of the beauties of Edgar Huntley, or of the opinion which I entertain of its merits, the reader may judge by the analysis I have given. Its defects, like those of Arthur Mervyn (first

part) are from haste in composition, and from crowding the incidents into an unnecessarily short period.

In the year 1800, appeared the second part of Arthur Mervyn. The author's first intention, appears to be that of creating and detailing a series of complicated difficulties, flowing from Mervyn's connection with the depraved villain Welbeck; but the reader is soon convinced that the work has no plan, and is of course subject to contradictory passages, and every species of fault which a man of Mr. Brown's talents could be guilty of.

It is no apology to the purchaser or reader of a book, that the author is occupied at the same time with several distinct works, some progressing in composition alone, some in both composition and printing, some just begun and others nearly finished. We may admire the versatility and industry of the author, but we must lament the loss of time and reputation such a mode of writing and publishing must occasion to him, and the loss of amusement and instruction to his readers.

Many of the faults of the second part of Arthur Mervyn appear to be purely gratuitous. We are at a loss to assign any motive for the author's introducing such passages or incidents. The want of plan at the beginning, and the constant change of plan which is apparent in the prosecution of the work, are causes of the most obvious faults. Another cause of failure in this novel, is the frequent attempts at humour, a quality of which Mr. Brown had no portion in himself, or any adequate conception of in others. Witness Mrs. Althorp's account of Arthur's behaviour in his father's family, and his occupation of knitting stockings. Both as a continuation of a preceding work, and as a work of itself, the reader is subjected to continual disappointments. He cannot but remember the mysterious *something*, which the hero discovers in the cock-loft of Welbeck's house, in the first part, and on which the greatest stress is laid as an instrument to raise curiosity; but in the second part there is no allusion to the incident. He will find both in the first and second parts, that Eliza Hadwin is the most worthy and artless and interesting creature of the author's creation, but in the conclusion she is abandoned both by hero and author, in a manner as unexpected as disgusting.

With all these faults, the second part of Arthur Mervyn contains passages eminently beautiful, and, in common with others of Mr. Brown's writings, passages perfectly descriptive of himself. Of this latter class it will answer a biographical purpose to quote one or two.

P. 58. He makes Mervyn say "If men be chiefly distinguished from each other by the modes in which attention is employed, either on external and sensible objects, or merely on abstract ideas and the creatures of reflection, I may justly claim to be enrolled in the second class. My existence is a series of thoughts, rather than of motions. Ratiocination and deduction leave my senses unemployed. The fulness of my fancy renders my eye vacant and inactive. Sensations do not precede and suggest, but follow and are secondary to the acts of my mind."

P. 162. Mervyn after describing his companions in a stage coach, viz. a creole Frenchman, two negroes and a monkey, proceeds thus "my thought was busy in a thousand ways. I sometime gazed at the faces of my *four* companions and endeavoured to discern the differences and samenesses between them. I took an exact account of the features, proportions, looks, and gestures of the monkey, the Congolese, and the creole Gaul. I compared them together and examined them apart. I looked at them in a thousand different points of view, and pursued, untired and unsatiated, those trains of reflections which began at each change of tone, feature and attitude.

"I remarked the country as it successively arose before me, and found endless employment in examining the shape and substance of the fence, the barn and the cottage, the aspect of earth and of Heaven."

It is thus that, perhaps every man who writes books, especially works of imagination, describes himself, his habits, his modes of thinking, and sometimes his person. How pleasing it would be if we could point to the passages, which indicated such particulars of those eminent writers, who have delighted and instructed us in youth, and continue to be the companions and counsellors of our way through life.

In 1801, Mr. Brown published his novel of Clara Howard. This work is of a character very different from those which preceded it from the same pen. It has a regular plan. It is satisfactorily concluded. Its incidents are more within the scope of probability. Its difficulties arise from the conflicting passions of persons eminently moral and delicate. It has no passages so highly wrought and eloquent, neither has it those glaring defects, which I have lamented as appertaining to the former works. Its form is likewise different, it being epistolary.

The story is briefly this. The parents of Mary Wilmot, a German merchant and an English lady, are driven by circumstances of complicated misfortune, occasioned by complicated guilt and honour, to that asylum of European crimes, misfortunes, or enterprise, America. The parents die and leave Mary, who had been educated to the indulgences of fortune, dependant upon her needle for the support of herself, and her brother, then a child.

Edward Hartley, the hero of the tale, was a country lad, left with two orphan sisters, to the protection of an uncle. Happily for him there resided in the village an English gentleman, by name Howard, who having dissipated the greater part of his inheritance in youthful follies, and rejected the love of an uncommonly endowed woman, flies repentant to our shores on receiving a letter from her announcing her marriage to his cousin, and admonishing him of the folly of his pursuits.

Mr. Howard is a recluse. Hartley becomes a favourite with him and owes his mental improvement to his conversation, books and instructions. Suddenly, however, Mr. Howard departs for Europe. Edward is *put apprentice* to a watchmaker and becomes acquainted with young Wilmot, and through him with Mary.

Wilmot is at this period, seventeen, and usher to a school, having preferred "honourable poverty, a studious life, and the dignity of imparting knowledge to others" to "the desk, bar and pulpit." A preference, says the author, which "no doubt, partly arose from youthful timidy and self-diffidence, and age might have insensibly changed his views." Hartley is about

Wilmot's age, but Mary much older, and neither blessed or cursed by the charms of beauty.

Hartley's esteem for Mary Wilmot increases through a long intimacy of unbounded confidence, but it is esteem without passion. On the contrary, Mary becomes enamoured of her young friend. In this state of affairs the brother is accidentally drowned, Mary becomes more particularly the charge of Edward, and to their mutual surprise on examining into the brothers affairs, he was found to be credited in the bank of P.—— for five thousand dollars, and the credit of two years standing.

This inexplicable circumstance causes, among other effects, the determination of Edward and Mary to become man and wife, if no claimant appears in six months from the time of the agreement.

Mary in the meantime retires from Philadelphia to a village, and lives frugally as a boarder upon a part of this money; but before the expiration of the six months, an old acquaintance of Wilmot's returns from the perils of foreign countries, and in searching for Wilmot, encounters Hartley, and tells him that he had remitted a bill of exchange to Wilmot for five thousand dollars to be kept in trust for him until his return.

Morton's story, the dates and the sum, leave no doubt in Hartley's mind, and he writes to Mary an explanatory and introductory letter, which he gives to Morton. While musing on this reverse, Mr. Howard arrives at Edward's native village in pursuit of him, having returned to America and brought with him as his wife, his cousin's widow, and her daughter, and being determined to make the fortunes of his young friend by his patronage, and a marriage with his wife's daughter, *Clara Howard.*

I will here notice, that Mr. Brown has made use of similar incidents and characters in both his novels of Edgar Huntley and Clara Howard. The brother of Huntley's mistress is precisely the brother of Mary Wilmot, he receives and deposits money, dies, his sister inherits, a claimant appears and the claim is allowed. The friend and instructor of Huntley is an English emigrant, who returns home, marries a former mistress who had had an intermediate husband, and returns again to

America. If an inference should be drawn from all this, that Mr. Brown thought English emigrants the only competent instructors of American youth, how wide of the truth both as to his belief, and in respect to truth would be the conclusion.

Mr. Howard pursues his way to Virginia, promising on his return to take Edward with him to New York. Edward does not explain to Howard his situation in regard to Mary Wilmot, but writes to her all the circumstance of this rencontre and of Howard's intentions respecting him.

Edward's reflections upon the prospects which now open upon him of an elevation from a vile to a noble rank in society by a marriage with Clara Howard, are filled with useful truths to an American. I will extract the following passage on the state of society in England and America, and the debasing prejudices with which the natives of this country have been poisoned by the remnants of the English colonial tyranny, and by English books.

"There is somewhat in the advantages of birth and rank, in the habit of viewing objects through the medium of books, that gives a sacred obscurity, a mysterious elevation, to human beings. I had been familiar with the names of nobility and royalty, but the things themselves had ever been shrouded in an awe-creating darkness. Their distance had likewise produced an interval, which I imagined impossible for me to overpass. They were objects to be viewed, like the divinity, from afar. The only sentiments which they could excite, were reverence and wonder. That I should ever pass the mound which separated my residence, and my condition, from theirs, was utterly incredible.

"The ideas annexed to the term *peasant*, are wholly inapplicable to the tillers of ground in America; but our notions are the offspring, more of the books we read, than of any other of our external circumstances. Our books are almost wholly the productions of Europe, and the prejudices which infect us, are derived chiefly from this source. These prejudices may be somewhat rectified by age, and by converse with the world, but they flourish in full vigour in youthful minds, reared in seclusion and privacy, and undisciplined by intercourse with vari

ous classes of mankind. In me, they possessed an unusual degree of strength. My words were selected and defined according to foreign usages, and my notions of dignity were modelled on a scale, which the *revolution* has completely taken away. I could never forget that my condition was that of a *peasant*, and in spite of reflection, I was the slave of those sentiments of self-contempt and humiliation, which pertain to that condition elsewhere, though chimerical and visionary on the western side of the Atlantic."

In America there is no peasantry. The tillers of the earth are the owners of the soil. We have, strictly speaking, neither peasant nor farmer; our workers on the soil are freeholders, are yeomen. This is one of the proud distinctions, between this country and Europe.

In one portion of our country the remains of the English slave trade exists; and there peasants exist. Those who till the earth are slaves as in Russia; and are unfortunately for themselves and humanity distinguished by their skins and their features from other men. They are a little more (and more avowedly) slaves than the peasantry of Ireland, and still a little more than the peasantry of England. But with the exception of the slave holding states, as we have no nobility but from worth, so we have no villany but from misdeed. We have neither lord nor peasant, except in the south, where the planter partakes of European nobility, and the African slave of European peasantry.

Bound to Mary Wilmot by the ties of honour, though not of love, and the prospect of marriage indefinitely removed by the claims of Morton, Hartley obeys the injunctions received from Howard by letter, and goes to New York to join Mrs. Howard and Clara, but first calls at the residence of Mary Wilmot. She had flown in company of a man, and left no traces whither.

A young man of the name of Sedley had offered marriage to Mary before she knew Hartley. He was worthy but she did not love him, and rejected his addresses. Sedley had persevered and had introduced his sister, Mrs. Valentine to her acquaintance. Sedley and his sister are rich, and Hartley now finds

that Mary had gone off with them. He proceeds to New York and joins the Howards.

Clara Howard is every thing that can inspire love, and Edward becomes enamoured. Months pass away in the blissful occupation of gaining her affections. At length by accident he meets Morton, who informs him that he had not seen Mary Wilmot, had not received the five thousand dollars, and should not apply for it.

Uneasiness respecting the fate of Mary intrudes to destroy the felicity which Edward enjoys in Clara's love, and he explains to her his situation and engagements, and does ample justice to Mary Wilmot's worth and attachment to him.

Clara immediately rejects all thought of union with Hartley, considering the claims of Mary as an insuperable bar. She resists his reasoning, and insists upon his going in pursuit of Miss Wilmot. He complies, and visiting his uncle finds a letter from Mary, which had been forgotten by the good folks and lain for months in a drawer. In this letter she renounces her pretensions to him in favour of the youth, beauty, virtues and fortune of Clara Howard. She displays her determination of retiring to some retreat where he shall not be able to find her. In this letter is found an order for the five thousand dollars.

Clara by letter persists in her resolution of sacrificing her love to the merits of Mary, and Edward's pride being piqued by her determination and her mode of expressing it, he sets off from Philadelphia with a view of burying himself in the western states, but is stopped by a fever produced by plunging into the Schuylkill to save a drowning fellow traveller.

Clara's heroism vanishes at the news of Edward's disastrous situation, and she is willing to give up her scruples on Mary's account, provided she can bring back Edward safe to her arms. Circumstances lead to inquiries respecting Mary's parents, and she proves to be a relative of Mrs. Howard. The story of the parents forms an interesting episode.

In the mean time an explanation takes place between Mary Wilmot and Mrs. Valentine, Sedley's sister, by which Mary finds, among other proofs of Sedley's disinterested love, that

he had sent the five thousand dollars to young Wilmot, in the hope of being the unknown benefactor of the brother and sister. Mary yields finally to Sedley's perseverance and love, and by that means the scruples of Clara, a second time raised, are dissipated, all difficulties removed, and the novel ends, like a good natured novel, in the happiness of all parties.

The ingenuity of the reader is left to solve the difficulty of Morton's claim upon Sedley's gift of five thousand dollars. The author gives him no clue. We must suppose that Morton's bill of exchange never reached Wilmot, and for the coincidence in date and amount of sum, we must resort to that experience of extraordinary coincidences which authentic record affords us.

Clara Howard was the last of the novels written by Mr. Brown during his residence in New York, and the last but one which he published. Before I notice Jane Talbot his last work of this species, I will proceed to mention some circumstances of a biographical nature connected with his return to his native city as a place of permanent residence, and that change in his situation and mode of life which arose from his becoming a husband and a father.

In the month of April 1799 Mr. Brown published the first number of "The Monthly Magazine and American Review." This work was continued with great industry and ability, until the end of the year 1800. Mr. Brown wrote incessantly for his magazine, if we may judge by the quantity he published of his original composition in it, and yet were we to judge by the number and magnitude of his other publications during the same period we might suppose that the periodical work received but a small part of his attention. The fact is that the rapidity of Mr. Brown's composition can scarcely be paralleled.

In June 1799 Mr. Brown made an excursion into Connecticut. He thus journalises while at Middletown.

"I expected to write but little during my absence from New York; little more at least than letters. To relate all the adventures that shall befal me, and to record all the observations I shall make, will require far more time and cost more labour than my indolence will permit. I have indeed a scheme in

view for preserving the impressions which this journey shall make, in a way that may serve a public and private purpose. Connecticut has never been described, and surely merits a description.

"I had many reasons for desiring to accompany my friend in this excursion. Some of them I shall not mention, nor weigh in critical scales their propriety. The recreations of the country, the interesting spectacle of New England manners, the review of scenes intimately connected with the existence of E. H. S. and of my dearest friends among the living, were surely of sufficient weight.

"After many delays we set out from New York at ten o'clock on Friday morning. The weather was for the most part clear and serene. I had a vigilant eye for passing objects, roads, dwellings and passengers. My curiosity was awakened by the intention I had formed of describing what I saw. In this respect my mind has undergone a sudden and memorable revolution. Instead of being as I used to be, sluggish, torpid and inattentive, my eye was watchful and my mind busy in arranging and comparing objects.

"On Saturday we reached Middletown. It was evening, and a bright sky, a smooth road and healthful state of my frame, allowed me to take in all the pleasure which the circumstances of the time and place were calculated to afford. Never did I receive equal delight from a rural prospect. Yet how much a matter of association and moral sensibility is the sensation flowing from the survey of the grandeur of nature. Had I not had some previous acquaintance with this scene, through the medium of actual observation and books, my sensations would have been widely different and much less lively and exuberant. Had I not anticipated intercourse with those whose society is dear to me, my feelings would have been comparatively mean and insignificant."

While at Middletown, Charles passed his time in the delightful intercourse which he had anticipated. He thus describes one of the pleasant excursions which he made in the society of his excellent and enlightened friends in the neighbourhood of that charming village.

"Yesterday was spent beyond the river. A minute account of this excursion would be useful. Not an incident however trifling but would serve to illustrate manners and gratify the curiosity. There is a method of narration, which would make interesting, the most common and familiar theme.

"Mrs. J. her sister, and Miss ——— were the females. D.—— A.—— I.—— and myself accompanied them. The fear of bad roads, reptiles and water mars the pleasure of many, in excursions like this. I never met with women so totally exempt from these terrors as were our companions. The river was twice crossed, once after night and in a blustering atmosphere, in a crazy boat crowded with carriages and horses. The road was in some parts of it precipitous and dangerous, and was traversed during our return in the dark. I was a stranger to the way, had bad eyes, and drove with precipitation; yet Miss ——— my companion in a chaise, betrayed not the slightest apprehension and concern. We ascended a hill which from the abundance of its rattlesnakes, is known by the name of rattle-snake hill; we clambered over rocks and pits, but the name of snake seemed to affect the females as little as that of butterfly."

After mentioning a visit to Job's pool, the company's dining in a meadow, the perils and fatigues of clambering a mountain, and the extensive view of Connecticut and its beautiful river of the same name "with its turns and dales" enjoyed from the top, Charles concludes his account of the day with the following characteristic reflections.

"This day was full of incidents, and productive of much fatigue, yet I remember it with powerful and pleasurable emotion. To what cause is this to be ascribed? Does it flow from its social circumstances?

"What a wretched possession is solitude. Intelligence and sympathy beaming from eye to eye, constitute all the happiness of man. Nature owes all her charms to her alliance with images flowing from society."

In the summer of 1800, Mr. Joseph Brown, Charles's eldest brother, whose usual residence was in North Carolina, visited Philadelphia, and passed some time at Princeton, New Jersey.

Charles went thither to meet his brother, and on the way passed some agreeable days with a circle of friends at New Brunswick.

He mentions that his brother was anxious for him to go to Carolina, "but," says he, "I am reluctant to comply. I know not why, scarcely. Seldom less happy than at present. Seldom has my prospect been a gloomier one. Yet it may shine when least expected."

On a former occasion Mr. Brown had thus expressed himself, upon a topic of great importance to human happiness. "My conceptions of the delights and benefits connected with love and marriage, are exquisite. They have swayed most of my thoughts, and many of my actions since I arrived at an age of reflection and maturity. They have given birth to the sentiment of love, with regard to several women. Mutual circumstances have frustrated the natural operations of that sentiment in several instances. At present I am free. None of those with whom I recently associated, have any claims upon me, nor have I any upon them." But about the time that he rejected his brother's solicitations to visit Carolina, or soon after, he conceived an attachment to the lady who afterwards became the source of his chief happiness.

In the summer of 1801, Charles was pleasantly occupied for some weeks in travelling with an amiable and intelligent companion through parts of the states of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut. He has left us the following account of his voyage up the Hudson.

July 7, 1801.

"Very suddenly conceived the design of voyaging up the Hudson river, as far as Albany. Had heard much of the grandeur of its shores, but never had gone above ten miles from New York. My friend C. having some leisure was willing to adventure for ten days or a fortnight, and I having still more, and being greatly in want of air and exercise, agreed to accompany him. We found a most spacious and well furnished vessel, captain R.---- in which we embarked at sunset this day. The wind propitious and the air wonderfully bland.

"We bade adieu to our friends B.—— J.—— and D.—— I took my post at the stern, and found much employment for my feelings, in marking through the dusk, the receding city and the glimmering lights at first of quays and avenues, and afterwards of farms and village. It is just three years since my visit to New York, in 1798. An interval replete with events, various and momentous. Some of them humiliating and disastrous, but, on the whole leading me to my present situation in which I have reason for congratulation.

July 8, 1801.

"I write this seated in the cabin, from the windows of which, we have a view of wooded slopes, rocky promontories and waving summits. Our attention has been, for some time, fixed upon Stony Point, a memorable post in the late war, a spot familiar to my ears since my infancy, but which I have now seen for the first time. It is a rocky and rugged mass advancing into the river, the sides of which are covered with dwarf cedars, and the summit conspicuous still with some remains of fortification, a general solitude and vacancy around it, and a white cow grazing within the ruinous walls, produce a pleasing effect on my imagination. A craggy eminence, crowned with the ruins of a fortress, is an interesting spectacle every where, but a very rare one in America. I much wished to go ashore and ascend this hill, but it was not convenient.

"What are called the highlands of the North river, are a mountainous district, through which the river flows for some miles. I had heard much of the stupendous and alpine magnificence of the scenery. We entered it this morning, with a mild breeze and serene sky, and the prospect hitherto has been soft and beautiful. Nothing abrupt, rugged or gigantic. Farms and cultivated fields seldom appear. Six or eight vessels like our own, have been constantly in sight, and greatly enliven the scene.

"We are now at anchor, have just dined. My companions have gone to sleep. The utmost stillness prevails. Nothing to be heard but the buzzing of flies near at hand, and the caw-

ing of distant crows. We lay surrounded on all hands by loftier ridges, than I ever before saw bordered by water.

"We have formed various conjectures as to the height of these summits. The captain's statements of five and six hundred feet are extravagant. Three hundred would be nearer the truth. Few or none of them are absolute precipices, but most of them are steep, and not to be scaled without difficulty.

"I have gazed at the passing scene from Stony Point to West Point, with great eagerness, and till my eye was weary and pained. How shall I describe them. I cannot particularize the substance of the rock, or the kind of tree, save oaks and cedars. I am as little versed in the picturesque. I can only describe their influence on me.

July 10.

"My friend is a very diligent observer, and frequently betakes himself to the pen. Heavy brows and languid blood has made me indolent, and I have done nothing but look about me, or muse for the last two days.

"On Thursday afternoon with a brisk southward gale and a serene sky, we left the highlands. At the spot where the mountains recede from the river, the river expands into a kind of lake, about two miles wide and ten miles long. The entrance is formed by cliffs, lofty, steep and gloomy with woods, while the borders of the lake itself are easy slopes, checkered with cultivated fields, farms and villages.

"The highlands from the height and boldness of the promontories, and ruggedness of the rocks, and the fantastic shape they assume, fully answer the expectations which my friends had excited. But the voyage over the *lake*, exceeded whatever my fancy had pictured of delightful. Three populous villages, Peekskill, New Windsor and Newburg, and innumerable farms decorate its borders.

"Yesterday we moved but slowly, the wind becoming adverse. At noon we drew into a wharf at Red-hook, and remained there till evening. My friend and I seized the opportunity of wandering. The river bank is lofty, and wooded as usual, but no wise remarkable.

"Some hours before, a waving and bluish line in the horizon, reminded us of the Kaats-kill mountains. These are seen very advantageously from Red-hook, distant about twenty miles, and appear of stupendous height. Their elevation has been ascertained, but I do not recollect what it is.

"We roamed along the shore and among the bushes, highly pleased with the exercise, and concluded our rambles with a bathing in the river. In leaving the sloop, I left most of my sluggish feelings behind me, and walked enough to make the night's repose acceptable and sound.

"With the tide to favour us we left Red-hook at eight o'clock, but were obliged to anchor again before morning. At six o'clock my friend and I accompanied the captain ashore, in search of milk and blackberries. I have since seated myself on deck, watching the shore, as the breeze carried us slowly along. My friend is busy with his spy glass, reconnoitering the rocks and hay stacks, and surveying the wharves and store houses of Lunenburg and Hudson, villages we have just passed. I have observed but little besides a steep bank, roughened by rocks and bushes, occasionally yielding to slopes of a parched and yellowish soil, with poor cottages sparingly scattered, and now and then a small garden or field of corn. A fellow passenger left us at Hudson. One only remaining, a Mr. H.—— of Albany, a well behaved man, whose attention is swallowed up by Mrs. Bennet's "Beggar Girl."

"The sloop's crew consists of captain, mate, a man and a boy as cook; all orderly, peaceable obliging persons. The cabin being perfectly clean and comfortable, and provisions plentiful and good, we have no reason to regret the delays occasioned by adverse winds, and by calms. I have some vacant moments which a book might amuse. The captain's whole stock consists of a book on navigation, Dillworth's Arithmetic, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World. I have looked into the last, but it does not please me. The fiction is ill supported, the style smooth and elegant, but the sentiments and observations far from judicious or profound.

The mate has been telling me his adventures. A very crude and brief tale it was, but acceptable and pleasing to me.

A voyage round the globe is a very trivial adventure, now-a-days. This man has been twice to Nootka, thence to Canton, and thence to Europe and home. He performed one whaling voyage to Greenland, and was fifteen months a seaman in a British seventy-four. His South Sea voyage occupied eighteen months, during which there was neither sickness nor death among the crew."

Here Mr. Brown's intended journal of his journey breaks off abruptly, but in a form between the epistolary and journalising, he continued it, and I will make some extracts. After a few words respecting Albany, he the next day dates from

Lebanon, July 13, 1801.

"An hour ago we arrived at this delightful spot. Delightful it is in every view. The scenery around is sweetly picturesque, swelling slopes, luxuriant fertility and the wild music of birds, combine to delight our senses while abroad, while the apartments are neat, rustic and perfectly commodious. Our room looks out upon the neighbouring vallies at the most charming point of view. Methinks I shall leave this spot with regret. To-morrow we propose to leave it.

"We know not yet what they call the springs or baths, and have seen none of the company at this house. I suppose we shall presently be introduced to them at dinner, and employ the afternoon in wandering abroad.

"Our ride hither, being over a tolerably smooth road, and through a country that has many indications of being newly settled, such as log huts, trunks of trees piled on each other for fences, men ploughing among the undecayed stumps of trees, and corn growing luxuriantly among tall oaks, which fire and the girdling axe had robbed of their leafy honours, has been very pleasing. In proportion as we approached Lebanon, the slopes become longer, more beautiful and more cultivated, and now having reached our journey's end, we find ourselves within view of almost every thing that can cheer the heart of man. From the table where I sit, I have a glimpse of a sloping side

of a secondary ridge of the green mountains, at the foot of which Lebanon is situated.

Tuesday.

"The company here are a few invalids. Beside these there are three girls and a young man from South Carolina. The youth has a most unfavourable aspect, but is nevertheless good natured and intelligent. The ladies are shy, and have nothing particularly attractive.

"Yesterday afternoon C. and I. visited the Shakers' village. This appears to be the paradise of health and tranquility. Our request to see their garden was complied with, but reluctantly. An old man accompanied us through it who was easily prevailed upon to give us some account of his creed. The shakers who occupy this village, are only a branch of the society. Their chief tenet you know is the sinfulness of marriage, and the arguments and quotations of this apostle, were all directed to this point. They were strange reasonings and whimsical quotations, but delivered with the utmost confidence in their truth.

"I have often regretted that I had not skill in taking portraits. The countenance of our guide, and that of an aged sister who brought us water, were worth preserving.

Thursday, Northampton.

"We left Lebanon on Tuesday afternoon and traversed a very mountainous and beautiful country to Pittsfield. Here we found some scope for curiosity, and very agreeable accommodations. Yesterday brought us to this place, where we find every mark of comfort and opulence. We know nobody, and can therefore seek employment and amusement only in ourselves, in the fields and the outsides of houses. We might have had letters introducing us at every considerable town in the course of this journey, but proposing to fly along rapidly, we omitted to apply for them. I think we erred, as a friend, for even an half hour is of some value.

"We talk with those who chance to be our companions in the stage and at the inn, and gain from them what they know or choose to tell, which of course is but little.

Thursday night, Hartford.

"On entering this town recollections of past visits to this place occurred with some force and sunk me into not unpleasing meditation. I have been here twice, eight years and two years ago, at the same season as at present, but in very different circumstances.

New Haven, July 18th, Saturday evening.

"C. was quickly weary of the dusty and dull town of Hartford, and after traversing the most part, agreed to hire a coachee to take us to Middletown before dinner. First however we obeyed the invitation of a sign, and went into a stable to see a moose deer. This creature is a native of the northern regions of America, and was remarkable in this instance, chiefly, for the proofs of docility he gave in obeying the keeper's voice."

At Middletown, Charles enjoyed the society of friends whom he esteemed, and in whose company he had passed many happy hours. The next stage of the travellers was New Haven.

Monday morning.

"We have spent almost two days here (New Haven) and though absolute strangers to every one we meet, have been very much at our ease. We find company in each other of which we have not hitherto been weary. Yesterday in the morning we went to church, and heard Dr. Dwight preach an ingenious sermon to prove the reality of good and bad angels or genii. A very agreeable doctrine in which the fancy is more disposed to acquiesce than the understanding.

"In the afternoon we employed ourselves very agreeably in scaling a rock in the neighbourhood, called the East Rock. It terminates abruptly one of the ridges of mountains that range from north to south through Connecticut. It is a very bold and very lofty precipice, and allowed our eye to range over a great extent of sea and land. We lingered on the brow of this hill, and wandered at the foot of it till evening, and re-

turned highly pleased with the grand and romantic scenery we had met with.

"Having nothing else to do, we have traversed this town in all directions, and indulged ourselves in speculating upon all we saw. We have met with several particulars worthy of remark, and my friend is at this moment busy in recording his observations.

"No situation at an inn could be more agreeable than that which we enjoy here. The family are quiet and orderly, and their lodging and provisions excellent. We experience no interruption or intrusion at our meals or in our slumbers."

Mr. Brown had now made Philadelphia the place of his permanent residence. He was happily situated as an inmate with the family of one of his beloved brothers, and his parents resided at a little distance in the same neighbourhood. But his heart was still at New York, for there resided the lady to whom he looked for future worldly happiness.

Miss E. Linn was the daughter of Dr. William Linn, a minister of the Presbyterian church, and settled at New York. John Blair Linn, his son, likewise a minister of the same church, was at this time settled in Philadelphia, and probably owing to the attachment of Charles to his sister, an intimacy was ripened into a permanent and warm friendship between Brown and the young Divine. But journies to New York were now looked forward to, as the chief good, as the wells of sweet water and palm-shade in the barren desert of life.

On the first of October 1803, Mr. Brown gave to the world a new periodical work entitled the Literary Magazine and American Register. This work was undertaken at the suggestion and at the risk of Mr. John Conrad, who made a very liberal arrangement with Mr. Brown as the editor. This work was continued five years, and is replete with the effusions of erudition, taste and genius.

The editor's address on the publication of the first number is so characteristic and so intrinsically excellent, that I will here present it to the reader.

"It is usual for one who presents the public with a periodical work like the present, to introduce himself to the notice of

his readers by some sort of preface or address. I take up the pen in conformity to this custom, but am quite at a loss for topics suitable to so interesting an occasion. I cannot expatiate on the variety of my knowledge, the brilliancy of my wit, the versatility of my talents. To none of these do I lay any claim, and though this variety, brilliancy and solidity, are necessary ingredients in a work of this kind, I trust merely to the zeal and liberality of my friends to supply me with them. I have them not myself, but doubt not of the good offices of those who possess them, and shall think myself entitled to no small praise, if I am able to collect into one focal spot the rays of a great number of luminaries. They also may be very unequal to each other in lustre, and some of them may be little better than twinkling and feeble stars, of the hundredth magnitude; but what is wanting in individual splendor, will be made up by the union of all their beams into one. My province shall be *to hold the mirror up* so as to assemble all their influence within its verge, and reflect them on the public in such manner as to warm and enlighten.

"As I possess nothing but zeal, I can promise to exert nothing else; but my consolation is, that, aided by that powerful spirit, many have accomplished things much more arduous than that which I propose to myself.

"Many are the works of this kind which have risen and fallen in America, and many of them have enjoyed but a brief existence. This circumstance has always at first sight, given me some uneasiness; but when I come more soberly to meditate upon it, my courage revives, and I discover no reason for my doubts. Many works have actually been reared and sustained by the curiosity and favour of the public. They have ultimately declined or fallen, it is true; but why? From no abatement of the public curiosity, but from causes for which publishers or editors only are accountable. Those who managed the publication, have commonly either changed their principles, remitted their zeal, or voluntarily relinquished their trade, or, last of all, and like other men, have died. Such works have flourished for a time, and they ceased to flourish, by the fault or misfortune of the proprietors. The public is always eager to encourage one who devotes himself to their rational amusement, and

when he ceases to demand or to deserve their favour, they feel more regret than anger in withdrawing it.

"The world, by which I mean the few hundred persons who concern themselves about this work, will naturally inquire who it is who thus addresses them. "This is somewhat more than a point of idle curiosity," my reader will say, "for, from my knowledge of the man must I infer how far he will be able or willing to fulfil his promises. Besides, it is of great importance to know, whether his sentiments on certain subjects, be agreeable or not to my own. In politics, for example, he may be a malecontent: in religion an heretic. He may be an ardent advocate for all that I abhor, or he may be a celebrated champion of my favourite opinions. It is evident that these particulars must dictate the treatment you receive from me, and make me either your friend or enemy: your patron or your persecutor. Besides, I am anxious for some personal knowledge of you, that I may judge of your literary merits. You may, possibly, be one of these, who came hither from the old world to seek your fortune; who have handled the pen as others handled the awl or the needle: that is, for the sake of a livelihood: and who, therefore, are willing to work on any kind of cloth or leather, and to any model that may be in demand. You may, in the course of your trade, have accommodated yourself to twenty different fashions, and have served twenty classes of customers; have copied at one time, a Parisian; at another, a London fashion: and have truckled to the humours, now of a precise enthusiast, and now of a smart freethinker.

"'Tis of no manner of importance what creed you may publicly profess on this occasion, or on what side, religious or political, you may declare yourself enlisted. To judge of the value or sincerity of these professions: to form some notion how far you will faithfully or skilfully perform your part, I must know your character. By that knowledge, I shall regulate myself with more certainty than by any anonymous declaration you may think proper to make."

"I bow to the reasonableness of these observations, and shall therefore take no pains to conceal my name. Any body may know it who chooses to ask me or my publisher. I shall not,

however, put it at the bottom of this address. My diffidence, as my friends would call it; and my discretion, as my enemies, if I have any, would term it, hinders me from calling out my name in a crowd. It has heretofore hindered me from making my appearance there, when impelled by the strongest of human considerations, and produces, at this time, an insuperable aversion to naming myself to my readers. The mere act of calling out my own name, on this occasion, is of no moment, since an author or editor who takes no pains to conceal himself, cannot fail of being known to as many as desire to know him. And whether my notoriety make for me or against me, I shall use no means to prevent it.

"I am far from wishing, however, that my readers should judge of my exertions by my former ones. I have written much, but take much blame to myself for something which I have written, and take no praise for any thing. I should enjoy a larger share of my own respect, at the present moment, if nothing had ever flowed from my pen, the production of which could be traced to me. A variety of causes induce me to form such a wish, but I am principally influenced by the consideration that time can scarcely fail of enlarging and refining the powers of a man, while the world is sure to judge of his capacities and principles at fifty, from what he has written at fifteen.

"Meanwhile, I deem it reasonable to explain the motives of the present publication, and must rely for credit on the good nature of my readers. The project is not a mercenary one. Nobody relies for subsistence on its success, nor does the editor put any thing but his reputation at stake. At the same time, he cannot but be desirous of an ample subscription, not merely because pecuniary profit is acceptable, but because this is the best proof which he can receive that his endeavours to amuse and instruct have not been unsuccessful.

"Useful information and rational amusement being his objects, he will not scruple to collect materials from all quarters. He will ransack the newest foreign publications, and extract from them whatever can serve his purpose. He will not forget that a work, which solicits the attention of many readers, must

build its claim on the variety as well as copiousness of its contents.

"As to domestic publications, besides extracting from them any thing serviceable to the public, he will give a critical account of them, and in this respect, make his work an American Review, in which the history of our native literature shall be carefully detailed.

"He will pay particular attention to the history of passing events. He will carefully compile the news, foreign and domestic, of the current month, and give, in a concise and systematic order, that intelligence which the common newspapers communicate in a vague and indiscriminate way. His work shall likewise be a repository of all those signal incidents in private life, which mark the character of the age, and excite the liveliest curiosity.

"This is an imperfect sketch of his work, and to accomplish these ends, he is secure of the liberal aid of many most respectable persons in this city, and New York. He regrets the necessity he is under of concealing these names, since they would furnish the public with irresistible inducements to read, what, *when* they had read, they would find sufficiently recommended by its own merits.

"In an age like this, when the foundations of religion and morality have been so boldly attacked, it seems necessary in announcing a work of this nature, to be particularly explicit as to the path which the editor means to pursue. He, therefore, avows himself to be, without equivocation or reserve, the ardent friend and the willing champion of the Christian religion. Christian piety he reveres as the highest excellence of human beings, and the amplest reward he can seek, for his labour, is the consciousness of having, in some degree, however inconsiderable, contributed to recommend the practice of religious duties.

"As, in the conduct of this work, a supreme regard will be paid to the interests of religion and morality, he will scrupulously guard against all that dishonours or impairs that principle. Every thing that savours of indelicacy or licentiousness will be rigorously proscribed. His poetical pieces may be dull, but

they shall, at least, be free from voluptuousness or sensuality, and his prose, whether seconded or not by genius and knowledge, shall scrupulously aim at the promotion of public and private virtue.

"As a political annalist, he will speculate freely on foreign transactions; but, in his detail of domestic events, he will confine himself, as strictly as possible, to the limits of a mere historian. There is nothing for which he has a deeper abhorrence than the intemperance of party, and his fundamental rule shall be to exclude from his pages, all personal altercation and abuse.

"He will conclude by reminding the public that there is not, at present, any other monthly publication in America; and that a plan of this kind if well conducted, cannot fail of being highly conducive to amusement and instruction. There are many, therefore, it is hoped, who, when such an herald as this knocks at their door, will open it without reluctance, and admit a visitant who calls only once a month; who talks upon every topic; whose company may be dismissed or resumed, and who may be made to prate or to hold his tongue, at pleasure; a companion he will be, possessing one companionable property, in the highest degree, that is to say, a desire to please."

In the same year, 1803, Mr. Brown produced the first of three political pamphlets, which he at different periods gave to the world. It is entitled "An Address to the Government of the United States on the cession of Louisiana to the French; and on the late breach of Treaty by the Spaniards: including a translation of a memorial, on the war of St. Domingo and cession of the Mississippi to France, drawn up by a French counsellor of state."

The supposed French counsellor of state (for the author merely assumes that character, the better to elucidate the truths he wishes to inculcate) occupies the greater portion of the book. He enumerates "all the disadvantages of the war of St. Domingo, and the benefits of the cession of Louisiana;" and displays most forcibly the conduct incumbent upon France, as mistress of Louisiana, to pursue for her own interests.

In doing, this the author displays the importance of Louisiana to any nation possessing it; and the reader sees its im-

mense consequence to the United States, and the evils which would result to them, if that great country and its inestimable river were in the occupation of one of the great powers of Europe.

The French counsellor upon a supposed prospect of a general peace, inquires how the troops and resources of the great nation are to be employed; and the first object which presents, is the reduction of St. Domingo. After reciting the motives to this undertaking and the arguments in favour of it, he combats and overthrows them. He asserts the impossibility of succeeding in opposition to the martial and desperate descendants of Africa, inured and congènial to the climate, and in defiance of that climate so deadly in its influence on the European soldier.

"Cannot experience make us wise?" asks he: "have we heard, without benefit, the lesson which the English in their treatment of their colonies, have taught us? is it worthy of us, to afford a new, and even a more flagrant example of the desperate and execrable folly of that nation; who drained the vitals of the people to support ridiculous claims of supremacy over a distant empire; who laboured to establish their own ruin; and who were finally compelled to accept as a voluntary gift from friends, those benefits, which they had in vain endeavoured to exact, as tribute from slaves!"

From the war of St. Domingo, the counsellor endeavours to allure the first consul, by displaying the advantages of colonization. He gives an eloquent display of the growth and power of the English colonies in North America. He next carries the attention to New Holland and advises to colonize that country in opposition to England; at least to share it with her. But he concludes that America from its proximity will be preferred to New Holland, and then turns his attention to the repossession of Louisiana.

A glowing description of Louisiana succeeds, in which the author considers its geographical and other advantages. The passage is too long for an extract, but will amply repay the trouble of the reader who shall seek it.

He next inquires into the probability of Spain's making a cession of this great and invaluable country to France, or of England allowing her so to do, and then proceeds to consider the effects of such a cession on the United States.

"It is contrary to all probability that either Spain or England will be tractable, on this occasion; but if the danger by being distant is invisible to them; or if the present evils arising to England from the continuance of the war, or to Spain from the resentment of the French government, should outweigh, in their apprehensions, all future evils, and prevail on the one to grant and the other to connive at the grant, by what arguments, by what promises, by what threats, by what hostile efforts shall we extort the consent of the American States? how shall we prevail on them to alienate the most valuable portion of their territory; to *admit into their vitals a formidable and active people, whose interests are incompatible in every point with their own; whose enterprises will inevitably interfere and jar with theirs; whose neighbourhood wil cramp all their movements; circumscribe their future progress, to narrow and ignominious bounds, and make incessant inroads on their harmony and independence.*"

Notwithstanding the subsequent cession of Louisiana to France and the purchase from France by the United States, this passage will not fail to suggest important considerations to the political reader.

The author having considered the worth of Louisiana both to France and the United States, looks to the probability of a war with the Americans in case of a cession by Spain and an attempt by France to colonize the Mississippi. This gives an occasion for drawing a picture of the American nation, such as Europeans are prone to represent. Its weakness from having a hostile nation of slaves in its bosom. From the clashing interests and jealousies of the States. From its division into hostile factions. From the perverse attachments and antipathies of the people to European nations. From the want of national spirit, patriotism, sense of national honour, or love of national glory. From the love of gain and the extreme sensibility to commercial interests. From the ease with which the

Indians can at all times be set on to carry fire, the tomahawk and scalping knife, into the American settlements, by any European nation having colonies on their borders.

The conclusion of the supposed Frenchman, is that France ought to colonize Louisiana, and hold the mouths of the Mississippi in defiance of the American States, and that her means for so doing are ample.

If a foreign nation holding Louisiana alone could so annoy and control the United States, what would be the power of that nation which should possess both Louisiana and the Canadas with their dependencies?

Mr. Brown having occupied seventy-six pages with the supposed translation from the French counsellor's pamphlet, assumes his proper person, and inquires whether the picture he has drawn of us is indeed a portrait. "Surely we are not *quite* so fluctuating and distracted in our councils, so irreconcilable in our interests, so inveterate in our factions as he thinks proper to paint us. With all our faults, are we, indeed, incapable of vengeance for unmeritted wrong? is our country, its rights, its honour, its prosperity, no dearer to us than any foreign land? do the people of the coast regard as aliens and enemies, those beyond the mountains? those of the northern states, however distant in place and dissimilar in manners, do they regard with no fraternal emotions the happiness or misery of their southern countrymen? is our government a tottering fabric which the breath of foreign emissaries can blow down at their pleasure?" the author concludes that it is not so, and gives the struggle of the revolution in proof, when in despite of "the sense of internal weakness, the want of forts, armies and arms, of unanimity of government and counsels" "mutinous slaves in the heart of our country, hostile garrisons and fortresses on one side; numerous and tumultuous savages around us; the ocean scoured by the fleets of our enemy; our sea ports open to their inroads; a revenue to create out of paper;" the men of that day were not affrighted "from the pursuit of an end most abstracted from personal ends; from the vulgar objects of gain; an end which only a generous spirit, a mind that makes the good of posterity and distant neighbours its own, that prefers liberty

and all its hardships, to servitude, that hugs her chains in pomp."

The author asks "what change has twenty years made, that should make us doubt the display of equal spirit;" would to God he was here with us now, to receive his answer from facts.

How much to be pitied is the man who has no country! who though born on the soil which nourishes him, and among the people whose laws protect him, has all his prejudices and passions enlisted on the part of a foreign race, the avowed enemies both from interest and the worst of passions, of that country which he and his posterity are doomed to inhabit. He inhabits it, but it is not his country; and the race to whom he endeavours to attach himself, receive his services and adulations with a double detestation.

Charles Brockden Brown was not such an one. Neither was his patriotism confined to the city, the county or the state which gave him birth. He had a heart which expanded with virtuous exultation, at the contemplation of the expanded growth of what he considered as his country, the present and future United States of America.

When speaking of the evils to be dreaded from the introduction of an active European power into Louisiana, it was this expanded and real patriotism which caused Mr. Brown to exclaim "no man can look upon these evils with indifference. Yet no wise man will think a renewal of all the devastations of our last war, too great a price to give for the expulsion of foreigners from this land; for securing to our own posterity the possession of this continent.

"We have a right to the possession. The interests of the human race demand from us the exercise of this right. These interests demand that the reign of peace and concord should be diffused as widely, and prolonged as much as possible. By unity of manners, laws and government, is concord preserved, and this unity will be maintained, with as little danger of interruption as the nature of human affairs will permit; by the gradual extension of our own settlements, by erecting new communities as fast as the increase of these settlements re-

quires it, and by sheltering them all under the pacific wing of a federal government."

He thus describes the "terrible evil" of the neighbourhood of an European nation, to us. "All on fire to extend their own power; fresh from pernicious conquests; equipped with all the engines of war and violence; measuring their own success by the ruin of their neighbours; eager to divert into channels of their own, the trade and revenue which have hitherto been ours; raising an insuperable mound to our future progress; spreading among us with fatal diligence the seeds of faction and rebellion." "What more fatal wound," he exclaims "could befal the future population, happiness and concord of this new world?"

The wisdom of America has gained the possession of Louisiana, and I trust her valour will hold it; but the above observations are applicable to the English as well as to the French, and ought to be indelibly impressed upon the heart of every American.

In the year 1804, Mr. Brown published in England his last novel "Jane Talbot." This work has little of the excellence of his previous romances. It is deficient in interest. The author it is true is seen in it, and it is therefore worthy of perusal, but I shall decline entering into an analysis of it, after having gone so largely into the merits of his previous romances.

In August of this year died John Blair Linn, D. D., the beloved brother of the lady to whom Mr. Brown had devoted his affections. Mr. Linn had been called to the first Presbyterian church in Philadelphia in 1799, and had of course resided in that city until the time of his death. Miss Elizabeth Linn, with whom Mr. Brown had become acquainted at New York, occasionally resided with her brother.

The marriage of Mr. Brown to Miss Linn took place in November 1804, and he thenceforward became a fixed inhabitant of his native city, enjoying in an uncommon degree that domestic happiness which had always appeared to him as the consummation of human felicity, and for which he was so eminently formed.

In 1805, on occasion of the publication of "Valerian, a Narrative Poem," by Dr. Linn, Mr. Brown wrote "A Sketch of the Life and Character of John Blair Linn," which has been justly admired as a very fine example of biographical composition.

It was not long after, that Mr. Brown conceived the design of a work new to our country, and of great utility both in a literary and political point of view. This was an Annual Register. Mr. Conrad undertook the publication. It was entitled the "American Register," and the first volume issued from the press of the Palmers in 1806.

The death of Mr. Brown alone prevented the universal circulation of a work so extensively useful, and conducted with such brilliant talents and profound knowledge. That felicity of style at which Mr. Brown had so long aimed, and which he had so fully attained; that thorough knowledge of history, ancient and modern; that intimate acquaintance with geography which his early and constant passion for that science had given him; and his general habits of study and investigation qualified him for the historical part of such an undertaking beyond most men.

Five volumes of the American Register were published before the lamented death of C. B. Brown. Besides annals of Europe and America, this work contained an abstract of laws and public acts, a review of literature, a chronicle of memorable occurrences, foreign and domestic scientific intelligence, American and foreign state papers, and miscellaneous articles.

From the regions of poetry and romance; from visionary schemes of Utopian systems of government and manners, Mr. Brown, like many others, became a sober recorder of things as they are; but he never dismissed from his heart the sincere desire of ameliorating the condition of mankind, or admitted into his political views or speculations that inveterate bitterness, that illiberal and indiscriminate censure of opponents, the result of selfishness and disappointment, which so generally characterizes our political writers. As Mr. Brown's motives were pure, so his views of political men, measures and events, were unclouded, and his errors are, alone, errors of judgment.

I have noticed one of Mr. Brown's political pamphlets, I will here give a brief analysis of two others.

His second pamphlet is entitled, "The British Treaty," and is dedicated to those members of Congress who have the sense to perceive and spirit to pursue the true interests of their country.

In a preface of fifteen pages the author laments the tendency of the majority of the American people to place a blind confidence in the president (then Mr. Jefferson) and to impute improper views to the statesmen, however tried and enlightened, who oppose his measures, or criticise his conduct. He then touches on a recent event, as ground for a war with Great Britain, the outrage committed upon the United States frigate Chesapeake. "Things," says he, "may be brought to the alternative of submitting to insult or going to war. In that case, not pretending to conceal the misfortunes which must attend hostility, we think every thing is to be done and suffered to vindicate the national honour. These are the constant sentiments of our hearts, unmoved by irritations of the moment. These also are the deliberate conclusions of our judgement. If any gentleman suppose the war will be feeble and harmless, they are deceived. It must be severe and bloody. But it must be sustained manfully."

He concludes his preface by giving his opinion of the administration, of whom, he has the highest opinion of Mr. Gallatin. Mr. Madison he considers as a man of genius and industry, somewhat slow and much deficient in energy. Mr. Jefferson as a polite scholar and accomplished gentleman, doubting received truths and extremely credulous as to whatever serves to confirm his favourite theories. As a man deficient in the science of politics, but of great address in screening himself from dangers and responsibilities.

Having thus stated his political creed he proceeds to examine the treaty. To political readers the treaty of 1806, and its fate, is familiar. The author having stated the articles of this treaty, both those now first inserted and those confirmatory of the treaty of 1794, called Jay's treaty, goes into his examination of the treaty and the notes accompanying it. He takes a review

of the circumstances which induced Mr. Jay to agree to the third article of the treaty of 1794, which prohibits our navigation of the St. Lawrence except in boats and between Montreal and Quebec, while it gives to Great Britain the right of navigating the Mississippi, and objects to the renewal of that article in 1806, as circumstances had materially changed in regard to our sovereignty on the Mississippi, leaving no pretext for a claim on the part of England, to navigate that river without giving us an equivalent; he objects, likewise, on the ground that we, who possess so much territory on the shores of the St. Lawrence and its waters should not renew a stipulation which excludes us from the navigation of that river, if to be avoided, and especially not in the same article which gives gratuitously to Great Britain the navigation of the Mississippi on which she owns no territory. He infers that we ought to exclude the English from the Mississippi unless the St. Lawrence is made free to us as an equivalent.

The next subject is those articles which relate to the boundary lines between the United States and the English colonies. The author takes a view of the steps made by either party to ascertain these boundaries. He states that a convention was signed by the British ministry which had been drawn up by our minister at that court, in the very words of his instructions, which "fixed our eastern boundary, settled the course of a line from the Mississippi to the lake of the woods, and confirmed our title to Moose Island;" that this was duly sent to and received by the president, but "previous to a ratification, the Louisiana treaty came forward" and that the president "refused to ratify the convention lest it should be supposed that something was thereby surrendered of what we had purchased under the name of Louisiana." Mr. Brown proceeds to censure this conduct in our government, and says that the court of Great Britain had reason to take umbrage at it. He further asserts, that "it is predicated on the false position, that covenants respecting territory we possess will be obligatory as to that which we afterwards acquire."

The author next goes into a panegyric on Mr. Jay's treaty, and censures its opposers, their arguments, clamours and pre-

dictions; and proceeds by an examination of the treaty of 1806, negociated by these opposers of Jay's treaty, to examine what they, under more propitious circumstances, were enabled to do. He shows that our East-India trade was rendered worse by stipulating that our ships must sail direct from the United States; that our carrying trade was rendered worse by stipulating "that the same duties, drawbacks and bounties shall be allowed by both parties, in the trade of the two nations, whether the exportation or importation shall be in British or American vessels." "By these few but potent words" says he "our relative situations are completely reversed, and a few years of peace would nearly annihilate our navigation." He goes into argument to support this opinion, and then examines the article as connected with the previous one relative to India, and the subsequent article which provides that respecting the West-India trade, "both parties may exercise their existing rights." That is, that the British may exclude us at their pleasure from their West India islands.

After some strictures upon the conduct of Mr. Jefferson's administration towards Great Britain, the author proceeds to the eighth article, by which he asserts that our negociators gave up our claims for all antecedent unjust seizures, detentions, &c. of our vessels, and rendered justice for future vexations of the same nature, more difficult to be obtained.

In proceeding to the eleventh article, the author takes occasion to assert the right of a neutral, to proceed from his own ports to those of a belligerent, with articles of his own property, not contraband of war, and to consider as an odious usurpation the pretended right to examine how he came by the goods. "It is," says he, "a principle generally assented to, as resulting from the nature of sovereignty, that no person shall inquire into the means by which, or the place from which, property has been brought within the territory of a neutral state, further than as it may serve to cast a light on the question whether it belong to neutral or belligerent. This principle seems to be so intimately blended with national sovereignty that it cannot be surrendered."

The author accuses the American negociators of surrendering an important right by receiving as a permission from Great Britain, that we may "carry European goods to the colonies of the enemies of Great Britain, from ports of the United States." "Thus," says he, "one point is given up; the right of trading freely from one port of a belligerent to another; a right acknowledged and asserted by all good writers on public law." He then takes a view of the practice of covering, by fraud, enemies property, and thence justifies the belligerent in receiving presumptive evidence against the neutral in opposition to testimony. He advocates severe penalties against the fraudulent neutral, but rejects with warmth the doctrine advocated by England and her adherents, that the neutral shall only carry on his usual and accustomed trade.

The author next objects to the stipulation that the goods shall have been unladen in the United States, and then to the condition by which we agree to lay an export duty of one per cent. on European goods sent from the United States to colonies of the enemies of Great Britain.

After some further objections, the author, to use his own words, passes "over the rest of what this treaty contains, to consider what it does not contain" and he concludes "that the treaty was sent back, not from any disapprobation of its contents, but because it does not contain a relinquishment, by the king, of his claim to take British seamen from the merchant vessels of America."

The question of the reasonableness of the British claim is then examined as two-fold. 1st. Whether England can rightfully compel her native subjects to man her fleets, and, if so 2dly. whether she can lawfully exercise that right over such of them as are in the ships of another country.

"It is a first principle in every government," says he, "that it can rightfully command the military service of its citizens and subjects. If this be not admitted, we in America are in a wretched situation. We have no fleet; we have not, and it is to be hoped we never shall have, a standing army. If, therefore, the militia cannot be compelled to defend their country, what is to become of us?"

He then examines the case of a man leaving one country and swearing allégiance to another, and concludes that although we should allow this right to men born in our country, we cannot interfere with the claims of other nations on their subjects. Allowing then our rights to naturalize a foreigner and to protect him within our jurisdiction, the question arises whether we can protect him from the claims of his native country when on board our ships. He concludes that with the exception of national ships we have no such right, and his principal argument is derived from the acknowledged right of sending ships in for adjudication of doubtful points; whence he argues that even if Great Britain should agree not to take her subjects from on board our ships on the sea, she could send in the ship, cargo, men, both Americans and English, to one of her own ports and then exercise her acknowledged jurisdiction over her own subject in her own territory.

He goes on to examine the argument derived from the supposed absurdity of allowing men without trial to be taken from a ship because goods may be taken, and after trial, confiscated; and concludes that it is not solid. "If British subjects only are impressed, it is none of our concern. Englishmen may do with each other what they please." The impressment of Americans, he attributes in some instances to mistake; he points out the tribunals of the country as the source of redress; if denied, or if the instances of oppression from the officers of the government are repeated and notorious and unredressed, it is cause of war.

The author expresses his belief, that, the matter of right being settled, men of integrity and good sense might end this controversy between us and England, without appealing to arms. One good, however, he observes, has resulted from our claim to protect British sailors on board our merchant ships, for it has prevented the ratification of the treaty of 1806. It has prevented that onerous contract "from being fastened around our necks for ten years, and some of its consequences for ever."

The pamphlet concludes with an exhortation to the people to suspend party strife, examine facts, reason for themselves, not

confide so far in their rulers or leaders as to shut their eyes and close their ears while they are bought and sold like slaves.

The third political pamphlet of Mr. Brown, was not published until the year 1809, and is entitled "an Address to the Congress of the United States on the utility and justice of restrictions upon Foreign Commerce, with reflections on Foreign Trade in general, and the future prospects of America."

This is a pamphlet of ninety-seven closely printed octavo pages, preceded by a preface of seven pages. As in the last pamphlet, of which I have given a very brief and imperfect analysis, the author labours to suppress the irritation of his countrymen and turn their thoughts from war, so in this he pursues the same momentous subject, and further endeavours to shew that restrictions upon foreign commerce "are not warranted by justice, policy or honour."

Mr. Brown notwithstanding the denunciations which party writers have thundered against individuals who refuse to enlist under party banners, and who determine to think, speak and act according to the dictates of their own judgments, has boldly asserted that he belongs to *no party*. He professes to believe "that the merits of Great Britain and France, in relation to us, are *exactly equal*, and that the conduct of *both* is dictated by no other principle but ambition, and measured by no rule, but power." That the maritime claims of Great Britain and America "are merely grounded in the interest, exclusive and incompatible of each, and which each is bound, by the principles of human nature, to regard as sacred, and diligently to promote, without regard to the clashing interests, or even to the actual detriment of the other." He therefore expects to be renounced by both parties, and grounds his claim to attention on the truths and just reasonings which he shall lay before the public.

He addresses the two parties as represented in congress, and displays the absurdity of each attributing to the other motives of such an unmingled and perfectly nefarious character. Each accuses the other of being governed by an interest foreign and adverse to that of their country; and the received general rule that men are attached to their country, and the opinion that

examples to the contrary must be received as exceptions, is reversed by the moralists in congress, who make attachment to foreign lands the general rule and examples of patriotism the exceptions to it.

He next examines the propriety or policy of men in public bodies, branding their opponents with opprobrious epithets as a measure calculated to gain their dispassionate attention, and make converts of them; and points out the inconsistency of addressing arguments which suppose virtue and love of country in the hearer to men with "*ears as deaf as adders to the voice of any true decision.*"

The author states the reasons urged in favour of an embargo, and then examines them. His conclusion is, that is a futile measure. That it cannot produce the consequences expected from it by its advocates, even if it could be enforced. That it is a hostile measure, and must be considered as such by the nations against whom it is aimed. That it is more injurious to ourselves than the acts of the nations of which we complain; and indeed, as might be expected from the preface, pretty generally advocates the opinions of those who opposed the measure.

In this work, as in the Register, Mr. Brown is very happy in stating the arguments for and against political opinions and measures. This felicity proceeded from the acuteness of his perceptions and the clearness of his mind from all foreign or party bias.

After examining the effects of the embargo upon ourselves, he looks to its effects on the nations who had by their injustice provoked the measure. France he represents as laughing at the effort to coerce her, or rejoicing at its effects upon England. "Your embargo, the French government says, can do us no injury; we value not your trade, but if we did value it, the British power at sea has now deprived us of it as effectually as any restrictions you are able to lay upon it at home." "You are right in prohibiting your ships to sail for France, since the English will inevitably take them, or if they merely examine them and pass, we will seize them when they arrive, because you suffered their visits." "If you want a pretext for raising

your embargo, go to England first. Let her trace back her own flagitious career, before you call for our revocation. Look at the fountain head for the secret of your grievances. It was her injustice that provoked the edicts you complain of, and they shall stand as long as that injustice continues."

He imagines an answer from the English government to our minister, who gives information of the "precautionary measure" of embargo, which concludes thus, "you may rejoice that we are not obliged to repay your pacific efforts to destroy us, with battle and invasion; that the evils to which you have condemned yourselves, are not aggravated by those of an open war with us. Your impotence has made you safe."

"This was not the language," he proceeds, "of the British minister to ours. That false and hollow politeness which prevails in the intercourse of polished nations, forbade it. As we were obliged, by diplomatic etiquette, to call our warlike expedient, a pacific one, and our project for ruining Great Britain, a mere domestic regulation for our own convenience, those civilities restrained them from giving us openly the lie. They still thought it but decent to revive the sophistry of retaliation; to urge the groundless plea, that the French, in their Berlin decree, were the first agressors; that they therefore were alone responsible for all injuries accruing to neutral commerce."

Proceeding in his subject the author speaks thus of the prevalent opinions and the influence they must have on those who entertain them.

"It seems to be the general or prevalent opinion, that the present restrictions by foreign states on our commerce are unjust; that in trading in the way prescribed to us, we submit to that injustice; that this submission is equivalent to the surrender of national independence, and that a suspension of trade, if not strictly hostile, is an act of dignity, and wholly inconsistent with submission.

"While these sentiments are entertained, what effect can arguments, drawn from the hardships of suspended trade, have upon generous minds? what ought to be their weight with those who have an affection for their country; think political inde-

pendence and self-government genuine and valuable goods, and not mere phantoms and shadows? Who deem it virtue and honour to lay down their lives if necessary, to attain and secure it? If the positions just mentioned, be believed, he who believes, and yet submits, chooses indignity before honour, slavery before liberty, the petty gains of a precarious commerce, before the testimony of a good conscience and a noble spirit."

He then goes into an examination of the above opinions, but instead of showing that these sentiments are unfounded, he only proves that the embargo is not the true mode of asserting and supporting them.

He goes into an examination of public law, and concludes that it has neither authority nor use "excepting as a rule of interpretation; as a guide to the meaning of kings and ministers when their treaties or edicts are too hasty or concise to comprehend all the cases that occur, and obviate all the doubts they suggest." "Pleas," says he, "from usage itself, can never be wanting to men of the least research or ingenuity. Thus, in the *first* American war, the English resolved to drive the French from North America. The first step being theirs, they determined to make it a bold one. They seized all the French ships in their (the English) ports, in a time of peace, before any warlike declaration. This was a terrible breach of received maxims, &c. but France had her revenge, in fact, and England hers in argument in the *second* American war. France thought it her interest to divide and thereby weaken her rival. She therefore assisted the colony in shaking off the yoke of the mother country, and this was as gross a breach of national or public law, as any writer on it can imagine; yet we, for now WE were a nation, and bound to regard things not in their abstract nature, but in their relation to our separate interest, found this conduct to be truly heroic and magnanimous."

Again. "The *real* law of nations, the sole law which all of them recognise, is that they must enrich and aggrandise themselves by all the means in their power. The neutral, therefore will not lose any part of a profitable trade with a belligerent, if he can help it. A belligerent will deprive his enemy of all the

benefits he is able to seize. What they actually do in all cases is in proportion to their power."

Considering the maxims by which nations are really governed, in this point of view, the author goes on to show what their conduct uniformly is towards each other by land and sea. "Give any of them adequate power by land, and neutrality ceases," all independents are conquered. "Give any of them irresistible power by sea, and the freedom of the seas is at an end." In considering the value of the freedom of the sea, he justly decides that the sovereignty of a nation over its territories is imperfect without it; it being to a maritime people what the roads are to the populace of a city.

The author goes into an inquiry of the manner by which the idea of rights of nations grew out of the eternal contest for power existing among them, and concludes that nations "claim as a right what was granted yesterday to force, or intreaty, or fear, or to any other inducement. Right grows out of usage, and the more usage the more right."

It will follow therefore that a nation should not if possible allow usages to grow which infringe upon *the rights* necessary to their independence, growth or prosperity.

Mr. Brown takes an able view of the rules prescribed by belligerents to neutrals, and the reasons which induce neutrals to submit to them, and thence proceeds to consider the then situation of what we call the civilized world, as divided under the rule of France and England.

England, he considers, as having undisputed rule over the sea. "All who navigate the ocean must conform to her will." So it was in 1809. He represents "the progress of that power to its present height," and the "motives which dictated each step." "They originated in the double conviction of an interest in taking them, and a power to sustain the step when taken." "The ambition inseparable from nations, to aggrandise themselves, and a readiness at all times, to do this in the only way it can generally be done, at the expense of their neighbours.

"The outlines of this progress are to be seen, first, in the encroachments on the trade of neutral nations with the colonies

of their enemy; secondly, in interdicting the entrance of neutral ships into ports not actually guarded by her navy; thirdly, in prohibiting the passage of neutral ships from one port to another; and finally, by subjecting all neutral commerce with their enemy to conditions which amounted to a total prohibition of this commerce." He shows that England did all this because circumstances enabled her do it, and her interest was served thereby. "The new nation in the west," says he, "with a rich and flourishing commerce, likely to be deeply injured by these steps, and not indisposed to resentment and revenge, was destitute of all defence, and therefore unworthy of the smallest consideration."

He goes on then to consider how the acts flowing from these undeniable and obvious motives were accounted for to the world in proclamations and decrees. He next animadverts on the monstrous acts and monstrous pretensions of France. He particularly remarks upon the impudent assertion of the French emperor, that *the rights of war, being the same by land and sea, cannot extend to any private property whatever, nor persons not military*, though usage, which is the test of this sort of right and wrong, is absolutely uniform and universal in this respect." He shows likewise that it is the practice of France to seize private property on land, and if he had lived he would have seen, by events in his own country, that it is likewise the practice of England.

The author goes at some length into an examination of the views of France and England immediately relative to this country. He considers Napolean as endeavouring to embroil us with England, and at the same time openly injuring us and deriding our impotence. He views England as looking upon us with a recollection of the wounds her pride and her power has received from us, and as a people pursuing their own interests without consideration of the claims she sets up, and finally exclaiming "what are our debts, what are our obligations to such a nation?"

"That these reasons and feelings are natural to every people; that the British nation are not in debt to our benevolence or generosity, in any instance: that we have given liberal enter-

tainments to their seamen for our own advantage; that we have laboured hard to extend as well as to preserve every neutral privilege: to secure our intercourse with the French dominions, as large and as unfettered as possible, I suppose no one will deny. Nay, we justify it, because if the interest of a foreign country clash with our own, it is surely our duty to prefer our own. If her misfortunes not brought on her by us, compel her to grant us benefits and privileges, we are right in seeking and accepting them. If she owe nothing to our kindness, neither are we in debt to her, on that score. How much are we in her debt for the crimes and miseries of the revolution; for the violences and insolences of her naval commanders; for the invasions of our own territory; for the lawless pillage of our merchant ships; for reducing our *natives* into slavery, and forcing them to fight against our own friends? will not these bring the account to a balance?

"It will. It will prove that you are mutual enemies; governed in your conduct towards each other by motives of the same kind. But England is supreme at sea, and having nothing to fear from you, prohibits your trade to any port of the French dominions."

The author ridicules the reasons assigned by the *majesty of Great Britain* for exerting his *just* and *unquestionable* right of retaliation by repaying an ineffectual attempt on the part of France to injure him, by an efficacious one to injure France and a neutral nation, and vindicating his *just rights* and supporting "that maritime power essential to his own safety, and, *wonderful to tell*, necessary to the protection of all independent states, and to the *general intercourse* and happiness of mankind."

In a no less happy manner he points out the absurdity of England complaining that we acquiesced in the French decrees. And her pretence to equity in publishing her *orders* and claiming "our acquiescence in these proceedings, by urging that their navy was our defence as well as theirs, and that allowances ought to be made to a nation fighting for *existence*."

The pretence that her navy which has anchored on our shores in time of peace "entered our bays and harbours, examined our

domestic trade, captured vessels and taken out their crews at pleasure" is necessary to our protection he rebuts with indignation; and shows that if France was mistress of the sea, she could not do more injury with her armies on the shores of America than England is capable of doing, nor is more prompt to exert her power for the purposes of destruction.

The author goes on to the consideration of the power of Great Britain and her conquests in Europe, America and Asia; and concludes that her power is not only greater but more permanent than that of France, and places in the strongest light the impudent pretension that while adding vast provinces to her Indian Empire and annoying the inmost recesses of her rival's European territories; while stripping her enemies of their colonies, conquering Egypt and menacing Constantinople with destruction; while seizing the capital and navy of Denmark, making herself impregnable in Malta and Gibraltar, gaining possession of Portugal and carrying the war to the frontiers of France, she is carrying on a war for her *existence*.

Mr. Brown in pursuing his subject represents truly the situation of England and America, but argues against resistance to the powers of Great Britain by embargo as being incompetent to the end proposed, *coercion*, or by war the more proper and honourable mode of resistance as being a greater evil in our case than that inflicted upon us by the injustice, insults and orders of England: he further denies that there is more dishonour in submitting to the orders of a nation, who having command of the sea prohibit your trade to the nations beyond that sea, than in submitting to the decrees of a conqueror, who having obtained possession of the territories of a people with whom you were in the habits of commerce, prohibits thenceforward your trade with that people.

The author goes on to consider the clamour raised against what was called paying tribute to England for permission to trade with France, and disproves that the word applies to a compliance with that demand. He exhorts congress not to inflame the passions of the people. He advises them to permit the trading part of the community to carry on their commerce in their own way, accommodating themselves to the circumstan-

ces of other nations, and submitting to, or evading their orders and regulations as their interest and convenience shall dictate. And he contends that the national honour cannot suffer thereby. He takes occasion to assert the impossibility of enforcing an embargo, but as congress have laid it, he prays earnestly that it may not lead to a foreign war, not merely because of the evils of such a war, but of the dangers, to which it will expose internal peace. He concludes the second part of his pamphlet with these remarkable words. "*If foreign war must come, those who laboured most to avert it, ought, by inculcating submission and promoting unanimity, to save us from its worst evils.*"

In the third and last part of this excellent pamphlet, Mr. Brown considers the effects of a total cessation of foreign commerce on the United States. Such a state, he concludes, is impossible, but still he indulges himself in speculations on the subject. In the course of these speculations he cannot but consider the picture as full of charms which excludes us from danger of participation in the storms which must ever agitate and desolate the divisions of Europe. The picture of a world within ourselves; "of bringing within our limits, all the sources of comfort and subsistence; of supplying all our wants with our own hands; of gaining all the functions, occupations and relations of a polished nation; of being a potent political body complete in all its members and organs, and in which no chasm or defect can be found." After viewing this picture in various lights, and weighing the objections to such a state of society and the advantages of that state we now enjoy, the author is led by a consideration of the local situation of the United States, to consider the nature of foreign commerce, and to compare it with that which is called domestic.

I believe no writer on the subject, or inquirer into it, ever failed to see that the advantages which domestic commerce gives, are far greater than those derived from foreign. Mr. Brown's conclusions may be expected to be the same. Commercial "intercourse, being beneficial, in proportion to the numbers that maintain it, and to the freedom of it, domestic commerce in which the intercourse is more thorough and sub-

jected to fewer restraints, is better than foreign commerce, where there is a separate interest, diverse and adverse laws and perpetual restrictions."

After remarking upon the trade of Europe at different periods "with regard to the United States," says he, "had they not been bound together by a federal government, they would have had an opportunity of enjoying all the good, and suffering all the evil of foreign trade without crossing the Atlantic, the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. Their trade, would have been in the strictest sense, foreign, and pretty extensive as such, since there would have been fifteen sovereign states in the circle. Happily we have gained unity where only it was wanted. In a commercial view, we are melted down into one mass, and the various parts of the nation may trade with each other as freely and intimately (at least in ordinary times) as the counties of England."

This among the other and inestimable blessings of our confederation should never be absent from the mind of an American. The importance of domestic commerce is too little thought on by people in general. Speak of commerce, and only foreign commerce is thought of. The greater train of consequences undoubtedly flow from foreign commerce, but some of those consequences are curses; domestic commerce is noiseless and brings only blessings in its train.

Speaking of the consequences of extended empire in removing dissention and rivalship, and by commercial intercourse consolidating the hostile nations of the earth, the author remarks that "curious examples of this *consolidation* are to be found in the history of Europe; one memorable one is afforded by the history of Asia, but the most magnificent of all will be given to posterity in the history of North America."

A view of the Roman empire and its domestic commerce follows. China is next considered in this point of view. A nation which many a man considers as having no commerce except that permitted to Europeans and Americans at a single port: a nation of three hundred millions of civilized beings, who are, by means of roads and canals, constantly engaged in

carrying on a commerce greater than that of all the remainder of the civilized world.

With cause the author dwells some time upon the subject of this wonderful empire, and then predicts that North America will afford a "similar example of internal wealth and population in the coming age. Our actual territory has about the same area. It lies in the same beneficent climate. It is almost equally compact. The surface is far more level and fertile. It is occupied by one language; one people; one mode of general government; one system of salutary laws. Its population is small at present, but our progress to a more than Chinese abundance of produce and people, is no contingent event; it is one of those future appearances, of which the certainty is just as great as of any thing past. Barring deluges almost general, and pestilences that extinguish mankind; or the untimely destruction of the globe itself, *this*, and indeed a great deal *more* than this, *must* happen, because the present limits of our territory are not immutable. They must stretch with our wants. The South Sea can only bound us on one side; the Mexican Gulph on the other; the polar ices on the third; but time, instead of diminishing our intercourse and dissolving our connection with foreigners, will only augment and strengthen them. The other states of the western hemisphere, we shall, of course, approach more nearly, and mix with them more intimately. The gaps of unpeopled waste which now sever them and us will disappear. Our limits will touch. As to the nations of Europe, as they conquered and peopled this hemisphere, they are destined to conquer and possess and people what remains to be peopled of the eastern world. Hence our mere local proximity will continually increase. Our commercial intercourse will make rapid advances, but its particular relations or conditions must change. It will assume new forms, and while its actual extent will increase, its extent, relative to our numbers may, possibly with regard to Europe at least, be diminished.

"These may appear, to some minds, wholly occupied with the passing scene, as silly and unseasonable dreams. Yet those

who meditate on the present state of things, and find no comfort, may thank him who snatches them away to the future."

This was the last publication of Charles Brockden Brown, and evinces a vigour of intellect, and an accumulation of knowledge, combined with such rare patriotism, and true benevolence as seldom fall to the lot of one man.

Mr. Brown left unfinished a system of geography, general and particular, which would have been an invaluable present to the public, and a source of emolument for his bereaved family. Enough of this work is completed to make it a very valuable addition to the author's favourite science; and measures have been adopted for its publication.

Of Mr. Brown's translations from the French, it is needless to speak. To give an English dress to the crude and often unfounded opinions of Volney respecting this country, was neither congenial with the talents nor feelings of Charles Brockden Brown.

Consumption, to which Mr. Brown appeared to have a constitutional tendency, had now made such fearful inroads upon his frame, as seriously alarmed his friends. His sedentary inclinations and habits, had assisted the insidious approaches of this disease, and though for more than two years before his death he had occasionally expectorated blood, he quieted his own alarms and those of his friends by persuading himself and them, that it did not come from the lungs. His friends frequently and for a long time urged him to take a sea voyage, and by change of climate and employment, check if not repulse the enemy whose ravages they beheld with increased anxiety; but his reluctance to leave his home, for a time so long as is necessary to visit Europe, was so great, that he could not be prevailed upon. At length, like many other victims to this disease, he determined when too late on a voyage in pursuit of health. It was resolved that in the spring of 1810, he should visit his brother James, who resides in England; but he lived not to see that spring.

In the summer of 1809, he left home for a short time to procure some relief from disease, and to visit his friends in New Jersey and New York. The following, written on the banks

of the Hudson, conveys more than any thing his biographer can say.

Hobocken, Friday afternoon.

"My dearest Mary; instead of wandering about, and viewing more nearly a place that affords very pleasing landscapes, here am I, hovering over the images of wife, children and sisters. I want to write to you and home, and though unable to procure paper enough to form a letter, I cannot help saying something, even on this scrap.

"I am mortified to think how incurious and inactive a mind has fallen to my lot. I left home with reluctance. If I had not brought a beloved part of my home along with me, I should probably have not left it at all. At a distance from home, my enjoyments, my affections are beside you. If swayed by mere inclination, I should not be out of your company a quarter of an hour, between my parting and returning hour: but I have some mercy on you and Susan: and a due conviction of my want of power to beguile your vacant hour with amusement, or improve it by instruction. Even if I were ever so well, and if my spirits did not continually hover on the brink of dejection, my talk could only make you yawn, as things are, my company can only tend to create a gap, indeed.

When have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men? and would produce in me, no doubt; at least, when not soured by misfortune? never: scarcely ever: not longer than an half hour at a time, since I have called myself man: and not a moment since I left you on Wednesday morning. I then rose with such an head-ache as was likely to maintain its post for the rest of the week; and this circumstance deprived me of any prospect of enjoyment from my journey, while, at the same time, it determined me to go, because this would have made me a companion to you ten times duller than common, and absolutely unfitted me for any New York company.

"I crossed the river without any particular views at ten o'clock. I made inquiries about Amboy, but found no stage

that was going that way for many hours, and none that was going nearer than eight miles: and eight miles in this burning atmosphere, was too much to walk; I could have found my way thither, indeed, by other means, but there was none going from the hook immediately in that direction, while there was a stage just then starting for Belville. To Belville, accordingly I went in two or three hours. 'Tis a pleasant village on the Passaick, where I staid till next morning. Chance gave me, for companion, a well disposed, well informed Virginian, who has been acquainted with Ogilvie these fifteen years, with his wife and her family, and especially with Mrs. Ellis, of whom you recollect O. told us much. A great deal in fine, of most of those whom that oddity mentioned to us.

"Finding Passaic Falls to be only nine miles from Belville, I went thither, on Thursday.' The weather was insupportably hot, and the fatigue of even those short walks which curiosity required, added to my inharmonious feelings, contributed to make the journey rather unprofitable. Glittering water-falls are but dim, and hanging rocks hardly more interesting than a sand moor, when viewed with misty eyes and aching brows.

"The afternoon was stormy, and the night and following morning cold. This morning I was set down at Bergen, and came hither to Hobocken, where I have a full view of New York, and can indulge my fancy in what is going forward there with more facility than twenty miles further off. How have you employed yourself since Wednesday? perhaps you are gone to Haarlem, and may stay till Monday. If so, I shall be disappointed: yet glad too, for my Mary's affectionate heart will be mortified at my precipitate return. And yet there is no spot more salubrious than Greenwich, within fifty miles of New York; and the leathern wings of a stage coach, do not carry healing under them.

"Till here, I could not find books, which have, with me, great efficacy in beguiling body of its pains, and thoughts of their melancholy, in relieving heads and hearts of their aches.

"Are there any letters lying for me from home? what may not have happened there in three long days. Death, funeral,

interment, have room enough in that time. A thousand mishaps may take place within the compass of three long summer days. I am strongly tempted to cross immediately, and would if I could recross before night: for I am ashamed to present myself before you before the week is fairly gone. In a few hours I might receive letters, and meet you both. I am afraid when the next horn sounds I shall find the temptation irresistible."

On the tenth of November 1809, he was attacked by a violent pain in his side, for which he was bled, and retired to his chamber to be nursed as he thought for a few days. From this time to the twenty-second of February he was confined to his room; his sufferings were then relieved by death. During this long confinement he scarcely ever enjoyed ease, and sometimes suffered greatly, yet he never uttered a murmur or impatient exclamation, and scarcely a complaint.

Such is the testimony of one who witnessed with the tenderest anxiety his protracted sufferings, his beloved companion, his nurse, his wife.

From the same source the following particulars of the illness and death of this lamented man is derived.

"He always felt for others more than for himself, and the evidences of sorrow in those around him, which could not at all times be suppressed, appeared to affect him more than his own sufferings. Whenever he spoke of the probability of a fatal termination to his disease, it was in an indirect and covered manner, as "you must do so and so when I am absent," or "when I am asleep." He surrendered not up one faculty of his soul but with his last breath. He saw death in every step of his approach, and viewed him as a messenger that brought with him no terrors. He frequently expressed his resignation; but his resignation was not produced by apathy or pain, for while he bowed with submission to the Divine will, he felt with the keenest sensibility his separation from those who made this world but too dear to him. Towards the last he spoke of death without disguise, and appeared to wish to prepare his friends for the event, which he felt to be approaching. A few days previous to his change, as sitting up in the bed, he fixed

his eyes on the sky, and desired not to be spoken to until he first spoke. In this position and with a serene countenance, he continued some minutes, and then said to his wife, "when I desired you not to speak to me, I had the most transporting and sublime feelings I ever experienced. I wanted to enjoy them and know how long they would last;" concluding with requesting her to remember the circumstance.

On the morning of the nineteenth of February 1810, it was observed that a change for the worse had taken place. He thought himself dying, and desired to see all his family, and spoke to each in the tenderest and most affectionate manner. He, however, remained in this dying state until the twenty-second, frequently conversing with his friends with perfect possession of his faculties to the last.

Thus at the age of thirty-nine, died Charles Brockden Brown, taken from the world at a time when the mass of knowledge which he had acquired by unwearied but desultory reading, and by acute and accurate observation, being preserved by a strong memory and marshalled by an uncommonly vigorous understanding, was fitted with the aid of his perseverance and zeal in the cause of virtue, to have conferred the most important benefits upon his fellow men.

His loss to his immediate relatives may be imagined by those who have read the preceding pages; a just notion of it cannot be conveyed by his biographer in a summary view of his character. He had ever been an object of the most ardent affection to his own family, and became equally dear to the relatives of his wife. Her sisters were adopted as his own, and on the loss of their father, *he* became a father to them. Ever ready to interest himself for the unfortunate, to advise the unwary, to assist and encourage all; how peculiarly dear must such a man have been to those who were peculiarly dear to him. Though attached to the seclusion of the closet, though he would for hours be absorbed in architectural studies, measuring proportions with his compasses, and drawing plans of Grecian temples or Gothic cathedrals, monasteries or castles, though addicted to every kind of abstraction, and attached by habit to reverie, he would break off with the utmost ease from

these favourite occupations of his mind, and enter into conversation on any topic with a fluency and copiousness which approached to the truest eloquence. He was never dictatorial or intrusive, and although pleased when holding discourse and conscious of superior coloquial talents, he was among men of the world, or loud and long talkers, generally silent, though not perhaps a listener. Though not imposing in personal appearance and with great simplicity of manners, he was winning in his address and made friends of both sexes wherever he felt that the object was worthy. It is not an eulogium of Charles Brockden Brown, but memoirs of his life, and some account of his writings that I have wished to present to the reader, and if the impression of his character made by the foregoing pages, is not that of a man of uncommon acquirements, superior talents, amiable manners, and exalted virtues, it is owing to want of skill in his biographer.

A FEW LETTERS

FROM

C. B. BROWN TO HIS FRIENDS.

TO W. DUNLAP.

Philadelphia, November 28th, 1794.

My Dear Friend,

How many weeks have elapsed since you left us, and since you requested me to write to you some comments upon both your performance and the representation of it. Better late than never is an excellent adage, and when men have delayed the performance of their duty, instead of prolonging the breach by elaborate apologies, they had much better apply themselves forthwith to the discharge of it, that being the best reparation that can possibly be made for past neglect.

But what my friend, shall I say upon this interesting subject? you yourself were present at the performance of the piece, you know how little the theatrical people are entitled to encomiums; what, therefore, could justify your friends here publishing their sentiments upon the acting: the public could judge of the intrinsic merits of the tragedy only as it was performed. How defective must their judgment therefore be, since their knowledge must be so imperfect.

My imagination is too undisciplined by experience to make me relish theatrical representations. I cannot sufficiently abstract my attention from accompanying circumstances and surrounding objects. Custom, or a differently constituted fancy enable others to distinguish and separate with ease the dramatic and theatrical.

My sufferings during that evening were such as to make me unalterably determine never to be an author. That, indeed, was not before scarcely possible, but if every other circumstance were favourable, the dread of being torn and mangled by the play-house gentry, either of the stage or pit, would sufficiently damp my ardour.

You cannot expect that I should say any thing about the play itself. Undistinguishing encomiums must be as disagreeable to you to hear as fruitless in me to utter. Not having the piece before me, I can recollect only the general impression; that indeed would give just occasion for panegyrick, which, however delightful it would be to me to bestow, it would perhaps be unpleasing to the delicacy of my friend. Particular animadversions would require me to recollect particular lines and passages, for which purpose I confess my memory is not sufficiently tenacious.

I suppose you proceed with your wonted celerity, in the career of composition. Has epic poetry been entirely neglected? and has no progress been made in the song which you have consecrated to the fame of Aristomines?

It used to be a favourite maxim with me that the genius of a poet should be sacred to the glory of his country; how far this rule can be reduced to practice by an American bard; how far he can prudently observe it, and what success has crowned the efforts of those, who, in their compositions, have shown that they have not been unmindful of it, is perhaps not worth the inquiry.

National songs, strains which have a peculiar relation to the political or religious transactions of the poet's country, seem to be the most precious morsels, which do not require a dissatisfying brevity, nor preclude the most exalted flights of genius, for in this class I rank the Iliad and Eneid, and Orlando (the last is a truly national song, since the streets of every Italian city, have re-echoed with it for this hundred years or two) as well as Chevy Chase or the song of Roland.

Does it not appear to you that to give poetry a popular currency and universal reputation, a particular cast of manners and state of civilization is necessary? I have sometimes thought

so, but perhaps it is an error, and the want of popular poems argues only the demerit of those who have already written, or some defect in their works, which unfits them for every taste or understanding.

Remember me affectionately to your family, and I will write speedily to Elihu. Tell him he must not be offended by my long silence.

Yours affectionately,

C. B. B.

TO A. BROWN.

New York, December 20th, 1798.

My Dear Brother,

What excuse to make for my long silence I know not, unless the simple truth be sufficient for the purpose. Some time since I bargained with the publisher of Wieland for a new performance, part of which only was written, and the publication commencing immediately, I was obliged to apply with the utmost diligence to the pen, in order to keep pace with the press. Absorbed in this employment, I was scarcely conscious of the lapse of time, and when the day's task was finished, felt myself thoroughly weary and unfit for a continuance of the same employment in any new shape.

I call my book Ormond, or the Secret Witness. I hope to finish the writing and the publication together before new-year's day, when I shall have a breathing spell.

Together with your letter, I received one from M. proposing the publication of Mervyn on the terms and in the manner mentioned by you. I wrote him an immediate answer, assenting, perhaps, too hastily to the publication, and promising, when my present engagements were fulfilled to finish the adventures of A. Mervyn. He has not noticed the receipt, and I am half inclined to suspect that it has miscarried from the few words subjoined by you for my use, to your letter to Z.

Proposals have been issued here for the publication of a Monthly Magazine, of which I am to be the editor, and whose profits are to belong to me. The uncommon zeal of my friends here promises success to this project. If it answer expectation, it will commence in February or March. This scheme, if it answer in any tolerable manner, will be very profitable.

Yours, &c.

C .B. B.

TO A. BROWN.

Extract of a letter, dated New York, January 1, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have neither wife nor children who look up to me for food, and in spite of all refinements, conjugal and paternal cares can never be fully transferred to one who has neither offspring nor spouse.

However this be, I will not determine. The lessons of fortitude, perhaps, are more easy to be taught than to be practised; but this does not diminish their value. This you will admit, but will probably add that there is only vanity or folly in inculcating a lesson which the character or circumstances of the scholar disable him from learning.

As to me, the surface of my life would be thought, by most observers, tolerably smooth. I rise at eight, am seated by a comfortable fire, breakfast plenteously and in quiet, and with a companion who is a model of all the social and domestic virtues. All personal and household services are performed for me without the trouble of superintendence and direction. The writing occupation is pursued, with every advantageous circumstance of silence, solitude, pure air, cleanliness and warmth.

When my voluntary and variable task is finished, I may go into the society of those from whom I derive most benefit and pleasure. That I am blind to the benefits of this condi-

tion must not be supposed. That mere external ease and temporary accommodation are sufficient to afford a reasonable being happiness, must not be imagined. To forbear remembrance of the past, or foresight of the future, or to confine our view to so small a part of our condition as consists in food, raiment and repose, is no argument of wisdom. These incidents have small place in the thoughts of a rational man, but I will not carry you, at present, beyond these, or enter into all these subtilities of sensation and reflection, which, in spite of wealth, would make me sad, and, in spite of poverty, would make me cheerful.

It is time to end this letter. To write it was the first employment of the new year, and will be the sole employment of the kind, that will take place on this day. It is an holy-day, and, as such, it shall be past away. 'Absurd enough, you will say, to make idleness a medium of amusement or an auxiliary to sanctity.

On this day, all the world is busied in visiting and congratulation and feasting. I believe I shall, in this instance, act, in some degree, like all the world.

Adieu,

C. B. B.

TO JAMES BROWN.

New York, July 26th, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

"I am not sure that the present disposition of my thoughts and feelings is the most favourable for writing to you; I have no momentous intelligence; no tidings of personal, domestic or professional revolutions to communicate, yet this appears to be at present the most easy and agreeable employment, and whether I have much or little to say, to hear from me will doubtless give you pleasure.

The heat here has lately been excessive, and I have suffered much exhaustion of my strength on this account. My alacrity of spirits and mental vigour have partaken of this kind of decay. I have had much pen work to perform, and much still remains to be performed, and though I have applied myself to my tasks with diligence, it has not been with all the desirable cheerfulness. I am likewise influenced by the general dejection and inquietude which at this moment overspreads the city, in consequence of the indubitable re-appearance of pesti- among us.

"Several cases, adjacent to each other, and near the quay in which Pine street terminates, whose symptoms are undoubted, have appeared within the last three days. The nature of this disease is plain, and my medical friend Miller assures me that our destiny, for this summer, is fixed. He believes that business will be at an end in the course of two or three weeks, and that in that time, it will behove those to consult their safety by flight, who are able to do it.

My sensations, in this state of things are so different from my sensations last summer, that I look back with astonishment. I do not wonder that I then remained in the city, but that my mind retained its tranquility in the midst of perils the most imminent; that I could muse and write cheerfully in spite of the groans of the dying and the rumbling of hearses, and in spite of a thousand tokens of indisposition in my own frame, is now almost incredible. I perceive that this tranquility and courage is utterly beyond my reach at present. I rejoice that there will be no domestic or social ties making me desert the city with reluctance. Those friends who then were as hardy as myself are already alarmed, and all those whose safety is particularly dear to me, will vanish from this scene as well as myself.

You may expect to be minutely and speedily acquainted with the state of things among us, and of my situation and views.

I ought long since to have written to the C.'s and P.'s. Remember me affectionately to them. You may shew them this letter when you meet with them.

I am afraid that M. has projected the printing of Hunt-ley on too large a scale, though perhaps, he is the best qualified to judge.

Whither I shall go when pestilence comes, I am not certain. I shall probably, however, accompany J. up the North river, to Albany, and perhaps to Niagara: All however is, as as yet, uncertain."

Farewell,

C. B. B.

TO JAMES BROWN.

New York, February 15th, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

I know not why I suffered your last letter to remain so long unanswered. Its hints respecting the catastrophe of Arthur Mervyn, were worthy of particular attention. Had I seen reason to approve of the alteration which you recommend, I should have written more speedily. Arthur is intended as an hero whose virtue, in order to be productive of benefit to others, and felicity to himself, stands in no need of riches. You may remember that he originally appears, in a pennyless condition. He is afterwards in possession of some thousand dollars. To maintain consistency and congruity, it was necessary that this sum should be lost. You must judge whether the mode of destroying the notes, is not consistent with his previous character, and with probability: to excite and baffle curiosity, without shocking belief, is the end to be contemplated. I have endeavoured to wind up the reader's passions to the highest pitch, and to make the catastrophe, in the highest degree, unexpected and momentous.

Twenty thousand dollars are a large sum, but remember the belief of their being forged, reduces the value to nothing while their power to do mischief is proportionably increased.

I have purposely left an opening for the publication of a second part or sequel. The destiny of Wallace and of Mr. Hadwin is not mentioned in the present work. I intended that Mr. Hadwin, on returning to his family, should be seized with the fatal disease. That the task of nursing him, while struggling with the malady, and of interring him when dead, should, by the fears of their neighbours, be assigned to his daughters. Wallace, by his unseasonable journey, is thrown into a relapse, and dies upon the road. Mervyn, preparing to leave the city, is accidentally detained, and his fortitude and virtue, subjected to severer trials than any hitherto related.

The character of Wallace is discovered to have been essentially defective. Marriage with this youth is proved to be highly dangerous to the happiness of Susan. To prevent this union, and to ascertain the condition of this family, he speeds, at length, after the removal of various impediments, to Hadwin's residence, where he discovers the catastrophe of Wallace and his uncle, and by his presence and succour, relieves the two helpless females from their sorrows and their fears. Marriage with the youngest; the death of the elder by a consumption and grief, leaves him in possession of competence, and the rewards of virtue. This scheme, as you see, required the destruction of the bills.

I have committed a very gross error, which possibly the state of publication will permit you to rectify. On leaving the house formerly Thetford's, Arthur is made to assert that one in fifteen of the whole population, dies daily. One in five hundred is nearer the truth, but I wish you would expunge the sentence.

How does the publication proceed! I shall not be at all suprised if M. obtains fewer subscribers than he expected, or goes forward more slowly than he promised. In a case like this, self-delusion is impossible to be avoided.

Instead of industriously employing the last fortnight, it has been whiled away in desultory reading. I am fettered by suspense with regard to the projected magazine. The practicability of that scheme will be ascertained in a few days.

My social hours and *schemes*, are in their customary state. I heard from our sister to day, but she does not mention whether you have been at Princeton, or when you expect to pay her a visit.

Up till eleven, and abed till eight, plying the quill or the book, and conversing with male or female friends, constitutes the customary series of my amusements and employments. I add somewhat, though not so much as I might if I were so inclined, to the number of my friends. I find to be the writer of Wieland and Ormond is a greater recommendation than I ever imagined it would be.

I hoped, ere now, to have sent you the latter work, but opportunities have escaped me.

In expectation of hearing from you shortly, and with fraternal remembrances to Armii and his, I must bid you farewell.

C. B. B

TO JAMES BROWN.

New York, April, 1800.

Dear Brother,

I received your letter and the volumes, by Mr. D. but not till several days after he received them from you, in consequence of a stop which he made at Woodbridge and Perth Amboy. It is a source of some regret that M. is so reluctant and dilatory in the fulfilment of his promises, but allowances must be made for his indigence on one hand, and his sanguine and promise-ful disposition on the other.

Yesterday the due number of copies of number three of the Magazine was put on board the stage for your city, where I hope they have seasonably arrived. This once the printers have been tolerably punctual, and, hereafter, I have reason to think that they will be regular and exact in their publication. I know how much depends upon punctuality and regularity, and nothing shall be wanting on my part.

I gave you, I thought, a good reason for the temporary suspension of Calvert. It will, in the ensuing number, be resumed, and I hope not again checked in its course, till its course be finished.

Your remarks upon the gloominess and out-of-nature incidents of Huntley, if they be not just in their full extent, are, doubtless, such as most readers will make, which alone, is a sufficient reason for dropping the doleful tone and assuming a cheerful one, or, at least substituting moral causes and daily incidents in place of the prodigious or the singular. I shall not fall hereafter into that strain. Book-making, as you observe, is the dullest of all trades, and the utmost that any American can look for, in his native country, is to be re-imbursed his unavoidable expenses.

I know not whether the advantageous publication of Mervyn (the sequel of it) can be brought about in this city, but shall have it done in the way you mention. The salelibility of my works will much depend upon their popularity in England, whither Caritat has carried a considerable number of Wieland, Ormond and Mervyn.

Adieu,

C. B. B.

TO R. P.

Philadelphia, September 1st, 1800.

My Friend,

I hoped to have met thee in this city, yet that hope was cherished only for my own sake, since to wish thee in any other place than in the country, would be wishing thee the loss of pleasure and of health. Yet that is a maxim to which I have been accustomed to pay no attention; since, without any other guide than inclination, I have changed the residence of one city for that of another much inferior to it in every circumstance of salubrity and scenery.

Place, indeed, is of little, or rather of no importance in my estimation. What does this indifference argue. In the way in which I am employed, or in the places in which my lot has been cast, my health has been nearly independent of influences merely local. Equally well or ill, am I, in town or country, or might I be, if I chose to mingle with my labour, practicable exercise. As to the pleasure of pure airs, and brilliant prospects, ten minutes walk from my dwelling in New York, always sufficed to place me on a spot, fanned by the purest breezes, and embellished with the widest and most splendid scene that our country can any where exhibit. A scene whose variety, in consequence of Heaven's every varying face, is inexhaustible, and which I, every time, contemplated with more pleasure than the last.

What then were the recommendations of a change? I had no engagements that detained me in New York, and so I came hither, not to see different scenes, to breathe different airs, but merely to see a different set of faces. I staid in Jersey, at Newark, Brunswick and Princeton half a week, and now have I come back to my ancient neighbourhood.

All the inanimate objects in this city, are uniform, monotonous and dull. I have been surprised at the little power they have over my imagination. At the sameness that every where reigns. A nine months absence has cast upon surrounding objects not a gleam of novelty. All the old impressions seem to exist with their pristine freshness in my memory. Under this sun I discover nothing new, but this sameness pleases not. More irksome, more deadening to my fancy is this city, on its *own* account, than ever. I am puzzled to guess how it happens, but it is of little moment to inquire, since walls and pavements were never any thing to me, or, at least, were next to nothing. Social and intellectual pleasures being every thing.

The C.'s are gone to Lancaster or thereaway. I saw them at New York with a pleasure, not easily described. Thou hast not heard the history of their journey thither, and their stay there. To me, in its relation to me, it was extremely in-

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teresting, and I think of it, with very lively feelings. Such incidents as that do not happen every day to me.

Thy T. gives me reason to expect a meeting with thee, ere I depart. That will not be within a fortnight, and then I can say to thee a thousand things, which my pen cannot say at all, or cannot say so well: yet I feel an irresistable inclination to take up the pen, and to inform thee that I am once more in Second and Front Streets.

The last time I saw thee, I was far from giving that satisfaction which a friend might claim. I was unreasonably reserved, and while it appeared that something lay heavy on my heart, my lips were inviolably closed. I saw a letter to my sister in which thou accountest for my silence in a way not very flattering to me, but a way which I do not know how to prove erroneous. Erroneous it surely was, but how to convince thee of thy error, otherwise than by candid explanations, is the difficulty.

And why not practice candour? What lay heavy then, time has made light. What troubled me then, molests me now but little. Such is the variable fleeting nature of this thing called thought. One idea, in spite of every effort to retain it, will gradually loose its hold, and though it still occasionally come in sight, and flit about us, it stings and vexes us no longer. Thus it is, with that idea which I brought with me from New Jersey, last November, and which spread a cloud over me. It is gone, yet not totally. It revisits me now and then, but holds no formidable place in my thoughts. When I see thee, I will tell thee what it was; I *think* I will. 'Tis a phantastic apprehension that withholds me. If I do not see thee, it will do to be written.

Possibly I may write to thee again before I see thee. I need not say how acceptable will be a few lines from thee to thy friend,

C. B. B

TO ANTHONY BLEEKER, ESQ.

Philadelphia, October 31st, 1801.

DEAR FRIEND,

I need not say with how much pleasure I read your letter from Morristown. I wish I could give you, in return, an effusion equally indicative of a lively fancy and a good heart, but the utmost that I can do, is to thank you for the favour, and intreat a repetition of such letters.

I suppose you have returned, by this time, to the purlieus of Water Street, and are once more seated at your table, with the attorney's "Vade Mecum" on one side, and the muses "Pocket Companion" at the other. I never yet saw you seated at this table, without some poetical or literary solace within your reach; some conductor to the flowery elysium of the poets, in the midst of the austere guides and crabbed implements of the law. In this respect, it is rare to meet with one that resembles you; who retains the pure taste of a literary devotee, without disrelish and aversion for naked science and mere business.

Pray, how do you come on, in your study of French? have you wound yourself into the vitals of the language, and are you familiarised to that labyrinth of exceptions and anomalies which gave you so much trouble when I was with you. A man must have the patience of more than one Job to untwist and unknot such a tangled maze. It was a task to which my perseverance never was equal; yet how many men are there whom the mere pride of the accomplishment has induced not only to acquire the reading of the language, but the ability to write it, and not only that of writing, but of talking it; and, for this purpose, have devoted innumerable hours to books, whose whole merit lay in their being written, and to men whose sole commendation consisted in their speaking, in French I suspected you would fail in your pursuit from the unexpected obstacles with which you had to encounter. I suppose there is, always, in every pursuit, a point that may be termed the critical spot; a point where the difficulties multiply, as it were,

on a sudden, and where the patience or the penetration, is put to the hardest test; and this being past, as ships pass a sand bar in a river, you suddenly glide into still deep water. Have you, my friend, passed the crisis?

Since you were here, C. has been here. I saw him for an hour, and heard many particulars of his newspaper scheme. I have not heard of the commencement of the publication. Can you tell me in what state it is; I should like to be put down as a subscriber for the *country* newspaper. Will you do me the favour to tell him so?

I suppose you will be among the number of occasional contributors: sometimes as politician, and not seldom as a poet. C.'s republic, if I remember right, does not banish the poets. Even bad verses are pleasing to the readers of bad taste, and though good verses, are as rare in newspapers, as swallows in winter, yet they sometimes are met with, and delight us in proportion to their rarity. Bad verses are not disreputable to a newspaper, no more than bad English to a foreigner, because they are naturally expected; but poetry, very middling in a collection of elegant extracts, is super-excellent here, and surprises us, like just expression from a chimney sweeper.

I am anxious to know whether our friend J. is returned, but I shall ascertain it by writing to him by this opportunity. This goes by M. who is preparing to carry home with him a *wife*. How strangely that word sounds in relation to M. whom I have been so long accustomed to consider as the single man. That is a destiny which, I hope, will come to us all. I should be very sorry to be left farthest behind in the race towards the matrimonial goal, but my sorrow will, I believe, be unmixed with envy. There is no event, I think, if happening under tolerably auspicious circumstances, on which we may more reasonably congratulate our friends.

You see that, notwithstanding my expectations of a southward journey, I am still here. Here I expect to be, during the winter, unless I should find or make occasion for a week's jaunt to New York, which I sincerely hope to find or to make. Meanwhile, believe me, your affectionate

C. B. B.

TO MISS ——.

Philadelphia, August 13th, 1802.

My Dear R.

Well, I hope your Sunday's journey was not very disagreeble. A coach, crowded with eleven persons, carrying you fifty miles, over rugged roads, on a sultry day in August, to a place you never saw before, with no friendly and tenderly remembered face to shine a welcome on you; how dare I even *hope* that your journey was a pleasant one?

You went away without me, my friend, but you did not leave my *fancy* behind you. Every now and then during that day, I figured your situation to myself, and when I awoke next morning *one* of the first things that occurred, nay, I am not sure that it was not absolutely the very first, was that you were safely arrived at your journey's end.

And how does my friend like her new situation? by this time you have begun to be acquainted with the men, women and trees that surround you. You have looked, several times, out of your chamber window on a meadow that lies before it, with the hobbled horse that grazes in it, and the blackberry bushes that border it. You have made more than one visit to the bushes, and regaled very sumptuously on these blackberries. You have grown quite familiar with the stout slices of brown bread, that make their appearance duly at morning and evening, and have not only banquetted on milk, but, milk maid like, have provided the banquet with your own hands. The pure airs and sweet smells of your new abode, inspire you with a thousand agreeable reveries. Health and cheerfulness have taken possession of you, and time flies so swiftly that you look back and are astonished that a couple of *weeks*, not a couple of days, have flown away since your arrival at the manor.

Am I a true *seer*, my friend? sometimes, I must confess, the picture which rises before me, when I think of you, is not quite so captivating. Instead of sound repose, I, now and then, behold nothing but unquiet dreams and tedious watchings. Instead of sprightly thoughts and the keen appetite

that can feast even at a farmer's table, I see nothing but repinings and disgusts; a mind continually musing on the past, an eye constantly intent on the absent. The scene before you is dull and tiresome. The stumblings of an hobbled horse have no power to delight you. Even blackberries display their delicious clusters in vain. You walk among them, merely because you can take no path which is not beset with them, and you pluck them as you go, for want of thought.

You will pardon the friendly zeal that is anxious to know which of these pictures is the true one. I beg you to write to me immediately, and tell me, exactly, how you feel, whom you see, and what you are doing. Whether the pleasing prospect which I set before you, in our last conversation, has been realized. If it has *not*, I shall not be very much surprised, but I shall be very sorry.

The scene here is very dismal. There is scarcely a soul to be seen in quarters that used to be thronged, yet there seems no reason for those to be alarmed who still remain in the city. I expect to be gone into Jersey next week, merely because the total suspension of business will leave me nothing to do here.

Do not forget your promise to write to me. Remember that, with a generous mind, to *bestow* pleasure is to *receive* it, and that a letter from you, written as fully and as candidly as my affectionate regard for you deserves, will afford uncommon pleasure to your true friend

C. B. B.

TO MISS ——.

Philadelphia, October 9th, 1802.

So, my good R. your brother tells me that you reached home in safety and in due season. I suppose the tediousness of the way was somewhat beguiled by the agreeable conversation of Mr. E. I should like to have been in his place. The pleasure of accompanying you, together with the pleasures I might hope

for on my arrival, and the more agreeable hope of accompanying one of your family back to Philadelphia, would have rendered it, by far, the most pleasing journey I have ever taken: but fate interposed and said "nay."

You will not tell me, I fear, the motive of your hasty journey, but will you not, at least, tell me whether the mystery, whatever it be, has found a satisfactory explanation. Whether, in this change of scene, and under the paternal roof, you are as happy as you hoped or expected to be. Does the angel "consideration" always stand at your elbow, and give you the friendly twitch whenever you are going to say or do a wrong thing. What a privilege would it be to enjoy the constant admonitions of some such friend as this. How much unhappiness would it enable you, my good friend, particularly, to escape.

Caution, forbearance, a constant curb upon the thoughts and the tongue are necessary to the happiness of every human being: especially of the young, and of those who have naturally a warm and impetuous temper; and is not R. somewhat distinguished by such a temper; and is she not at present in a situation where her own happiness and that of others very much depend upon her circumspection?

What infinitely greater merit is there in that meekness and forbearance which is the fruit of forethought and consideration than that which is the gift of our mothers: which governs us naturally, and not so much from the exercise, as from the absence of a strenuous mind. And this merit, R. may be yours. Nature has given you irritable feelings, it is true, but she has given you, likewise, an excellent understanding, and thus enabled you to temper and controul those feelings, and thus to secure to yourself greater merit as well as greater happiness than can possibly fall to the share of the naturally, insipidly, unreflectingly meek.

But what a preachment is here! I am afraid it will disgust you. I wish you happy, but, alas, have it not in my power to make you so. Cold, unanimated, starch precepts, never pointed out, or facilitated the road to any body, I am not near enough, nor if I were, have I authority enough with you, to

play successfully the part of that elbow monitor I have spoken of above.

I rely on your promise to write to me: write me not a short letter, and treat me, I beseech you, without reserve. Tell me all that particularly concerns you, as to one who makes your interest his own, and who, while he is your true friend, cannot but be a disinterested one.

I shall greatly be disappointed if you forget or neglect to write me, and still more so if you treat me not with that confidence to which my regard for you intitles me.

You can enclose any thing for me, in your sister's letters, if she will permit; or, if that mode be inconvenient, you can address to me, by post, as you have already done.

Adieu, God and his angel prudence, be with you, my friend,

C. B. B.

TO MISS ——.

Philadelphia, January 18th, 1803.

My Dear R.

Little did either of us dream, when I last conversed with you, under the shade of the hospital sycamores, that, in less than a quarter of a year, all obstacles to your felicity would be removed. In all my reasonings with myself, on the folly of despair, I consider your history as a new argument on the courageous side of the question. I suppose you now congratulate yourself on the event, whatever it was, which hastened your return to New York. I remember it distressed you much, at one time, and you seemed to have no omens of the consequences which you now see have flowed from it. Had not some urgent motive compelled you to return when you did, you would probably have been here still, and things would have continued in the same state, in which they then were.

Your sister tells me that your day is fixed. You and Mr. ..... gratify me highly by expressing a wish for my com-

pany on that occasion, but that pleasure my present situation denies me. Yet I do not mean that it shall pass over me as a common day. It shall be a solitary festival, and the joy of my friend shall be my joy. It is every one's interest to improve this source of happiness, since it is the purest source. (I mean the happiness arising to us from the happiness of others whom we love.) But I cannot boast of that benign temper which bestows this sort of happiness on us. At least, a small portion of it has fallen to my share. Small as is my portion, however, it will make me a sincere partaker of the happiness preparing for you.

I paused here for some minutes. A thousand fancies enter my head at this moment, connected with you, but I will not put them on paper. If I did, you would think me a most impertinent and unseasonable monitor. What business have fears, and cautions and doubts, and admonitions, to intrude themselves at such a time as this? and I, what title has experience given me to prescribe to others? whence should I have gained such a knowledge of your character, and that of your chosen youth, as would qualify me for a counsellor to either of you. We know that matrimonial happiness depends upon a system of mutual observances and deferences. In yielding and forbearing: in curbing our own humours and conforming to those of our friend: in allowing for incurable foibles in him, and in demanding no allowance for any of our own foibles.

Experience will teach you these, and many other unpalatable truths. Nothing but experience *will*. How earnestly ought your friends to wish that experience, when it comes, may contribute to your happiness, and not your misery: that, when you come to discover which road leads to happiness, you may be able to pursue it, and not be of that unhappy number in whom the clearest convictions have no power to change the habits, or controul the temper.

Excuse this sober strain, R. In your joyous fancy, at this moment, gaiety and confidence keep up a perpetual dance. To you, futurity teems only with bright and golden views. Perhaps, Heaven will be particularly kind to you, and permit the

spell to remain unbroken for many, many years. It will, if there be any efficacy in the prayers of

Your true friend,

C. B. B.

I hope I shall not lose my correspondent at the same time you lose your name. Tell Mr. ..... that in gaining you, he must not rob me. Give him my kindest regards and congratulations. I shall hope to hear from your own hand, when the fifth of February has gone by, that you are as happy as I wish you to be.

TO THE REV. DR. J. B. LINN.

Philadelphia, July 4th, 1804.

My Dear Friend,

Mrs. L. gives me the pleasure of hearing that you are safely arrived in New York, and that your journey has somewhat benefitted your health. I hope you will return among us, quite a renovated being. I heard with some regret that you had relinquished the plan of crossing the country to Albany; because the way would be new to you, and because delightful Lebanon lay in the track, whose charming vales and salubrious springs, could not fail of proving a benign restorative to your drooping spirits and shattered frame.

I wrote to you at Boston, in the hope of your remaining there a day or two longer than your letter from that place mentioned. At all events, I knew you would leave word with your friends there to take up your letters and send them after you. Your silence, however, makes me apprehensive that you either omitted that precaution, or that your Boston friends have been remiss, and I am the more uneasy on this account, because my friendship for you gave you good reason to expect that token of my remembrance.

You were very fortunate in leaving Philadelphia when you did. I hardly know how your constitution could have borne up against such an unexampled series of wet, gloomy and tempestuous skies, as we have been tormented with ever since your departure. Even if the ever-dripping clouds extended as far eastward as Connecticut and Massachussetts, the variety and novelty of the scenes around you, would somewhat divert or disarm their evil influence.

I am highly pleased to hear that you have kept something like a journal in your absence. I long to see it. I wish you would transmit it to me immediately by post, and give me leave to make immediate use of it in the Magazine now in the press. At any rate send it to me, and, through me, your family can receive it. I hope you have not been sparing of the pen or of your time: you must have had abundant occasions for remark, and I persuade myself they did not pass by you wholly unimproved.

As to myself and matters here, they have been pretty uniform. The P.'s (our printers) are as punctual, careful and obliging as possible. The number for June you will probably meet with in New York before your return. I am afraid it will not greatly please you. You will find but a single communication in it (Valverdi) all the rest original prose, I have been obliged to supply myself for which I am sorry, for the sake of the credit of the work, as well as of my own ease. The manuscript of Carwin is exhausted, and it was impossible to piece the thread and continue it in due season for that number. It goes on, however, in the present, (for July) the whole original department of which I have been obliged to spin out of my own brain; you will probably find it, of consequence, very dull. The pieces I have already prepared are not few.

As to my own particular condition and feelings, I cannot rejoice your heart by any very agreeable intelligence. I have had less to boast of on the score of health than for some considerable time backward, and the world of business has been darkened by unusual vexations, disappointments and embarrassments. I, however, endeavoured to make the most of the small portion of good that falls to my lot, to think only on the

brightest parts of the present scene, and send out hope to explore the future. My mornings, till three o'clock, are passed in Front Street, and for the rest of the day I feel little appetite for any thing but indolence and recreation.

I have received a letter full of respect and compliment, from Kentucky. The writer is a man who has acquired no small credit with the readers of his party, by two publications, an invective against Adams, and a eulogy of Jefferson. He desires their republication in the Magazine, but I mean to write him a private letter excusing myself as I can on the score of our political neutrality.

When you next take up the pen do not forget me. Remember also, the journal. Give my affectionate regards to S. M. and R.; in all whose concerns, as well as in yours, there is no one living has a deeper interest than your affectionate

C. B. B.

TO W. DUNLAP.

Philadelphia, 1805.

My Dear Friend,

When I recognised your hand in the superscription of your letter, I opened it with pleasing expectations of an intended visit from you. Little did I imagine the kind of information it contained, and yet after a little reflection my surprise in a great measure abated. The difficulty in which men of business have been lately involved, could hardly fail of affecting you in the midst of your unprosperous establishment more severely than most others. Your letter, is as usual, too brief for my wishes. I wish you had dwelt a little more upon your prospects and plans for the future. You doubtless have formed some scheme besides the literary one your letter mentions. I am sorry I cannot give you any satisfactory answer on the points you mention. When your letter arrived C. was out of town. I shall apply to him as soon as he returns, but the application is almost superfluous, as I know pretty well already the state of his affairs. You may rely upon my seizing the earliest and

every opportunity of answering your wishes with regard to him and any other publisher in this city. Before that time however I hope you will get into some other occupation more lucrative and permanent than any thing of this kind can be. I wish you to write to me pretty soon, if not immediately, and tell me more of your present situation, and especially your prospects. Though my counsel or my sympathy can be of no service to you, I am exceedingly anxious to know what you are about, and what you design to do. As to myself, my friend, you judge rightly when you think me situated happily; my present way of life is in every respect, to my mind. There is nothing to disturb my felicity but the sense of the uncertainty and instability that sticks to every thing human. I cannot be happier than I am. Every change therefore must be for the worse. My business, if I may so call it, is altogether pleasurable, and such as it is, it occupies not one fourth of my time. My companion is all that an husband can wish for, and in short as to my own personal situation, I have nothing to wish but that it may last. These feelings would be thought by some, to arise more from the narrowness of my desires than from the abundance of my enjoyments; so much the better if that were the case, for the more confidence might I then entertain of its duration. I wish your affairs would permit you to visit Philadelphia once more. Meanwhile let me, I beseech you, hear from you. I have little doubt, considering all things, that your next ten years will be happier than the last ten have been.

C. B. B.

TO W. DUNLAP.

Philadelphia, November 6th, 1805.

My Dear Friend,

I wish, notwithstanding my neglect of your last, you had favoured me with another, telling me how you had fared, where you have been, and whither you are going. I have been look-

ing for you hourly this fortnight past, agreeable to your plans and prospects, when we parted, but have neither seen you nor heard from you. I must therefore, though tardily, take up my pen to find you out and provoke some information from you. What excuse shall I make for not keeping up the correspondence as I projected? I have none I fear that you will deem sufficient. When I received your last, my apprehensions and hopes seemed to be monopolized by one domestic image. Some one says that the happiest man is still miserable inasmuch as every human good is precarious and pent with danger, and the more he values the goods in his possession, the more fearful is he of the accident by which he is liable to be bereaved of them. My domestic felicities were so great that I shuddered at the approach of an event by which they were endangered. The event however came, and instead of depriving me of an adored wife, has added two lovely children to my store. They are sons, counterparts to each other, with all their members and faculties complete, and enjoying as far as we can judge, after two months trial of life and its perils, the admirable constitution of their mother. Do not you congratulate me on this event? I was always terribly impressed with the hardships and anxieties attending the care of infants, and was at the moment appalled by the prospect of a double portion of care; but when I had seen the little strangers with my own eyes and beheld the mother in perfect health and safety after all her perils, my terrors were exchanged for confidence, and now after two months experience, I find, and their mother finds that the two healthy and lovely babes are a double joy, instead of being a double care. And now that I have told you my chief concern, pray tell me yours. Let me know what you have been doing, what new prospects a few months have opened to you. Whether you persist in your scheme of publication and what success has hitherto attended you. When particularly may we hope to see you amongst us once more.

C. B. B.

TO MISS SUSAN ——.

Philadelphia, 1806.

Odd enough, my dear S. that M. should refer you to me for further entertainment. My dull, cold, formal pen is fit only to write crabbed dissertations or incomprehensible anagrams, and not to please a young lady. Wit and sprightliness in letter writing, fall, however, to the lot of so few that I have less reason to repine or be mortified at the want of it myself. Mary is one of those who write with an ease and spirit proper to the occasion, and the accents of a beloved sister would be soothing to your ear, were they much less sweet and engaging than hers are.

I must repeat, after Mary, that your letter tries in vain to be cheerful and at ease, and that heart of thine must be wrung with severe sorrow, when your letters betray it. But where's the remedy? there are some evils that must take their course, and which are of that aggravated nature, that bad as they may now be, they can only go on growing worse, and desperate indeed would be the situation of those that suffer by them, if we did not come gradually to bear lightly a burthen when we are accustomed to it. I hope no domestic engagement will prevent you from making a journey in the spring. If there be not, then we shall have the pleasure of a visit from you. I cannot express the pleasure I shall have in seeing assembled under the same roof, and that roof our own, the three persons dearest to me upon earth.

Our M. has grown quite a studious body. She makes nothing of devouring two or three volumes in a day. When I see her deeply absorbed in a book, and straining her eyes to get through another page, by the aid of a departing twilight, I almost fancy it is S. herself whom I have all this while supposed to be M. Indeed the poor girl has no resource, this cold house-keeping, home-staying weather, but books, as the back-gammon table has long ago been destroyed by the children, to whose amusement it was devoted, as soon as they could use their little hands.

You ask, what makes me so busy? I perceive M. has not answered your question, so I will answer it myself. I have undertaken to compose a great book, and have limited myself in my engagements with a bookseller, to one year, within which to complete it. You may easily imagine what an heavy task I have imposed upon myself, when I tell you that the work will require six hours writing every day (Sunday's not excepted) for a whole twelvemonth, and that I have other engagements at the same time, upon my hands.

Remember me, affectionately, to our father and brother. My particular respects to Mr. B. and Mrs. B. If Mrs. B. comes, as you say she has thought of doing, to Pennsylvania in the spring, I shall have an opportunity of knowing her a little better than I could do at Albany.

Your sister, in writing to you, always recollects your injunction never to talk to you about her children, unless it be barely to tell you that they are sick or dead. I half suspect she was a little mortified at this caution, else she would not have remembered it so opportunely, and observed it so carefully. I do not recollect to have received any caution of this kind, and should not mind it if I had: it should not prevent me from assuring you that they are in charming health and spirits, and give as little trouble as any parent can reasonably wish two infants to give. They have made but little progress in speaking these two or three months, but when they once begin, they will probably soon acquire the faculty. Adieu, ma chere sœur. Keep up your spirits, and look forward to better times. There are many that make your happiness of consequence to their own, but here are three that love you as themselves.

C. B. B.

TO JOHN H. PAYNE.

Philadelphia, August 25th, 1806.

My Dear Friend,

When I parted with you at Albany, I had half a mind to request the favour of a letter from you when you should have

entered on your new course of academical life; but I was afraid your short acquaintance would make the request appear to you unreasonable. Besides you allowed me to entertain hopes of seeing you in a month or two, and then, I flattered myself, something like friendship might be grafted, on mere acquaintanceship. I accordingly looked for you in Philadelphia, with no small impatience, after your college vacation commenced; but day came after day, and you came not; so I imagined your inclinations had led you a different way. I should have written to you, for the lively interest I feel in your welfare would have made me disregard ceremony; but unluckily I had no clue to your steps. Your letter came most opportunely to satisfy my curiosity, and I thank you heartily for this agreeable proof of your remembrance.

You do not say how long you propose to stay at Ballston, or whether you have wholly given up your design of coming southward. I long to see you, but confess I have now little hopes of it. The cities at this season are equally dull and unwholesome, and your Ballston must abound with every thing that can delight the fancy or the senses. The next vacation, I believe, occurs in winter, and then a journey hither will reward you perhaps for the cold and fatigue of the journey. When you come, whenever that shall happen, you must do my little home the favour to make it yours. You will find it the abode of content, and may enjoy the spectacle, not very common, of an happy family. Mrs. B. is as anxious as myself to see you. She takes all your good qualities on my word, and loves you by proxy.

Most sincerely do I rejoice that you find Schenectady so agreeable. I tremble with apprehension, when I think how much of the dignity and happiness of your whole life depends upon the resolutions of the present moment. Were it possible for a miracle to be wrought in your favour, and that the experience of a dozen years could be obtained without living so long, there would be little danger that an heart so unperverted as yours would mislead you. The experience of others will avail you nothing. They may talk, indeed, but till you are as old as the counsellor, and have seen, with your own eyes, as

much as he, his words are mere idle sounds, impertinent and unintelligible. Fancy and habit are supreme over your conduct, and all your friends have to trust to, is a heart naturally pure and tractable, and a *taste*, if I may so call it, for the approbation of the wise and good.

When you write next I hope you will have both leisure and inclination to be particular on the subject of your studies. What are your books and your exercises? What progress do you make, and what difficulties or reluctances stand in your way? You see I make great demands upon you. I am afraid you will not admit my affection for you as a sufficient pretext for making them, and I have, as yet, no other foundation on which to build my claim.

I have a great deal more to say to you, but I am afraid, judging from the brevity of yours, that you have no passion for long letters. I will therefore stop in due season, and only add the name of your true and warm friend,

C. B. B.

TO MR. J. H. PAYNE.

Philadelphia, February 22d, 1809.

My Dear Friend,

I have not forgotten you, nor ceased to feel a deep interest in your welfare, nor to make frequent inquiries about you, though our correspondence has so long been discontinued. The "Boston Mirror" is a token of your remembrance, which comes duly to hand, and affords me some basis for conjecture, at least, as to your present situation and pursuits. Will you give me a more full account under your own hand. A great many rumours have reached me, of the truth of which I am extremely anxious for an opportunity to judge.

Two years have passed away since I saw you; a period that seldom makes material alterations in the character or habits or destiny of a man past thirty, but they are big with fate at that unsettled and mutable age at which they have found my friend. Let me know from your own pen, with that candour

and sincerity which were shining qualities in you, when I enjoyed your personal intercourse, how you fare, what two years have done for you?

This is a large demand for one to make who has so few claims upon your esteem and confidence. Nothing emboldens me to make it, but the earnest regard I have for you; though you may reasonably demand more solid testimonies of that regard than this naked assurance of it.

Permit me, warmly to recommend to your acquaintance, my friend Mr. O. who will deliver you this. He is a man, if I am not much mistaken, after your own heart. His merits are those on which you are accustomed to set most value; and higher merits of that kind, I suspect, not even your imagination has ever hitherto set before you.

I am, affectionately, yours,

C. B. B.

TO W. KEESE Esq.

Philadelphia, Oct. 16th, 1807.

My Dear Sir,

Your agreeable letter arrived this moment, and I hasten to thank you for giving us so early tidings of the safety of our dear Rebecca. That the new comer is not a girl, is, you tell us, a great disappointment to you, and you have been obliged to play the philosopher on the occasion; but, my good friend, one smile of the little stranger, a few months hence, will perform more for your consolation than all the reasonings in the world. You will then bless yourself that the bantling *is* exactly *what he is.* I have often checked myself in forming wishes as to the sex of my children, from the utter uncertainty of their future destiny, be they of what sex they may. Their happiness must depend upon their temper; and mine, so far as it relates to them, upon the opportunity I may have of witnessing their fate after they have reached maturity: and, when I reflect on the innumerable chances against my living to that critical time, I give all wishes to the air. The chances

for happiness, in either sex, seem to me nearly equal, yet, as a man, I must necessarily regard a daughter with more tenderness than a son, provided they are equal in all other respects: an equality, however, which is quite impossible.

You are going to call your son by my name, a compliment that flatters me exceedingly. Yet, for the sake of the little one, I heartily wish *Brown* had a little more music and dignity in it. It has ever been an irksome and unwelcome sound to my ears, and it is with no less surprise than pleasure that I now find it less worthless to the ears of others than it is to my own. I have sometimes been mortified in looking over the catalogue of heroes, sages and saints, to find not a single *Brown* among them. This indeed may be said of many other names, but most others are of rare occurrence, while the most common appellation in almost all languages is *Brown*. It must, then, be a strange fatality which has hitherto excluded it from the illustrious and venerable list. Perhaps, your new comer may be marked out by the powers who manage these matters over our heads, as a vindicator of the name. If the event be otherwise, the disgrace may be saved by veiling the ill fated syllable under the convenient obscurity of an initial.

With affectionate congratulations to you both, believe us ever yours,

C. B. & E. L. B.

TO CLARA.

(ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.)

Withhold, my friend, my angel friend, withhold,
Those tears that moisten fruitless earth, and bathe
In vain a soil that teems no more: In vain
Tears flow for him whose eyes have ceas'd to weep;
Eyes clos'd upon this dark terrestrial scene;
On all its sable dreams and glittering, clos'd,
While glories of supernal lustre beam
On intellectual eyes, to shut no more.

O! for a speedy summons to the gate
That opes into a brighter world, and leads
To happy fields, where fadeless verdure breathes,
Delights forever new, and harps are heard,
Fraught with the harmonies of highest heaven!
O! for the Voice that calls, and calls but once!
"Come from the dark abyss, bless'd spirit, come,
"Ascend to purer climes: the house of clay
"Change for immortal vesture; cease to feed
"On black malignant vapours, wont to glide
"Around the darksome wall's impending roof
"And dank floor of this mighty dungeon, Earth,
"Polluted with the stain of ev'ry sin;
"On azure pinions lifted, come and taste
"The fruits of paradise, and quaff the joys
"That bathe, in glittering streams, the heavenly ground."
Whither thy friend hath gone, may, thither, I,
And thou, when mystic fate shall summon, go:
With speed, and shortly, I; but thou, full late,
And after blooming years, in long career,
O'er flowers scattered by the bounteous hand
Of him, who binds in sacred nuptial ties,
Th'allotted pair, and gives maternal joys,
Have pass'd away; thither, by heavenly airs,
May'st thou be safely wafted. O! how bless'd
The lot of him, whose gratulating hand,
And voice shall hail thy near approach to shores
Of peace, and thee, from flaming vehicle
Alighting, shall receive, and point the way,
That forthright leads to God's eternal house.
Long, long, may that inevitable hour
Behind thee linger, nor approach too soon
The pure and chaste abode of CLARA's soul;
Which no immortal change can lovelier make,
Or deck with softer graces, give those eyes
A brighter emanation, or within
That bosom, kindle a more holy flame.
Let not the direful visitant profane

Thy chamber's sanctity, the calm recess
Where thou abid'st, 'till many a sun hath shed
On nature, vernal renovation, crown'd
The youthful brows of many a circling year.
For who that knows thee, who that calls thee friend,
Can spare thee? From their bosoms who can part
With such a guest? The gem, ah! who can spare
The brightest and most precious in their store?
Yet, he, whom justly thou dost prize beyond
The world, by conjugal attraction join'd,
To heaven's imperious voice must, one day, yield
Thee, his soul's soul. Then, drops of blood, his heart
Shall weep, but vainly shall he weep thy loss;
In vain the tears of thousands shall bedew
The grave where thou art laid: If I survive
To that disastrous hour, my clasped hands,
And lifted eyes shall intercede in vain:
As vainly thou deplor'st th' untimely fate
Of Henry: tears are impotent to check
Th' irrevocable steps of time, or stay,
When heaven directs the shaft, the stroke of death.

DIALOGUES.

[*Two Dialogues, the first on Music, the second on Painting, as a female accomplishment, or mode of gaining subsistence and fortune.*

The first of these Dialogues is a fragment: both are unfinished; but they are too characteristic of the Author, and too rich in thought, to be lost. The Dialogue on Painting is of very great worth, and will amply repay readers of every description for their attention.]

L. How have I pitied their grovelling taste and perverse insensibility! How have I lamented their insufferable waste of time and abuse of leisure! How many sources of true and beneficial pleasure are forgotten and unthought of, while this

passion is fostered; and how, indeed, inferior was this kind of musical performance to that which I pursued.

It is thus, you say, that we are enabled to give pleasure to others, but low, indeed, must be that ambition, which is satisfied with pleasing by mere mimicry, by putting off every distinctive property, every thing that constitutes *themselves*; and, warbling the words of others, and running through unmeaning, unappropriate, unintelligent notes.

Every one that has fingers, and a larynx fashioned in a certain manner, is equal to this accomplishment. Neither virtue, nor talents, nor social feelings, any power over the genuine happiness of others, or any *will*, usefully to exercise that power, are required in a musical performer. Ignorance of nature or science, sensuality, caprice, and folly, are all consistent with musical skill. You will say, perhaps, that they are also compatible with genius and goodness, but I doubt it.

That time requisite to make a skilful performer, duty requires us to employ in a better manner. Genius, unexercised, undisciplined, or wasted on frivolous and momentary purposes, will languish and expire; and how deficient, in true taste, must she be, who knows not, or holds in contempt, every other mode of employing her precious leisure, and every other mode of entertaining her friends.

When others approach me I am instantly engrossed by tenderness or curiosity. I meditate their features, their gestures, their accents; I am eager to see them smile, or hear them talk. To communicate my own feelings or ideas, and to receive theirs in turn. One impulse of the heart, one flash of wit, one ray of intelligence in myself or my companion, I value more than twenty *oratorios*.

If my companion be unpleasing or improper, in any way, to converse with, yet I find abundant and profitable occupation in surveying her, in comparing and inferring from what I see or hear, or subjects spring from my own reflection, sufficient to engage my attention. Music may, indeed, be possibly, at some time, necessary to silence the impertinent and please the stupid; and then, perhaps, I might comply with it as I do with any other debasing and luckless necessity.

R. This, surely, is arguing with too much rigour. You demand too much from human beings, when you oblige them to forego every pursuit, but the best, and every gratification but the highest.

L. Surely, my friend, you are in jest. It is highly proper to demand this, since, by the very terms you use, compliance will merely be the adoption of the *best* pursuit, and the enjoyment of the *highest* pleasure. I am truly sensible, that music, if it be not the best, is far from being the worst of human pursuits. To spend the day at the harpsichord, is vicious and absurd; and, but there are *other* ways of spending the day, far *more* vicious and absurd. There are a thousand books to be read, a thousand reveries to be indulged, a thousand companions to be talked to, a thousand topics of discourse and modes of action more foolish and pernicious than eternal thrumming at an instrument. But what is hence to be inferred? May I justify an ill action in myself, by reflecting that it is possible to have been worse employed? Am I to encourage another to pursue an evil path by reminding him of the many paths that are still *more* evil?

No. I ought rather earnestly to search for, and recommend a better path and a better mode of conduct. Few of us are so wise, that our present conduct is not obviously hurtful or absurd, and might not, with inexpressible advantage, be changed for a different. Instead of hunting after pleas for indolence and dissipation, and thus still more perverting my taste and weakening my principles. My best interests demand that I should detect, deplore, and abjure my follies and vices, and incessantly labour after higher excellence.

R. All this is abstractedly true, but I see not any useful application. We are defective creatures, and should labour to cure our imperfections; but, after all our labour, we shall be defective still. We must sometimes form a kind of compromise with our vicious habits. If we cannot, and it often happens that we cannot, be allured from a dangerous path by the highest good, or prevail on him to give up indolence for the highest and best species of activity, I must content myself with offering to his choice a lower one. Music is better than

lasciviousness or gluttony, and a man will forego the latter for the former, who will not exchange it for poetry or mathematics. To play from morn to night upon a jews-harp, is better than to loll away the year upon a sofa, to saunter it away in the street, or chatter it away at a tea-table.

L. In that I agree with you, but this surely is no vindication of music.

R. It is not. It is merely an attempt to justify the preference of music to a worse pursuit. Your feelings and mine, while looking at a player on the harp, are curiously contrasted. You are offended and grieved, because you are busy in imagining some possible mode of employing the same time better. I am pleased, because I exclaim in secret, how much worse, more hurtfully or frivolously might, and probably, all circumstances weighed together, would this creature be employed, if she had not been a minstrel.

But how, let me ask, with your maxims of economy, can you reconcile yourself to so costly an instrument?

L. I told you that I did not buy it. Had I not attained it without expense, I should not have been a player, and had I been obliged to restore it to my friend, I should have stopped short at a very early stage in my progress. Luckily for me, however, my friend's abode in New-York procured her an husband, who, shortly after marriage, carried her to Scotland, her native country. She left many things in my possession, as tokens of her love, pictures, books, and among the rest, her favourite instrument. My pride remonstrated a little, against accepting such a present, but a better motive to reluctance existed than pride. My father's frugality, if I may call it by the mildest name, would never allow me to retain, merely for the purpose of luxury, or what he deemed such, what would readily bring upwards of an hundred dollars. I could hardly persuade him to permit me to keep it merely in trust till my friend's return, or till I should receive her directions to dispose of it.

R. Methinks I should be glad to hear your performance. Your musical education has been so singular, that I want greatly to know the fruits of it.

L. I am not surprised at your curiosity, but I am afraid, I confess, to admit your claim. I told you what I thought of the influence of such an education, and when I reflect on what ought to be the benefits of this kind of exercise and application, during five years, I am ashamed of my slow and imperfect progress.

R. Do not let that shame, that unworthy shame, govern you.

L. Unworthy, you justly call it. I cannot deliberately wish to be thought better or worse than I really am. That shall not be an obstacle.

R. Then pray make haste, and let me judge of your minstrelsy.

L. No, that can never be.

R. Never be,! You alarm me. Why not?

L. Have you so soon forgotten my times and occasions? My music, I told you, is an hymn, played alone, at night, and in my chamber. How then can you expect to be an auditor?

R. And will you not, for once, deviate from your rule? Not to gratify a friend, who requests the privilege, not so much on account of any direct pleasure that will flow from your performance, as to judge of your skill?

L. That, truly, is a plausible argument *from* you, who have owned yourself without any knowledge either practical or speculative, of the art, and *to* me, who have a very contemptuous opinion of my own skill. Indeed, I cannot comply. It is not pride or diffidence that hinders, but a long established belief of what is fit and right to be done on such occasions.

R. Well, I will not importune you, but, in truth, I can obtain the same end, more effectually, without disturbing your regularities.

L. As how, I pray you?

R. By taking post, at midnight, underneath your chamber window. You will then play, without the tremours or misgivings that the conscious presence of a stranger brings along with it. Your inspirations will be free, spontaneous and divine. Your ditty will be heard, more flowing and more sweet, at a little distance, and will borrow, from the stillness of the night, charms that noon-day can never bestow.

L. What a scheme, for a *Sober-sides* like thee! A votary of love and the muses might adopt such a plan, without the blame of inconsistency, but thou.....

R. You mistake, my good friend. The lover and the poet will, indeed, resort to such a scene, but not as listeners. They will bring their pipe or string, their elegy or ode along with them, and lay claim to the homage of attention, but I shall come only with a view to be instructed or delighted by another. I hope you will not disappoint me, by playing in a lower key, or by shutting your windows.

L. No. I have declined obliging you immediately, not through affectation, not through pride or diffidence; and, therefore, shall not be displeased with any scheme for reconciling your wishes with my scruples. But why lose we thus the precious time in prating. Do you not mark the *farewell beam* trembling on the very topmost leaves of those pines? Let us move to an higher window, whence the sun's last gleamings may be seen. I would rather join with you in watching and admiring the descent of a summer's sun, than in settling the dignity and value of a *Solo* or a *Concert.*

R. I am not quite of your opinion, for.....

L. Nay, I will not stay to argue with you. Don't you see? The sun will be set, before you have gotten half through your syllogism. Let us begone this moment.

R. Go, then, I will follow you.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

ON PAINTING,

AS A FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENT, OR MODE OF GAINING SUBSISTENCE OR FORTUNE.

L. What a scene is there? Are you not in raptures with it? You shall not be a friend of mine, if you do not see more charms in a scene like this, than in any spell which music can create.

R. I *must* be pleased, if that be the condition, and yet, if I were not seated just here, if my pleasure were not heightened by sympathy with yours, and by contrast with the noise, sultryness and tiresome monotony of the city I have lately left, I am afraid my sensations would not rise to transport.

L. Insensible creature that thou art! How shall I make thee a votarist of colours; as much enamoured of the pencil as thou pretendest to be of the chords?

R. It is easily done. Only make your good opinion depend upon my taste, and I will instantly set about acquiring and improving it.

L. That I cannot do. Your application to painting, such as would make you a proficient, would be far from strengthening your claims to my esteem.

R. Indeed! How comes it then, that you yourself are so good an artist?

L. It was, in a very small part, the consequence of inclination. I believe, nature designed me, if any design she had, to be a painter. Of all my senses, I exercised none with so much delight and perseverance as my sight. Impressions, made through this medium, were stronger, more distinct, more durable, than any other tribe of impressions. I found it easier to retain in my fancy, and to describe in words, the features of a face or landscape, once carefully examined, than any person whose powers, in that respect, I have had opportunity of knowing.

I had, likewise, a wonderful dexterity in giving a moral significance to lines and shades, especially in faces. Every one's character was settled with me, when once his face was surveyed. I was led, at the beginning, you may readily imagine, into strange mistakes, but the detection of these did not dishearten me. They merely occasioned a change in the principles on which I judged of characters.

With all these faculties and habits, it was easy to have made me an enthusiast in painting, at a very early age, but this did not happen. While living with my father, I saw nothing to awaken or direct my wishes in this respect, except now and then, a few prints of indifferent merit in the houses of my friends, and these I looked upon, for the most part, with unconcern.

The materials of the painter, colours, pencils and the like, the instructions of an artist, time and tables, were all necessary, and none of these did I enjoy. My father's parsimony, no less than his notions of what was proper and becoming the female character, denied me all these means; and to say the truth, I scarcely regretted the want of them. My pleasure lay in marking and analysing the forms of nature, or in depicting imaginary scenes in which these forms, without the pencil's aid, were newly combined and arranged.

I am inclined to believe, that if these advantages had been possessed, I should not have employed them. I was too volatile, too covetous of pleasure and of time, to lose so much of it, in the mixing and laying on of colours; in copying the works of others, and providing for future excellence, by laborious attention to rudiments and sketches.

The hiccory, seen from my summer-house, robed in verdure and luxuriance, was too beautiful, too deserving contemplation, to be imperfectly pourtrayed on paper or canvass. I could not have reconciled my impatient spirit to the drudgery, and did not then see, what I have since discovered, that the purpose of copying directs, disciplines, gives accuracy and vigour to attention and fancy, that objects can scarcely be said to

have been seen, that have not been examined with a view to imitation.

Having lost my father, and returned to my aunt Hollis's in England, I had new incitements and new opportunities to make myself a painter. I soon became sensible of my precarious and dependent condition: on how many slight and casual events, my mere subsistence depended. My aunt was not without her virtues. I was, in many ways, serviceable to her happiness, ways, indeed, of which she, herself, was unconscious, and which her pride would not permit her to acknowledge. This belief enabled me cheerfully to bear numerous inconveniencies, but it was, by no means, improbable, that events would take place....marriage, change of residence or temper, which would make it impossible for me longer to live with her, and, in that case, my subsistence must be gained by my own exertions.

I wanted to discover some profession, to which, as a female, young, single, *unpropertied*, I might betake myself. This was a subject of much reflection. I examined the whole catalogue of trades, and weighed, with much care, their respective claims to my choice. You will smile at my presumption, when I tell you the profession, for which, for some time, I thought myself best qualified, but the dread of your smile shall not make me conceal it; especially as I never carried my design into effect.

I had an active fancy. I had ever been a close observer of faces and manners. I was never satisfied with viewing things exactly as they rose before me. I was apt to imagine, in their order, some change, and to ask, what consequences would ensue if things were *so* and *so*, instead of being as they were. I found little, in my real situation, to gratify or exercise my feelings. My ordinary companions were trite and vulgar characters, with whom I was incapable of sympathy: yet these I loved, if I may so say, to *explore*: to examine their modes of thinking and acting, and to conjecture in what different shapes they would have appeared, had they been placed in different circumstances.

I had, also, an ease in writing, in putting my thoughts into words, in describing characters and incidents and objects, that few of my age possessed. I knew that the world is pleased with tales of fiction, that this manufacture was considerably popular; that a price was set upon it, proportioned not merely to quantity and number, but to the genius and dexterity displayed by the artist. Why, thought I, may I not pursue the footsteps of so many of my sex, from Madm'elle Scuderie down to Mrs. Bennet, and endeavour to live upon the profits of my story-telling pen? The tools of this art are cheap. The time employed in finishing a piece of work, and the perfection of the workmanship, will much depend upon myself. I am fond of quiet and seclusion. I wish not to be molested by the selfishness, the superintendence, the tyranny of masters and employers. I wish to blend profit and pleasure, health and purity of conscience. I wish to benefit others by the means of profiting myself. I wish for intellectual and moral occupation. Can any calling be more favourable to all these ends than the writing of Romances?

I had always used myself, from a very early age, in setting down my thoughts and adventures, daily, upon paper. This was a kind of religious duty, the omission of which was as inexcusable as that of my nightly hymn. To preserve some record of the past, to state my employments during the day, and my progress in useful knowledge, in however few words, I conceived to be my duty, and this, unless in extraordinary circumstances, I have never omitted.

To this practice I ascribe my facility in writing, in painting emotions of the heart, and recounting dialogues, and this, I came at length to regard as a kind of education or apprenticeship to the trade which now appeared most deserving to be followed.

Full of this new scheme, I began to tutor my invention to settle plans and discipline my taste. I looked about for a model, whose style and manner I might assiduously copy, and began sketches of different works.

While thus busied, I became acquainted with Mrs. Eckstein, the widow of an artist who came from Saxony, and settled with his wife in London many years before my return thither. This man acquired decent subsistence by portrait miniature painting. His wife had a genius for the same art, and under her husband's instructions became no mean proficient. She employed her skill to increase the common fund, first, by occasionally copying her husband's pictures, when copies were required, and, at length, by painting from female originals.

Gradually, the business was divided between them, and the female faces were constantly transferred by Eckstein to his wife. Her skill came into fashion and repute, and the gains of the wife were little inferior to those of the husband. They had no offspring, and mere domestic avocations were unsuited to her taste.

Though their gains were considerable, they lived without much foresight or economy. All they gained during the year, they spent before the end of it, and hence, at Eckstein's death, his wife was left without any means of support but her profession.

She possessed much general literature, of an independent though improvident spirit, had little respect for the ordinary maxims of the world and of her sex; and when you had surmounted your punctilios, and reconciled yourself to a few seeming, for they were not real, infractions of decorum, you found her a valuable friend.

Our acquaintance began after her husband's death, and quickly ripened into confidence and intimacy. I paid her frequent visits at her lodgings, was, of course, prompted to examine her arrangements and performances, and to reason on the nature of her art.

Every thing that I saw coincided with my early propensities, and my new schemes for employment and subsistence. Here was an example of one who pursued no servile or dishonourable trade, and who, with a little difference of character, with more attention to the delicacies of her sex, with more neatness in her household, more economy in her expense, might, in a few

years, acquire such opulence as to dispense with daily application. Might not this example deserve to be studied and followed?

As soon as my friend discovered my thoughts, she expressed great eagerness to encourage and assist me in my undertaking; expatiated, with great zeal, on the advantages of her pursuit, offered me the use of her models, her colours and apartments, and even importuned me to take up my abode with her, and form a kind of partnership.

To this, however, there were obstacles, arising partly, from certain dissonances and disparities between our characters and manners, and partly, from the temper and views of my aunt, which were not to be surmounted. I was willing, so far, to profit by her offers, as to take, daily, her instructions in the art. For nearly two years I was an assiduous scholar, and my zeal being seconded by inclination and by interest, I made no despicable progress.

R. Did you confine yourself merely to the face?

L. Chiefly to the face. I sought for, and laboured after excellence in no other branch of the art. No object, in the circle of nature, more merits to be looked upon and studied than the human countenance, and never is there any danger of exhausting its varieties. My observation was thus rendered acute, vivid, and limited to one class of objects, and my source of pleasure was augmented in a degree surprising to myself.

R. Had you ever any need of lucratively applying your skill?

L. Never. Fortunately, I have passed my life, hitherto, without the necessity of purchasing my food with my labour.

R. What use then have you made of your skill?

L. Chiefly for my own gratification, and for that of my friend. I was lately counting up the faces, real and imaginary, which I had sketched during three years, and dividing them into classes. What, think you, was the number?

R. I should be glad to know.

L. The number is three hundred and fourteen, which, on an average, is hardly less than one in three days, but in truth,

I applied myself to painting with much regularity. Some portion of almost every day I bestowed upon it.

R. But how could you procure subjects for such constant occupation.

L. There never could be want of subjects as long as I lived in human society; while faces met my eye, there was always some among them singular, and striking by their novelty and their significance. If real faces were wanting, I tasked my fancy, and forming a scale, which included every possible modification of features, had always a subject for my pencil.

My pictures were of several kinds. The first were such as were drawn at the request of my friends, and for their use, as tokens or memorials of affection or respect.

The second were such as were executed for my own, either those whom I loved, and who sat while I drew, or others whom their characters, their adventures, or their countenances rendered any wise remarkable, and whose faces were drawn either from casual inspection or from memory.

A third kind consisted of imaginary faces. As my favourite employment always was to feign characters and incidents, I of course, was prone to create suitable forms and faces, and these frequently I pencilled with great care.

I perceive, intuitively, relations between the intellectual character and the outward form. My experience has supplied me with great number of materials to work with. Having always particularly noted faces, being attentive to the demeanor and inquisitive into the history of those to whom they belong, I may, perhaps, rely with some degree of confidence on my physiognomical decisions. At any rate, every face makes a strong, and vivid, and distinct impression on my fancy. I can trace the features upon paper, even in its absence, with tolerable fidelity.

My fancy is wont to exert itself in two ways. First, to conjecture the history and character of those whose faces only have been seen, and, secondly, to conjecture the lineaments and form of one, whose history and character only are known. These processes have afforded me many an instructive, or, if

you please, many an amusing hour. Hence, I have amassed a large stock of those images which revisit me in solitude, and give celerity and pleasure to those moments that would otherwise be vacant and wearisomely slow.

R. And what estimate do you form of the advantages flowing from your application to the pencil. Was the choice of this profession the best that could have been made? Was there no other pursuit, in which the same application would not have produced more delightful consequences?

L. These are questions more easy to be put than answered. As a calling, I cannot hesitate to prefer this to any other. I could not make myself lawyer, physician, merchant, or divine. The necessary trades of building, tayloring and cooking, were only to be followed through necessity. Music, painting, and needle-work were all that remained, and these were useful to subsistence, either as being practised or taught.

To *teach* an art to others, is, without doubt, unspeakably worse than to practice it: more toilsome, more degrading, less favourable to cultivation of the understanding and the temper, and to liberty, and less gainful.

Needle-work and pencil-work have some things in common, but their differences are those which subsist between forming a statue with a wooden mallet and a steel chissel, between the sport of an hour and the task of a year. The pencil is alive, active, creative, and a wonder-worker, but the needle is sluggish, inanimate and dead; the enemy of all zeal, the obstacle to all progress; the mother and the emblem of plodding and stupid perseverance. I merely speak of the needle, as the tool of fancy, the agent of embellishment. In all useful works, we cannot overrate its value, or the importance of every female being thoroughly mistress of it.

Music has its charms: but to gain a living by the practice is to shew ourselves at concerts and the theatres: to forfeit all esteem and trample upon delicacy, and to set at naught a good name.

R. But, are music, needle-work and painting, the only paths open to ingenious females? You mentioned, that you first de-

signed to become an authour. Your sex did not exclude you from this. Your education and your genius were remarkably adapted to it. The implements and materials were cheap, easy, and to be wrought up with less exposure to the world, less personal exertion, and less infringement of liberty, than in Eckstein's vocation.

The passion for fame, the fervours of pathetic, or the brilliance of sportive eloquence, the sense of contributing to the benefit and pleasure of remote nations and distant generations, all invited you to take up the pen, and yet you took up the pencil instead.

L. I am not unaware of the manifold advantages which a moral fiction has over a portrait. I regret, now, that I look back upon the past, that so many hours were not given to books and the pen. My portraits have benefitted and delighted me, but when I think upon the progress which a different devotion of my time would have enabled me to make, in useful and delightful knowledge, I have no terms to convey the sense, not merely of my folly, but my guilt. How many volumes might I not have read, might I not have written; how might my knowledge of man and nature, of poetry and science have been enlarged, if all those days, and all that zeal, which, during five years, were absorbed by painting, had been dedicated to the poets, historians and philosophers! But, thanks to my wiser years, the infatuation is now at an end, and the pencil is laid aside forever.

R. Forever? Do you mean never to paint again?

L. Never: unless, upon some very extraordinary exigence. The truth is, that the *end* of application, the ability to figure to ones self, and to retain, in memory, the features of another, was long ago accomplished. To form a definite image, it is no longer requisite to paint it. To recal it to view, it is no longer necessary to turn to my *port feuille.* Having not to paint for subsistence, but for pleasure, and every pleasurable purpose being attained, without the actual use of the pencil, I must lay it aside.

But, if its aid were as indispensable as ever, I would not use it again.

R. Why?

L. Because my time can be more usefully employed with a book. Formerly, I spent a precious hour stooping over a table, with eyes rivetted to the whitened surface, my reason at a stand, and my fancy fixed upon a single set of features. If permitted to wander, it was only by fits, at random, through the maze of vague and discontented recollections, whence my mind returned exercised, but not improved, weary and bewildered.

Now, that hour enables me to traverse a league of this variegated surface, to cheer my mind, and strengthen my frame, by passing through an half score vallies, and ascending an half score hills. I examine twenty faces or landscapes of nature's forming, whose lines and colours I can never hope to emulate, instead of producing one uniform, perishable, and imperfect creature of my own.

If I choose to betake myself to books, what a world is open before me: how worthy of minute and never tired contemplation. How many structures of poets and philosophers may be examined in the time mis-devoted to a picture. What insight may be gained into the mechanism of human society and the laws of human action, by pursuing the vicissitudes of individuals or of nations from their hour of birth to their hour of extinction.

I once, while living with a friend in Hampshire, employed three hours one morning in copying a head of Raphaelle; having tired my fingers at this work, I went into a closet where there were a few books, and thought to amuse myself with whatever chance should offer.

I lighted on Dryden's Virgil, and opened at the fourth book of the Æniid. I read it through in about an hour, and was so much pleased, and so conscious of the many things unobserved or unreflected on at the first perusal, that I immediately began again. I went through it and could not resist the inclination to begin it a third time.

It was a favourable moment; my mind was active and my attention vigorous. It is impossible to describe the number and vividness of my conceptions; my new views of composition, morality and manners and government, all rapidly flowing from this source. My enthusiasm prompted me to read aloud, and not my intellectual powers merely but my physical and vocal powers, my eye and my ear, were beneficially exercised. The incidents, images, phrases and epithets impressed themselves with remarkable force upon my memory. There are few of the lines contained in this book, which have not many times, casually or in consequence of efforts to recall them been repeated. The pleasures and benefits flowing from the employment of these three hours, are indeed, endless in variety and, number, and they form a sort of bright spot in the scene of my past existence, on which I meditate with a nameless kind of satisfaction.

On a similar occasion afterwards, I opened accidentally, Robertson's Scottish History, and read for three hours. During this time I had deliberately perused the whole story of Mary's sufferings, from her flight across the Tweed till her death.

I cannot describe the effect of this narrative upon my mind. It deeply affected me. I wept plentifully, and yet my emotions were not painful, they were solemn, ecstatic and divine. The sudden influx of new ideas, seemed like an addition to my mental substance. I began to live a new existence, and was sensible of faculties for virtue and happiness, of which before I had not had a glimpse.

How often have I since compared the occupation of these hours, with those consigned to painting, and regretted that I did not sooner awaken from my dream.

Then, however, these delights had no other effect than to make me attempt to draw, merely from fancy, a portrait first of Dido and then of Mary. I afterwards met with a fine portrait of the mother queen at Holyrood house, and with a bust of the infelix Eliza, in a gallery at Naples. The emotions with which I contemplated these pieces, were wholly owing to my knowledge of their history, and were so different from any which my

own performances had given, that I wonder at my still adhering to the pencil.

Now, instead of delineating the eyes, nose and lips of him or her whose adventures I have just read or heard, I put down all my reflections on the story upon paper, and where I formerly sketched the face of another, I now exhibit my thoughts, enlightened, methodized, extended by the very act of putting them into words.

R. But here, I may make the same remark which I formerly made as to your music. The mind necessarily demands relief from variety and change. Why may not painting and music be admitted to diversify the scene, and at intervals, however rare and brief?

L. I have no intervals to spare. I find no satiety, nor decay of curiosity or languor of spirits, except from the intermission of my favourite employments. I do not spend my whole time in writing or reading, or in lonely musing. I have personal and household occupations to attend to. I have visits to pay and to receive; conversations to sustain and rambles to take. My present and absent friends lay claim to some of my time, and I practise, I assure you, not a slight degree of self denial, in withholding myself from the pen and the book as much as I do.

R. Pry'thee, tell me exactly, how you distribute your time.

L. I will tell you how I wish to distribute; to what rule I endeavour, as far as circumstances will permit, to adhere. Now that I am more mistress of my time, than I ever was. I adhere to it with considerable punctuality. But enough for the present. We have done with painting, I suppose, and we'll have done for the present with talk.

FRAGMENTS.

I HAVE already mentioned to you Signior Adini. This name denoted him to be Italian; his real country was a problem until the period of my story, at which he removed in some degree the mysterious veil that hung over his character. It will be useful to return, and as an introduction to the events that here took place, and which rendered him an object of uncommon attention in our little circle, to state various particulars that had occurred at former periods.

The incidents that compose the succeeding narrative, did not all of them fall within my own observation; though a witness to most of them, my youth rendered me an inattentive or unconscious witness. They are for the most part extracted from the papers of Mr. Ellen, who as he taught us the usefulness, was careful likewise to set us the example of reading at the conclusion of each day, every incident of moment that had occurred during that day.

This person first became known to us in the year 1785. It was about a year after his arrival in America. He came hither according to the best information we could obtain, from Leghorn. Yet even this circumstance could never be satisfactorily ascertained. The ship which brought him to our shores was a Danish one. It was certain that she came from and returned to Leghorn. But whether Adini embarked in her at this port, my father had no means of ascertaining. His knowlege of Adini began, as I have just said, not less than twelve months after her departure from America, and she never returned to it.

He was accompanied by a girl of 10 years of age, whom he permitted to be styled his daughter. There is an inhabitant of this city, by name Theresby, whose family was small, and mode of life orderly and decent. Of this person he hired two rooms

which for some years he occupied occasionally with his daughter. This daughter was his sole companion at home and abroad. Her instruction appeared to constitute his chief amusement, and employment. What was chiefly remarkable in his deportment to the family with whom he resided was, an impenetrable reserve, and an almost uninterrupted silence. His provisions which were in the highest degree sparing and simple, were procured and prepared by the family, but he ate his meals apart with his daughter. He soon fell into that familiarity which is produced by a perfect knowledge of the habits and manners of our associates; though we are wholly ignorant of their real characters and condition. What was singular and mysterious for a while excited and employed their curiosity, but this passion finding no encouragement in the success of its efforts, the means which it suggested answering no end, but that of augmenting their doubts, it gradually subsided. The novelty of his manners disappeared with time, and he grew to be merely regarded with unalterable complaisance, as one who, though reserved was kind, and though singular respectable.

His garb and aspect were that of a foreigner, but when he spoke he discovered the accents of an Englishman. The girl too was familiar with that language, though her speech was somewhat tinctured with Italian peculiarities. She had all the vivacity and innocence to be expected from her age. Her form and features if they did not merit the praise of beauty, were full of grace and sweetness. She even then displayed that forwardness and sprightliness of talents which have since unfolded into excellence not easily rivalled. Those who endeavoured to extract from answers to their inquirers some knowledge of her father were for the most part disappointed. Of her mother she knew nothing. She was not conscious of ever having seen her.

They found however that this man paid an anxious attention to the improvement of his child: that he spent many hours daily in superintending her employments. She read to him; she wrote; she walked with him. An inquisitiveness not very scrupulous, discovered that he had laid aside with her his usual taciturnity, and held long and animating

conversations. His discourse on these occasions but partly gratified the listener. It was merely adapted to unfold her latent powers, and furnish her with information on general topics. If ever his stateliness forsook him, it was at the sight of this darling object.

His appearance was not calculated to impress us with the idea of moroseness. The solemnity that occupied his features was benign. In his countenance were discernible the tokens of past, rather than of present sufferings. A sadness whose causes had already vanished, but which had been established in such firm possession of his features that ordinary accidents had no power to remove it.

His manners were distinguished by the most scrupulous politeness, so far as was consistent with his attachment to silence and loneliness. To these he refused no sacrifice; least of all those attentions and observances which custom exacts. He took no trouble to amuse the casual visitant, offered his attendance to no one, and cultivated no acquaintance.

Mr. Ellen was the friend of this family. In his occasional visits he seldom failed to meet with this person. The intelligent solemnity of his aspect and dignified deportment powerfully arrested his attention. He admired the captivating sweetness and playful vivacity of the child. He could gain only general information or crude conjectures from the family. Their answers to his interrogations excited instead of allaying his curiosity. The more he reflected on what he heard, the more cause did he find for wonder and kindness.

This person could in no light be regarded as an object of picion. No selfish or iniquitous purpose could be reasonably imputable to him. He apparently consulted merely his own convenience. He sought no change or improvement of his condition. His behaviour was directly the reverse of the forwardness, assiduity and flattery which characterize an adventurer. He came from Italy. Could he be a voluntary exile from a land in which his religious or political opinions might render his continuance dangerous? Yet the same reserve which he displayed here would have rendered him secure any where.

He exhibited no tokens of a devout spirit. He frequented no place of public worship. He was not known to have ever performed any chamber rites. His apartments were never locked. The famliy were allowed to have free access to them. A chest or two, a cabinet and bureau comprised the whole furniture which belonged to him. No traces of religion, no devotional books or symbols of any kind, were ever discovered. On questioning his daughter, she showed perfect ignorance of any creed or catechism, though she manifested a sagacity beyond her years. The sum of her knowledge respecting herself was that the voyage hither was the first she had undertaken, and that previously to embarkation, the people among whom she lived, talked a language, which, by her account, appeared to be the dialect of Tuscany.

"Could he have been the heir of nobility? perhaps a violator of monastic institutions; such instances were not unfrequent. This child might be the daughter of broken vows. His safety for a time unmenaced might at length be exposed to danger. America, at the conclusion of a revolutionary war, might appear to his fancy like the abode of liberty and virtue, and obviously present itself as a suitable asylum. High birth, though not to be regarded as conveying physical advantages may often operate as a moral cause. He thought he perceived in this man, grandeur, a loftiness of manner expressive of illustrous descent, and unmingled with pride. But his words and accents were English. His diction, so far as he could judge from the few sentences that he sometimes uttered, and which were reported by the family, was correct and classical. Could he be an Englishman, still his conduct was inexplicable.

"He was totally without curiosity. On his arrival at this city, he immediately changed his cabin for his present abode. About a year had since elapsed, yet he had never made excursions beyond the day, and these were always on foot and mostly in his daughter's company. He had no visitants. He was the guest of no one. So far as could be known, no messenger had ever called or letter been left for him. His daughter sometimes, though rarely, read to him, but he had never been

seen with a book or pen in his hand. He appeared to have no pecuniary dealings with others, but was exact and liberal in his payments. His life moved on in a smooth unvaried tenor; though with some mark of age upon him, he enjoyed perfect health, but his diet contributed probably to this, both by its simplicity and uniformity. Milk and bread, with fruit and water, were his only viands. His clothing was slight and varied not with the variations of temperature or seasons. He was unacquainted with a bed. He would tolerate nothing more luxurious than a mat or hair sopha.

"What chiefly attracted Mr. Ellen's attention was, the mode in which he conducted his daughter's education. He displayed the most passionate fondness for this bewitching child. He meditated her countenance and watched her motions with visible rapture, yet, if it were in the presence of others, without breaking silence, except upon one occasion in the presence of Mr. Theresby, when after surveying her for some time, while she was sitting in an amusing attitude, and employed with twirling a piece of silk about her fingers, he exclaimed with emphatic tenderness, stretching his arms towards her, 'come hither my angel.'

"Though unacquainted with the books or topics with which he exercised the growing reason of his daughter, the mode which he pursued had too much resemblance to his own not to prepossess him in its favour. The habits of the man, though singular, were respectable, and rendered his acquaintance and society desirable. But how to accomplish this purpose, was the difficulty.

"During Mr. Ellen's visits to Theresby, the signior was mostly invisible, either in his own chamber, or absent. Sometimes however, they met. To Mr. Ellen's salutation, a civility that never was omitted, he was wont to return a mere silent obeisance. His demeanour was sufficiently respectful and friendly, except that he spoke not, after this he quickly retired. His reserve however, was confined to himself. It extended not to his daughter. Attentions bestowed upon her he regarded with

more complacency than jealousy, and never appeared desirous of interrupting them.

Mr. Ellen sometimes compensated himself for his disappointment in the father's reserve, by caressing and talking with the child. One day he found her with a piece of written paper in her hand. She readily complied with his desire to see it. He found it a quotation from Tasso's Amyntas, written with an exquisiteness of penmanship that he had seldom seen surpassed.

Is this your writing, my dear?

No (said she, in her ill accented English) that part is mine, but the other my father's.

She pointed out the different lines. On close examination he perceived a difference of penmanship, yet that claimed by the girl, was executed with a delicacy and exactness that surprised him in so young an artist. This incident gave birth to various reflections in his mind.

Elegance, correctness, and facility in the use of the pen, were, in his opinion, no mean accomplishments. He was particularly desirous of bestowing them on his pupil. He had cultivated them but little himself. He was, therefore, little qualified to be an instructor in this art, nor had he hitherto met with any one who was both able and willing to undertake this province. At sight of this piece of writing, the first idea that suggested itself was, may not my children find an instructor in this man? yet that is sufficiently improbable. A man, whose qualities are so austere and unsociable, would hardly condescend to play the tutor. Yet he does not disdain the employment in the case of his own child. Where he discerns equal merit, he may contract an equal affection and be equally disposed to impart instruction. He may not harbour the same antipathy to the society of children, as to that of men.

There was an obvious tract for Mr. Ellen to pursue. He had only to communicate his thoughts to the stranger. He knew but little of him. He desired to know more. He felt affection for him. He wished to cultivate his friendship, to be on a footing of familiarity with him. There was nothing unreasonable in these ideas, they sprung from an honest and

liberal mind. Mr. Ellen saw no reason to suppress them. Why did he not simply request an hearing, and communicate his wishes without reserve or circuitousness? Nothing could restrain him, but the fear of giving offence, of subjecting the stranger to painful or awkward emotions. He apparently discouraged all advances, and withheld from him even the opportunity of making them. Immured in his strong hold of silence, he had baffled hitherto all the attempts of the adversaries of his peace, and, as if that security were doubtful, he had commonly betaken himself to flight ere any assault could be begun.

By way of experiment, he desired me to accompany him in one of these visits. My age at this time was eleven years; an age when all the graces and promises of youth are in their fullest bloom: when the rudest features are soft and flexible, unhackneyed in wickedness or sorrow, arrayed in cheerfulness and pregnant with curiosity. In personal qualities, I was not deficient. There was somewhat in me that never failed to attract, and bespoke more than was warranted by the mere consideration of age.

We entered Mr. Theresby's parlour, and found the lady of the house economically employed, as usual. The stranger happened to be present, as was also his daughter. The usual salutations were exchanged. I did not escape the notice of signior Adini. The girl looked at me with all the inquisitiveness of innocent confusion with which children are accustomed to regard strangers, particularly of their own age. My glances were no less keen and curious, though my feelings were less embarrassed.

Mr. Ellen at first entered into conversation with Mrs. Theresby, but suddenly turning to the girl, ah! sweet Adela! how do you do? see here (pointing to me) I have brought you a new acquaintance. Come Raff, you must be acquainted with this good girl. No reluctance, my boy: give her your hand in token of your wishes to know her better.

I advanced and offered my hand with more sedateness than it was received. Meanwhile the father was an attentive spectator. He eyed me with earnestness and complacency. He

was pleased with the scene before him, but maintained his silence, and the same attitude with which he received us.

I have a little girl too at home (resumed Mr. Ellen) she would be highly delighted with such a companion as you.

This discourse was addressed to the child, though it was also intended for the parent.

Raff (continued Mr. Ellen) invite your new acquaintance to come and see you.

Won't you come? (said I simply.)

Her confusion would not allow her to make any answer. The father seemed preparing as usual to retire; but this scene was unexpected. He involuntarily lingered. The part which his daughter bore in it, made him attentive. Mr. Ellen perceived, and profited by the opportunity; turning therefore to him,

Pray, my dear sir, allow your daughter to accept our invitation. She will find companions of her own age, and of a character resembling her own. There are three of them. It is the labour of my life to make them wise and happy. Could I persuade you to add this charming creature to the number? At this age she wants companions, as well as an instructor.

This was uttered in a tone of cheerful benevolence, yet with a visible sort of consciousness, that the proposal was hazardous. It was, in the highest degree, calculated to win consent. The stranger was taken by surprise. He had so long been unused to direct addresses, that this was wholly unexpected. He said that he knew not how to part with an object so dear to him, even for an hour, acknowledging at the same time the kindness of the offer.

Oh, my dear sir (replied Mr. Ellen with quickness, not a little encouraged by this opening) it need not cost you any self denial. You will exceedingly heighten the obligation, if you will add your own company also. I live at a few miles distance from town; will you favour us with your and your daughter's company to-morrow? I promise you a friendly reception.

He was startled, he knew not how to refuse an invitation so politely and warmly urged, and yet wished to elude it. He had no apology to make. He could plead no engagement. It was well known that he was always disengaged. At last he said:

Your civility deserves a better return than I can make it. My habits allow me not to impart pleasure, and hardly to receive it from social intercourse. Your kindness demands candour. You will pardon me when I say, what cannot but be evident from a knowledge of my mode of life, that solitude is always my choice.

It may seem improper (returned Mr. Ellen) to urge a proposal which is confessedly disagreeable, but I own I cannot relinquish this without extreme reluctance. Let us try what we can do. Strange, if your happiness allows of no increase, or your misery no alleviation from intercourse with those whose intentions are pure, and their hearts affectionate; spend one day among us, and then if the experiment fail, I will not direct it to be repeated.

A reluctant consent was at length extorted. It evidently gave him acute uneasiness. He retired, and the end being accomplished, my father returned home, congratulating himself on the success of his project.

Signior Adini and his daughter, accordingly made their appearance next day at Ellendale. Mr. Ellen had offered to accommodate him with a carriage, but he declined it, declaring that he always preferred going on foot. It was expected that he would retain his usual coldness and distance. This was indeed a sort of implied condition to which Mr. Ellen had prepared himself to submit. The signior Adini had expressed the sincerest reluctance for the scheme, yet when it was unavoidable, his good sense taught him to contribute all in his power to the satisfaction of the visit.

He was in some degree communicative. He showed a disposition to be pleased. Yet there was still the appearance of constraint, and occasional deviation into fits of silence and musing. The affectionate candour of Mr. Ellen, and the winning attentions of his wife, were not wholly ineffectual.

The stranger was conducted through the grounds. Economical arrangements were explained to him with perfect frankness. They dwelt upon their schemes of education, explained their motives in adopting them, and the success or failure with which they had been attended; requested his opinion and advice, and treated him precisely as they would have done a confidential friend or revered brother.

It is not in human nature to resist persevering benevolence. Our visitant felt his austerity gradually deserting him. The appearance of constraint sometimes vanished, and he displayed indubitable proofs of extensive knowledge and energies of mind. But no words can describe the enchantments of Adela. The scene was to her, all novelty and rapture. Social propensities are peculiarly strong in children. She had been secluded for the most part from all intercourse with play-fellows. She came to the banquet, therefore, with uncommon relish. Rural airs, rural dainties, and childish sports afforded her unceasing delight. She obeyed the summons to depart with reluctance, and could not suppress her tears when she bade her new acquaintance, farewell.

Adini was persuaded to make a kind of half promise that he would repeat his visit the next week, but he did not comply. He was prevailed upon to allow a fortnight to his Adela. This expedient was tried chiefly with a view to subdue his own reluctance, Mr. Ellen, supposing that his desire to see his child, and the forlorn state in which her absence would leave him, who had been so much accustomed to her company, would oblige him to make his visits more frequent. It had the desired success. He gradually grew attached to the society of his new friends. Ellendale became almost constantly the abode of Adela, and her father found no pleasure equal to that which this happy spot afforded him. Yet it was, as yet, only occasionally that his love of silence deserted him. He could support the right of others, provided he was not compelled to bear a part in their conversation. As he always enjoyed the utmost liberty in this respect at Ellendale, it was more supportable to him.

He found in Mr. Ellen and his wife, attentive observers of his actions and sentiments. Their curiosity was naturally alive on the subject of his birth and adventures. These however were topics to which he was obstinately averse. The slightest allusion to them was certain of restoring him to all his pristine austerity and reserve.

One day he stood beside Mr. Ellen, where he was examining the performances of us his pupils at the pen; after a long interval of silent observation, he said, do you wish your children to write well?

Yes (Mr. Ellen replied) it is certainly my wish, but I myself am unable to instruct them. Nor have I met with any one who could teach them. To write legibly and quickly is of chief value. This I hope they will acquire from me.

These qualities (said the other) are nearly connected with beauty. I think I could give them some useful lessons.

Mr. Ellen eagerly accepted this proposal.

But what is writing? (continued he) one mode of transferring thoughts or rather words. The present mode is tedious. If words could flow with the celerity of thoughts, it would be well. If writing could keep pace, or even outstrip the rapidity of speech, it would be well. How insupportably tedious is the present mode? I suppose what is read or spoken in one minute will take twenty minutes to put down upon paper. Cannot a better scheme be invented? Short-hand is no unpopular accomplishment. Some hands there are, who, without any indistinctness or confusion can equal the flight of the most vehement oratory. I am much mistaken if I am not equal to this exploit. What think you? Shall we teach the art of which I am possessed to your children?

This proposal could not fail of being as acceptable as the former.

Alphabets (continued he) are chance-framed. It was late before the elements of speech were discovered. No alphabet of yours exhibits an example of a complete series or methodical arrangement of them. But it is easy to make such a one. Characters are prolix, confused and tedious. Nothing easier than to make them simple, concise and regular. The purpo-

ses of daily life, philosophy and reason, demand a reformation. To simplify and expedite the mode of communicating thoughts, is no inconsiderable step to the goal of happiness and wisdom. The condition, in this respect, of that nook called Europe, is mournful in one view, hatefully stupid and ludicrously forlorn in another. The whole mass, indeed, wants a thorough shifting.

He paused a moment; then vehemently exclaimed, would I were a ruler in Socratic land, the change should come quickly.

You may easily suppose that the last effusion was not heard without surprise; as soon as Adini had made it he sunk into reverie. He walked about the room, immersed in meditation. It was wholly unintelligible to Mr. Ellen. It was an enigma which the closest scrutiny could not explain. He trusted that future opportunities would occur of dispelling the darkness that environed it. He dropped all discourse for the present. A fit of musing had seized his friend, which he knew must take its course and exhaust itself.

Adini's reveries were of a kind, in which there was neither joy nor sorrow, but simply the appearance of a mind wholly absorbed in contemplating abstract or remembered ideas. He had an eye for the objects around him, but they seemed to produce none of these associations and inferences which are admitted into common minds. They suggested occasions to withdraw himself as it were from the external universe, and wrap himself up in a system of his own.

The scenes which surrounded this mansion were suited to inspire the most tranquil delight. A summer-house was erected on the verge of an abrupt descent, whose bottom was laved by the river. The opposite bank, which for some miles was uniformly towering and steep, fell away when it came in from off this promontory, as if it were on purpose to allow us the spectacle of the setting sun, and a limited but charming prospect of corn fields and meadow. The evening generally found us collected on this spot. When here, Adini would frequently cast his look towards the western horizon and gaze upon it for a moment. He would then turn to his friend, as if anxious

to find some one to whom he could communicate his thoughts. Instantly his face would exhibit marks of extreme vexation, which would finally subside into a benign solemnity, the seeming result of a resolution to accommodate himself to circumstances, and if he could not fashion others to his own standard, to be content with self converse, and show his fortitude by descending to their level.

In this temper he was not averse to discourse, and he talked on general topics with singular eloquence indeed, but there was nothing more in his sentiments than might be expected from a man of rectitude and observation. He never appealed to facts in his own history in confirmation of his remarks. He seemed to have an instinctive abhorrence of every topic that might lead to the mention of his own adventures.

The dialogue I have just repeated was the first exception to the intelligibleness of his discourse; it excited proportionable curiosity. "Socratic land." A metaphor rather harsh, if metaphor it were. If he possessed supernatural power, he would doubtless exercise it, to the production of natural or universal happiness. Yet to miscal the empire of good geniuses, the kingdom of Socrates was no very obvious mistake. The native country of this sage was Greece. The fate of Europe can hardly be thought at this period, to depend upon the caprice of the present rulers of Greece. Time was, when a very slight variation of circumstances would have rendered the torrent of Arabian victories irresistable, and Europe might have lived under the third, instead of the second, scheme of religion invented among the children of the desert, but this time has passed.

These were sportive conjectures; something was concealed behind this phrase. To draw forth that something was the task that seemed at least to amuse; present conjectures might be vague, but they exercised sagacity, and furnished food for speculation. The period of full discovery would doubtless arrive: and much entertainment might be hoped from comparing the truth with the result of previous researches.

Some time after this they were walking together, when Adini was in a communicative mood. It was evening; Mr. Ellen looked towards the west, and observed Columbus looked to-

wards that quarter, and thought upon a western world. So do we. Yet how different are our conceptions.

These words were addressed to Adini, Mr. Ellen of course looked at him. He perceived something like a startle in his companion. He regarded Mr. Ellen for a moment with an half joyful surprise, but speedily recollecting himself, he resumed his usual placidness and was silent.

But perhaps (continued Mr. Ellen) he thought only of spices and pearls. It was ocean rather than land that he hoped for: merely to transfer the mart of silk and cinnamon from the Hadriatic to the Mediterranean. The most important effects are thus produced by causes the most insignificant.

Adini was still silent, but not inattentive to what was said.

Yet Columbus is exalted into heroship. A desperate pursuer of wealth is adored as the benefactor of mankind. Christians might as well deify Judas, whose agency is necessary to their redemption. It would be as wise to worship the cable that held his anchor, or the binnacle that held his compass. The same spirit it is that invests with the majesty of a sage legislator, that wild and incorrigible enthusiast William Penn. An axe is neither more nor less than an axe, whether it top a rotten branch or sever the head of a Sidney or a Raleigh. Men judge of the cause by its effects. They are partly right. This is the way to estimate its efficacy, but the error lies in overrating the cause; in ascribing to foresight and wisdom, what with respect to any views entertained by the agent is mere contingency, sometimes indeed, falling out adversely to his intentions. What think you Signior?

I am of your opinion (he answered sedately.)

But our regards (resumed Mr. Ellen) are not limited to gold and nutmegs. The curtain is drawn from a spectacle of true magnificence; populous empires, the abode of liberty and virtue, are the objects that present themselves to us.

On his saying this, Adini suddenly turned, and looked stedfastly at Mr. Ellen, his frame seemed to be actuated by new life.

What (cried he) have I at last met with one in possession of his understanding! who ventures to confess so much.

In the observations of Mr. Ellen, there was nothing very new or profound. They coincided with his usual sentiments, and with such as had frequently furnished discourse to him and his friend. This sort of approbation was therefore unexpected.

But how (continued Adini with eagerness) how did you obtain this information?

This question was somewhat obscure, but putting the easiest construction upon it, he answered: methinks, my friend, the reflexion is very obvious, and not at all uncommon. The germ is planted, what the Greeks were in southern Italy, will the Europeans be in America. Such appears to me to be the necessary series of events.

Then you speak merely of the European colonies, replied he, in a tone of dissatisfaction.

Certainly, said Mr. Ellen, I know not by what accident the natives could be civilized, or how indeed they can be saved from extirpation, at least in those northern regions.

True (replied the other, still seeming to doubt) it was folly to suppose your meaning different. And yet the northern regions, you say. Why not in the southern also?

Perhaps indeed (said Mr. Ellen) in the southern likewise. Yet we know so little. The Spaniards are so wary. The foreigners no doubt predominate already. In time, the natives may vanish, or at least be blended and confounded with their conquerors.

To all this Adini listened with an expression of the most uneasy perplexity. He looked at one time as if he desired to remove his uncertainty by further questions. At another he betrayed a sort of mortified acquiescence as if his doubts had been removed merely by his own reflexions. This was not unobserved by Mr. Ellen.

Have you any knowledge (said he) of the condition of the natives in South America?

Why should you suppose (again startled) that I have any knowledge on that subject?

Nay, why should I suppose the contrary? You may have had opportunities denied to others.

You are right (said Adini emphatically) I have had them.

This confession was hastily made. He seemed to shrink at the recollection of his own imprudence. Mr. Ellen was agreeably surprised; perhaps (rejoined he) you have been in South America. I am acquainted with a late traveller Mr. De Pages. His information is very scanty.

I have seen that drum (said Adini) do you believe it authentic?

It has the appearance of authenticity, yet my ignorance may be easily misled. Have you reason to think it otherwise?

I know it to be false.

That indeed, is a curious fact. Will you favour one with the grounds of your belief?

This tale confutes itself. If I had not perpetual proof of the credulity of Europeans, I should grow mad with astonishment. Allow yourself a moment's reflection. You know not my previous opinions. You cannot therefore mean to mock me. If you believe De Pages, you must believe that cunning romancer Robertson.

Mr. Ellen was somewhat disconcerted, but he said: it is true, I have been accustomed to credit him.

Adini said no more. He retired into the asylum of his own thoughts. They walked along in silence, but Adini at length exclaimed, without addressing himself to his companion,

The delusion is complete. What a thing is the "homo sapeons Europæus." (He spoke this with a mixture of compassion and scorn.) What fact so mournfully singular is this in the history of human beings. So stupendous is phrenzy, and so universal.

This was uttered in a manner that showed it to be no interruption of his reverie. It produced no verbal animadversion from Mr. Ellen. It furnished ample topics of reflection. He had sometimes admitted the supposition that his friend's intellects were not perfectly sound. A transient suspicion. This was one of the many modes which occurred for accounting for appearances, but it was too vague, and built on evidence too slight, to be sincerely adopted.

Some days elapsed. They were again together. The sight of new mown hay suggested to Mr. Ellen some remarks on climate. The climate of Greece was mentioned. To a question of Adini, by describing some appearances of a Levant sky, for (continued he,) I had opportunities of judging. I was a practitioner of surgery for five years in Constantinople.

How long since?

It is now twenty years ago.

Perhaps you visited the isles of the Archipelago.

I came from Stramboli to Venice in a Venetian barque. We went on shore at Antiparos, attracted by the fame of its subterranean wonders. I was there but a few days.

You should visit it now (returned Adini.)

This was said with an air of mysterious exultation.

Why? (said Mr. Ellen) at that time, I thought there was little to provoke a second visit.

Why? (repeated his companion,) can you be ignorant of the changes that have taken place in that and the neighbouring islands? but you are excusable. You are not aware of the magnitude of that change. Light shall once more visit that benighted land. A pure and immortal day, not to be succeeded by a second darkness. The seed plat of wisdom shall become its unalienable inheritance. He paused, and Mr. Ellen immediately said,

What changes do you allude to. It is still I presume, a Turkish province.

It is impossible to paint the astonishment which took possession of Adini's features on hearing this assertion. He was silent. The astonishment was mutual. Mr. Ellen found himself painfully perplexed. It was plain that he and his friend misunderstood each other. As their intimacy increased, occasions of perplexity multiplied. In a conversation of any length it was a rare case that they did not fall upon some topic that struck at the peculiar opinions of Adini; and overwhelmed him with embarrassment and vexation. It was at length observed, that the difficulty chiefly arose, when the question related to the condition of certain countries.

Mr. Ellen had passed many years of his life in the East, first in India, and afterwards in the Levant; with these countries, he was familiarly acquainted. He naturally recurred to scenes and facts with which he had been intimately conversant, and quoted them to illustrate or justify his remarks, but at these times, Adini became ambiguously impatient, and usually cut short the conversation by a fit of silence.

It may be asked why he did not explain his suspicions and doubts to Adini himself? why did he not directly address to him those inquiries which so frequently suggested themselves? Such was the dictate of sincerity. This mode was obvious, and could hardly fail of success. At last, by extorting explicit declarations, it would appear how much it was possible to know, and how much he was willing or resolved to keep silence. Mr. Ellen was often inclined to pursue this mode, but was as often deterred from the attempt by the chilling coldness, and reserve which his friend assumed whenever the conversation verged towards this point.

How, my dear (said Mr. Ellen to his wife) shall I penetrate this mystery? How should I know what the man would be at?

Ask him.

That is truly a convenient mode, but I fear it will hardly succeed.

Why?

He is unwilling to explain himself. I have laid a thousand opportunities in his way, I think it but right to allow him the alternative of silence.

And you see he chooses this alternative.

He does so, but I would fain see him make a different choice.

You must render this alternative more difficult, I know no other way. You must either fairly or bluntly ask, who and what he is. What are the causes of the embarrassment so often visible, when certain topics are discussed: what is the meaning of his mysterious exclamations, and frequent fits of silence. You must do this, or go on in your present track:

that of merely laying opportunities in his way of being explicit, perhaps at some time or other he may accept them.

But meanwhile, he subjects us to painful perplexity. I would not willingly give him pain; were I fully acquainted with the state of his mind I might regulate the discourse accordingly, and instead of talking as now in some degree at random, I might then make my behaviour conform to some end.

I know of no better mode than that I have recommended, but if you are unwilling to be thus frank, allow me to be so. It is evident that I enjoy his good opinion, he does not disdain my company, but rather prefers it to yours; because I suppose he does not fear that I will molest him by unseasonable hints. Let me take him in hand, perhaps I may make something of him. I will answer for the success of my project.

But would you really demand from him an account of his situation in plain terms?

Surely, the curiosity is laudable. How can he suppose us indifferent? Have we not given him sufficient proofs that we feel considerable interest in his happiness? remember, that the knowledge we seek is with a view not merely to our own gratification, but likewise to his benefit. It will enable us so to conduct ourselves, as to avoid giving him offence. Surely this motive is commendable. It must be an irresistable apology for any freedom.

You may try. I am sure that you will perform so delicate an office with all the skill that it demands.

A few days after, Mr. Ellen and his wife and Adini were seated in the summer house. The four children were rambling in the garden. A shower had just blown over, and a delicious sky had succeeded. The rain stood upon the leaves, and added the most vivid lustre to their green. The sprightly voices of the children, mingled with the melody of birds, and the strains of my father's Oboe formed an assemblage of all that would enliven the heart or ravish the senses. The mind of Adini seemed to be in unison with the scene.

Mrs. Ellen, whose soul vibrated to every impulse of benevolence or harmony, ever and anon chanted parts of an Highland ditty to her husband's music, and prolonged this amuse-

ment till she had wound up the feelings of her guest to a pitch of the most thrilling delight. She then stopped. Mr. Ellen laid aside his instrument. She turned to Adini,

Signior, I have a request to make to you.

A request, said he, do favour me with it, that I may make what poor return is in my power for the pleasure you have just given me.

That is just the temper, replied she gaily, I wanted to find you in. My request is that you would put it still more in our power to oblige you.

How, dearest lady, can that be done?

Easily, said she, merely by treating us with candour. Silence and reserve are your inmates at times when we think they ought not to be so. These are marks of an uneasy mind. We love and respect you. Can you then wonder that we wish to know the cause of your disquiet? You must, my good friend, acquaint us with it, it may be in our power to remove it. We may at least forbear to exasperate it. Do we not perceive that certain topics, or at least our mode of discussing them, gives you displeasure? Explain to us the reason that we may either wholly avoid them, or handle them in such a manner that they may at least contribute nothing to your disquiet.

This request was unexpected. He seemed at a loss for an answer, but his countenance betrayed no inclination to comply.

Deem it not presumptuous, continued she. Why should you not enable us to add somewhat to your pleasant thoughts, and take somewhat away from the unpleasant? If you have found in our deportment causes of vexation, the fault is not in our inclination. You must impute it to our ignorance. Let us know so much that we may not unwittingly offend.

Adini's features betokened his internal perturbation.

Madam, I cannot deny that my temper is irritable. This is an infirmity for which I know not a cure. The kindness of your intention is unquestionable. I acknowledge it with gratitude, let that suffice.

No, indeed, cried she, we should cease to merit that praise if it were sufficient. Your irritability, you say, cannot be cured. Be it so; then it is our duty to forbear wounding it.

Enable us to practise this forbearance. This is all that we request.

She paused. His perplexity would not allow him to make her any answer.

It would be unkind, she continued, to demand of you more than is necessary. The occasions on which your uneasiness is most observable, are those on which allusions are made by Mr. Ellin or myself to countries which he has visited.

Adini's disturbance increased.

Be not offended at our watchfulness, it is the result of our esteem. Come, if you will not be more explicit, tells us at least, whether we shall drop all such allusions. If you will not enable us to do any thing, or much, we shall be rejoiced to obtain the favour of doing little.

Impossible, muttered he, after some suspense, the folly is extreme, but it must take its course.

Mrs. Ellen now changed her pathetic seriousness into something like half irony. Well, resumed she, our ignorance, however great, will not excuse us from making the best use of what we know. We must do all that we can towards the happiness of those around us. Our hearts will not allow us to do less. Hereafter, Mr. Ellen shall blot from his remembrance the years that he spent in Asia. He shall immediately prepare to make another visit to Antiparos. He shall treat with suitable contempt the liar Condamine and romancer Robertson. In his future journeys he shall take Socrates for his companion.

It was in vain to watch the countenance of Adini while this was saying. It was vehemently agitated, but it was impossible to form any probable conjecture respecting what passed in his mind. The lady resumed,

Signior, do you not approve of this resolution? Nay, he shall take you for his guide in his travels in Socratic land.

The repetition of this phrase appeared to startle him. He looked at her as if to ascertain the temper in which it was spoken. He marked a smile playing on her features. The sight inspired him with sudden indignation. He turned away and exclaimed, I would fain think this infatuation. Is the world leagued to overwhelm me with insult and scorn? Yet

there is a folly more tremendous and equally pitiable. They that seek delight in the misery of others; let their machinations be baffled. That is their worst punishment, the punishment they merit. It is for me to lift myself above their paltry malice.

He started up with a suddenness that alarmed them; and striking his foot with violence against the floor—Dæmon of wrath, he exclaimed, get thee behind me.

This action, though vehement, was not dictated by rage, His countenance, that was at first inflamed with resentment, was now serene. He began in a tone of reproach, but ended in that of calm exultation. As to his audience, their astonishment held them mute. Adini immediately resumed his seat, and relapsed into reverie; he afterwards behaved with his usual placidness.

What shall we think of this man? (said Mr. Ellen to his wife, when they retired in the evening) your experiment does not seem to have succeeded. I was somewhat surprised when I perceived your seriousness for levity.

My seriousness (she replied) was ineffectual. It was time to abandon it. I thought raillery was the best mode, and am still of that opinion. It is plain that his intellects have received some injury. It must be our business to discover it, and if it be curable, to administer the cure. But of what kind can his insanity be? He suspects that we hold him in contempt. This persuasion must if possible be removed. By what means, time and further observation must discover.

Adini had at first, as I have already told you, taken up his residence in the city; he experienced various inconveniences from this arrangement. He patiently endured them for some time, but at length, prompted by the suggestions of his friends, who thought a rural retirement would be more favourable to his habits, since he was pertinaciously bent upon restraining them; he made himself a member of a family who resided about three miles from Ellendale, and whose mode of living was as simple, unostentatious, and lonely as he could desire. His daughter took up her abode at Ellendale. He approved of my father's mode of education, and consented that his daugh-

ter should partake of its advantages. He himself condescended to instruct the whole set in short hand, and the elegancies of penmanship. He never allowed himself to spend the night with us, but delayed setting out on his return home to a late hour.

Some months had now elapsed since his first visit. He had borne his part in many an instructive conversation. In his intercourse with the young people he was volatile and accommodating. He was peculiarly skilful in reducing the majestic events and revolutions of history to the standard of ease and plainness, so as to make them intelligible, and interesting to our boyish capacities.

He found me one day with lieutenant Robert's chart of the discoveries of Cook before me. He looked over it awhile. My boy would you like to travel?

Yes; very much.

You would like for instance to embark to-morrow, and go where they say captain Cook went?

No, not to-morrow: next spring perhaps. I should like to have time to get ready.

What preparation would be needful?

I must have money and goods, many things would be needful. I must have Mr. Malcombe's consent.

You would not go then without the approbation of your friends?

No, to be sure.

But if you had their consent, and money and goods, and all things needful, you would go to Owyhee, and Otaheite?

Why, I cannot say that. Captain Cook saw all that was to be seen there I suppose. I should like to go along the southern or northern coast of New Holland.

What would you expect to find there.

I do not well know. New people may be; new languages; new manners; may be no people at all. It may be a perfect desert. Yet I cannot but think I should see many curious things.

Thou art in the right my boy. Thou wouldst find much stranger things than thou dreamest of. To thee this (pointing

to the ocean between America and Asia) is nothing but a waste of waters. Alas! how fond and blind are thy deceivers. To thee it is a realm of barren and inhospitable turbulence, populous only in the mute and scaly kind. To the better informed it is a world of intellectual beings, whose majesty is faintly reflected on the diminutive stage, and by the pigmy actors of Europe.

Mr Ellen had previously been in another part of the room. Adini had entered without perceiving him, but at this moment some casual noise excited his attention. He turned and beheld Mr. Ellen. My father was engaged in looking at some book he had taken from the shelf. On discovering him, Adini was filled with confusion. Mr. Ellen had not been inattentive, but he thought proper to appear so. He lifted not his eyes from the book till the perturbation of his friend had subsided, in consequence of the belief that he had not been overheard or attended to.

The mystery (said my father to himself) is beginning to unfold itself. This man is the dupe of some illusion. Yet if his belief be sincere, why unwilling to declare it, or why alarmed and ashamed when detected. He mentioned this incident to his wife. She concurred with him in opinion that their guest was really disordered in his understanding, but was equally at a loss to account for the confusion which this incident had occasioned. The nature or extent of his phrenzy was wholly a secret.

At a subsequent interview my name happened to be called. Raphael! (said he) that name is somewhat singular. He had never noticed it before, though it had been so often used in his hearing. He had made no inquiries respecting it, supposing me the son of his host. Mr. Ellen had never had occasion to mention any particulars respecting my birth. How came you to bestow upon him that name? Was it in honour of Raffaille D'Urbino?

He does not owe it to us (said Mr. Ellen) we found him in possession of it.

What, is he not your child?

No, his lot is singular. A circumstance disastrous in most cases, has to him been peculiarly fortunate. His real parents are wholly unknown, and yet ever since his birth there has been a certain contention among several, who shall discharge the duties of that relation to him. He then related some of my adventures, to which he listened very attentively; when he had finished, this is well (exclaimed he with ardour) just the machine which a wise instructor would wish to manage. That boy is the destined heir of greatness. Will you part with him?

Not (said Mr. Ellen) but in hopes of improving his condition.

I know not (answered he) how that can be improved. But, Raffaille! he was not found I suppose, with his name written on his forehead?

No, (said Mrs. Ellen) his name is the gift of Mr. Malcombe. He desired that he should be called Raphael Hightlody. This Malcombe (continued he, looking significantly at Adini) is a kind of lunatic. He, no doubt, thought his name would be some recommendation to him when he travelled into Eutopia. Would his name, you can tell us perhaps, having visited Eutopia, would his name be of any service to him among that sage people?

An electrical shock would have not more instantaneously discomposed the feelings of Adini; but the emotion was transient and quickly gave place to his wonted composure.

True madam, I have visited Eutopia. Sir Thomas Moore had an agreeable invention; some depth in his views considering the age in which he lived. Raphael may vie with his namesake if he lives long enough. A period has elapsed long enough to introduce many important changes on the stage. If Henry VIII, should revisit his kingdom, he would be more astonished than gratified. Perhaps a second Raphael might witness an equally unpleasant and surprising revolution in the system of Eutopia. While he said this, his hearers were employed in settling the precise meaning of these words. Did he mean any thing more than to declare in his figurative way, that he had read the book? Would he insinuate that he had actually made this visit. Was Raphael in his opinion a real voyager,

a precursor of himself to that miraculous land; or was his imagination filled with phantoms, that might with sufficient aptness be designated by the appellation of Eutopian? The southern ocean, where nothing is visible to us but water, interspersed with groups of small islands, is to him it should seem a theatre transcending that of Europe in dignity, perhaps in amplitude. The dream of the English knight might possibly be his dream, modelled however it was likely, by the standard of a more accurate philosophy. And instead of being regarded as a dream, might by some singular, but not unexampled perversity be fostered as a reality.

This idea was new to Mr. Ellen: but that ingenious men should amuse themselves with drawing practical deductions from their theory, with giving the reins to their invention, and painting as real what is only desirable or possible: not that some masterly contrivers should aim at imposing themselves upon mankind as something other or better than they really are, and for this purpose weave a plausible tale of some remote and unvisited region where nature appears in a new garb, and the fabric of society is raised on foundations different from those with which we have been familiar; but that a temporary and voluntary illusion should become invisible and permanent was a subject of wonder.

My father was no stranger to mankind. Cases of religious phrenzy which flattered itself with having gained admission into the world of spirits, into Heaven or Hell, had fallen under his observation as they have occurred to that of most people. The passions of hope and fear, nourished by a pious education, and fixed upon the world to come, are guilty of numberless vagaries. Their voyages are to regions more remote than the Antipodes. The tidings they bring back are more sincerely believed, and imparted with more confidence than those which are gleaned by the humbler imitators of Dampier and Cooke. But this man had always appeared exempted from the prejudices of superstition. A greater oppositeness of sentiment could scarcely be conceived than between this man and the tribe Behman's and Swedenborger's. But he also knew that religion was not the only thing liable to the abuses of en-

thusiasm: that the fancy is not enfeebled, but rather invigorated by descending from heaven to earth. In his intercourse with mankind, he had met with characters of all kinds, his experience evinced the error of the common opinion, that a deliberate, doctrinal, and systematic atheist was chimerical. He had learned that there is no error, however dreary and absurd, which had not found its way into some minds, had not associated itself with genius and eloquence and zeal, and had not been frequently maintained at the hazard of life and all its gratifications. A powerful and cultivated capacity, without exempting the possessor from the grossest illusions, had a tendency in his opinion, to render his mistake more incurable, by conferring on them the colours of speciousness and plausibility.

But however extensive the sphere of his observation, such an one as he suspected Adini to be, was a specimen altogether new. He began to regard him with the pleasure and inquisitiveness of one who expects, in the object he meets with, somewhat that might fill up a chasm in his system, might supply a link that was deficient in his chain. He was eager to discover the particular features of his insanity: those modifications which it must receive from its alliance with a degree of genius and knowledge, in which he was inclined to believe his friend had but few competitors.

He did not admit, that, absolutely speaking, truth and happiness were necessarily companions. To discern the error of our notions was not always desirable. The discovery might make us gainers on the side of knowledge, but losers as to that of happiness. He was benevolent. Happiness in general he conceived it his duty to propagate, but this duty he imagined would sometimes compel him not only to forbear inculcating the truth but to foster the error; not that this was unalterably or even frequently the case. Error in the majority of instances was the parent of wretchedness. Truth, without entitling us to perfect felicity, was generally preferable to falsehood.

These observations are not impertinent. These principles influenced the behaviour of Mr. Ellen in his treatment of his

guest. He was inclined to humour his peculiarities because truth was less beatific than such an error, and because he doubted whether any excess would attend contrary efforts, however strenuous. A physician might exasperate, but could not cure a malady of this kind.

These were not Mrs. Ellen's sentiments. She set an higher value on the benefits conferred by the possession of a sound understanding. She had more confidence in the force of demonstration, but if that should fail, she was perfectly secure of the efficacy of ridicule. Her heart overflowed with good will. If she wounded, it was with a view ultimately to cure. Painful remedies were employed by her, merely because they were more efficacious than lenient methods. They both however admitted that the lunacy, on the supposition of which they reasoned so gravely, was, as yet, problematical.

The next day had been allotted for an extensive ramble. Adini had agreed to be of the party. The river was to be crossed in the morning. A simple repast was to be taken at a cottage some miles distant, and the walk was to be prolonged till evening. This scheme was frustrated by a stormy day. The ensuing morning arose wet, blustering and gloomy. Adini however, appeared at the stated hour.

The maxims of our education taught us to disregard the intemperature of the elements; of this Adini was a remarkable example. He was ever superior to the skyery influences. The tenor of his thoughts and actions disdained the slightest dependance on the state of the atmosphere. Dry or wet, turbulent or calm, serene or gloomy, hot or cold, were differences with which his sensations appeared to have no concern. He never commented on the weather in a way which showed that he made his own feelings the standard. Did some one exclaim how cold, or how hot it is, he seldom made any answer. If he did, it was by referring to the scale of Reaumur. In settling the proceedings of the morrow, he never on his own account admitted the calculations of the weather wise. If his companion sagaciously affirmed that it rained, he would notice the assertion perhaps, by subjoining, "I see it does." Cloak, sur-

tout, umbrella, were only known to him, if I may so speak, historically.

Considered in relation to body, mind, or more properly speaking, the will, is an agent more or less potent. What are the limits of its empire, no one knows. In what degree it can forbid or retard the approaches of disease, old age and death, either indirectly by means of temperance and exercise, or directly, by the mere energy of resolution, I cannot pretend to affirm. Adini exemplified the force of both these principles. The fulness and fervour of his mind seemed to leave him no leisure to be sick. Cold had no perceptible effect upon him, merely because his attention was too much absorbed by other objects to feel it. Tempest however took away in his opinion as well as in ours from the pleasures of such excursions as these. It was therefore determined on this occasion to remain at home.

In the course of the morning, Mr. Ellen and his guest happened to find themselves together in the library. The former was contemplating a map of the western hemisphere. Adini had silently taken his station beside him. At length my father observed, how little do we know of this portion of the globe.

Little indeed.

It is hard to say (resumed my father) to what degree of confidence that information which we possess, slender as it is, is entitled. He paused. But Adini seemed indisposed to speak. Travellers assure us that the whole of this space is water. Judging by analogy, there ought to be a portion of land here at least equal to the area of America.

Perhaps there is.

I cannot deny it. Their evidence that there is not, may probably be fallacious. Captain Cook, you know, is said to have traversed this region in various directions.

Adini seemed desirous of speaking, but his perplexity compelled him to be silent.

I should be glad (continued my father) to be acquainted with one who was able and willing to explain the real condition of affairs in that quarter.

Why do you not travel? (said Adini) how could your curiosity be so sluggish?

It was not in my power (returned my father) to gratify my inclination at the age suitable for such enterprizes. We Scots, my dear sir, must travel to live, not live to travel. I have gone to a sufficient distance from home. But that part of my life which I passed in the East, was employed not in investigating the manners of the people or surveying the kingdoms of nature, but in warding off pestilence and repairing the havoc of war.

Adini seemed to wait for further explanation.

My profession of a surgeon engrossed that attention, which I would willingly have bestowed upon the Hindoos.

Your curiosity never wandered farther than the Hindoos? Did the question never occur, what might their conquerors be?

This was uttered with apparent hesitation, which my father ascribed to a disinclination to give offence, supposing his friend alluded to the English, whose maxims of Indian warfare were sufficiently censurable.

THESSALONICA:

A ROMAN STORY.

THESSALONICA, in consequence of its commercial situation, was populous and rich. Its fortifications and numerous garrisons had preserved it from injury during the late commotions,* and the number of inhabitants was greatly increased, at the expense of the defenceless districts and cities. Its place, with relation to Dalmatia, the Peloponnesus, and the Danube, was nearly centrical. Its security had been uninterrupted for ages, and no city in the empire of Theodosius exhibited so many monuments of its ancient prosperity. It had been for many years, the residence of the prince, and had thence become the object of a kind of filial affection. He had laboured to rendered it impregnable, by erecting bulwarks, and guarding it with the bravest of his troops; he had endowed the citizens with new revenues and privileges, had enhanced the frequency of their shows, and the magnificence of their halls and avenues. and made it the seat of government of Illyria and Greece.

Its defence was intrusted to Botheric, whom he had selected for his valour, fidelity, and moderation; and he commended, with equal zeal, to this officer, the defence of the city from external enemies, and the maintenance of justice and order within its walls.

The temper of Botheric was generous and impetuous. He was unacquainted with civil forms, and refrained, as much as possible, from encroaching on the functions of the magistrate. His education and genius were military, and he conceived that his commission required from him nothing but unwearied attention to his soldiers. His vigilance was bent to maintain order

* At the conclusion of the Gothic war. A. D. 390.

and obedience among them, and to prevent or to stifle dissentions between them and the citizens. For this end he multiplied their duties and exercises, so as to leave no room for intercourse with the people. Their time was constantly occupied with attendance at their stations, or performance of some personal duty in their quarters.

By these means, the empire of order was, for some time, maintained; but no diligence or moderation can fully restrain the passions of the multitude. Quarrels sometimes arose between the spectators at the theatre and circus, and the centinels who were planted in the avenues. The general was always present at the public shows; clamour and riot instantly attracted his attention, and if a soldier was a party in the fray, he hasted to terminate the contest, by examination and punishment.

You need not be told, that the populace of Roman cities are actuated by a boundless passion for public shows. The bounty of the prince cannot be more acceptably exerted than in pecuniary donations for this purpose, and by making exhibitions more frequent and magnificent. The gratitude of this people is proportioned, not to the efficacy of edicts to restrain crimes, alleviate cares, or diminish the price of provisions; but to the commodiousness and cheapness of seats in a theatre, or to the number and beauty of the horses which are provided for the circus.

The prince had manifested his attachment to this city in the usual manner. The finest horses were procured, at his expence, from Africa and Spain; new embellishments were added to the chariots, and a third set of characters, distinguished by a crimson uniform, was added to the former. Once a month, the people were amused by races, at the expence of their sovereign.

At one of these exhibitions, a citizen, by name Macro, attempted to enter a gate by which the Senators passed to their seats. Order had long since established distinctions in this respect, and every class of the people enjoyed their peculiar seats and entrances. Macro was therefore denied admission, by two soldiers stationed in the passage. He persisted in his efforts to enter, and the soldiers persisted in their opposition, till, at

length, a scuffle ensued, in which the citizen was slightly wounded.

The games not having begun, many from within and without were attracted to the spot. The crowd insensibly increased, and the spectators seemed willing to discountenance the claims of Macro. The sight of his blood, however, changed the tide in his favour. The soldiers were believed to have proceeded to this extremity without necessity, and to have exercised their power wantonly.

Clamours of disapprobation were succeeded by attempts to disarm the centinels, and conduct them before the tribunal of their general. This was usually held in an upper porch of the edifice. Botheric was momently expected, and the persons who urged the seizure of the culprits, were governed by pacific intentions. The soldiers were supposed to have transgressed their duty, and redress was sought in a lawful manner. Botheric was the only judge of their conduct, and confidence was placed in the equity of his decision.

The soldiers maintained the rectitude of their proceeding, and refused to resign their arms, or leave the post. Some endeavoured to gain their end by expostulation and remonstrance. The greater number were enraged, and their menaces being ineffectual, were quickly succeeded by violence. The interior passages were wide, but the entrance was narrow, and the soldiers profited by their situation, to repel the assaults that were made upon them. The wounds which they afflicted in their own defence augmented the fury of their assailants. They fought with desperate resolution, and were not overpowered till they had killed five of the citizens.

At length the soldiers sought their safety in flight. The mob poured into the passages. One of the fugitives was overtaken in a moment. The pursuers were unarmed, but the victim was dashed against the pavement, and his limbs were torn from each other by the furious hands that were fastened upon him. While his lifeless and bleeding trunk was dragged along the ground, and thrown to and fro by some, others were engaged in searching for him that escaped.

While roaming from place to place, they met a soldier whom his officer had dispatched upon some message. They staid not to inquire whether this was he of whom they were in search, but seizing him, they dragged him to the midst of the square, and dispatched him with a thousand blows.

The tumult was by no means appeased by these executions. Numbers flocked to the scene. The sight of the dead bodies of the citizens, imperfect and exaggerated rumours of the cruelty of the centinels, the execrations and example of those who had been leaders in the tumult, conspired to engage them in the same outrages.

The pursuit of the fugitive soldier did not slacken. The galleries and vaults were secured, and every place resounded with uproar and menace. Meanwhile, the seats of the Senators were filled with a promiscuous crowd, who gladly seized this opportunity of engrossing places more convenient than any other.

At this moment, Botheric and his officers arrived. The entrance was inaccessible, by reason of the crowd stationed without, and the numbers that were struggling in the passages to gain the senatorial benches. In this contest, the weaker were overpowered, and scores were trodden to death or suffocated. The general and his officers were no sooner known to be arrived, than they were greeted on all hands, by threatening gestures and insolent clamours. The heads of the slaughtered soldiers were placed upon pikes. Botheric was compelled to gaze upon their gory visages, and listen to the outcries for vengeance which ascended from a thousand mouths.

This unwonted spectacle, and the confusion which surrounded him, threw him into temporary panic. It was requisite to ascertain the causes of this tumult, to prevent its progress, and to punish its authors; but his own safety was to be, in the first place, consulted. How far that was endangered by the fury of the populace it was impossible to foresee.

His retinue consisted of twenty officers, who were armed, as usual, with daggers. Recovering from their first astonishment, they involuntarily drew their weapons, and crowded round their general. This movement seemed by no means to inti-

midate the populace, whose outcries and menaces became more vehement than ever. As their numbers and fury increased, they pressed more closely and audaciously upon this slender band, whose weapons pointed at the bosoms of those who were nearest, and who could scarcely preserve themselves from being overwhelmed.

Botheric's surprise quickly yielded to a just view of the perils that surrounded him. The cause of this tumult was unknown; but it was evident that the temper of the people was revengeful and sanguinary. The slightest incident was sufficient to set them free from restraint. The first blood that should be shed would be the signal for outrage, and neither he nor his officers could hope to escape with their lives.

His first care, therefore, was to inculcate forbearance on his officers. This, indeed, would avail them but little, since the foremost of the crowd would be irresistibly impelled by those who were behind, and whose numbers incessantly increased. In a moment they would be pressed together; their arms would be useless; and secret enemies, by whom he vaguely suspected that this tumult has been excited, would seize that opportunity for wreaking their vengeance.

To escape to the neighbouring portico was an obvious expedient; but the galleries, above and below, were already filled with a clamorous multitude, whose outcries and gesticulations prompted those below to the commission of violence. His troops were either dispersed in their quarters, or stationed on the walls. The few whose duty required their attendance at the circus, could afford no protection. Those at a distance could not be seasonably apprised of the danger of their leader; and if they were apprized, would be at a loss, in the absence of their officers, in what manner to act. To endeavour to restore tranquility by persuasion or remonstrance was chimerical. No single voice could be heard amidst the uproar.

In this part of the square there had formerly been erected an equestrian statue of Constantius. It had been overthrown and broken to pieces in a popular sedition. The pedestal still remained. The advantage of a lofty station, for the sake either of defence or of being heard, was apparent. Botheric,

and two of his officers, leaped upon it, and stretched forth their hands in an attitude commanding silence.

This station, by rendering the person of Botheric distinguishable at a distance, only enhanced his danger. A soldier, by name Eustace, who had, a few days before, been punished for some infraction of discipline, by stripes and ignominious dismission from the service, chanced to be one of those who were gazing at the scene from the upper portico. The treatment he had suffered could not fail to excite resentment, but the means of vengeance were undigested and impracticable. His cowardice and narrow understanding equally conspired to render his malice impotent. He intended, the next day, to set out for his native country, Syria, and, meanwhile, mixed with the rabble which infested the circus.

Botheric had extorted, by his equity and firmness, the esteem of the magistrates and better class of the people. The vile populace were influenced by no sentiment but fear. Botheric had done nothing to excite their hatred; and his person would probably have been uninjured till the alarm had reached the citadel, and the troops had hastened to his rescue, had not Eustace unhappily espied him, as he stood upon the pedestal.

The soldier had an heavy stone in his hand, with which he had armed himself, from a general propensity to mischief, and a vague conception that it might be useful to his own defence. The person of his enemy was no sooner distinctly seen, than a sudden impulse to seize this opportunity for the gratification of his vengeance was felt by him. He threw the stone towards the spot where the general stood.

Botheric was exerting his voice to obtain audience, when the stone struck upon his breast. The blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, his speech and strength failed, and he sunk upon the ground.

This outrage was observed with grief, rage and consternation by his retinue. Their own safety required the most desperate exertions. Two of them lifted the general in their arms, while the rest, with one accord, brandished their weapons, and rushed upon the crowd. They determined to open a way by killing all that opposed them.

Men, crowded together in a narrow space, are bereft of all power over their own motions. Their exertions contribute merely to destroy their weaker neighbours, without extricating themselves. Those whom chance exposed to the swords of the officers were unable to fly. Their condition was no less desperate: and the blood that flowed around them insensibly converted their terror into rage.

The contest was unequal, and a dreadful carnage ensued before the weapons were wrested from their owners. A thousand hands were eager to partake in the work of vengeance. The father had seen the death of his son, and the son had witnessed the agonies of his father. The execution appeared to be needless and wanton; and the swords, after being stained with the blood of their kinsmen, were aimed at their own breasts. This was no time to speculate upon causes and consequences. All around them was anarchy and uproar, and passion was triumphant in all hearts.

Botheric and his train were thrown to the ground, mangled by numberless wounds, or trampled into pieces. The assassins contended for the possession of the dismembered bodies, and threw the limbs, yet palpitating, into the air, which was filled with shouts and imprecations.

All this passed in a few minutes. Few were acquainted with the cause of the tumult. Still fewer were acquainted with the deplorable issue to which it had led. The immediate actors and witnesses were fully occupied. The distant crowd, whose numbers were increased by the arrival of those who, from all quarters, were hastening to the circus, could only indulge their wonder and panic, and make fruitless inquiries of their neighbours.

In this state of things a rumour was hatched, and propagated with infinite rapidity, that the soldiers had received orders to massacre the people, and that the execution had already begun. All was commotion and flight. The crowd melted away in a moment. The avenues were crowded with the fugitives, who overturned those whom they met, or communicated to them their belief and their terror. Every one fled to his house, and imparted to his family the dreadful tidings. Distraction and

lamentation seized upon the women and domestics. They barred their doors, and prepared to avoid or resist the fate which impended over them.

Meanwhile those who had rushed through the unguarded passages, and occupied the senatorial seats, were alarmed, and prompted to return, by the continuance of the uproar without. In their haste to issue forth, they incumbered and impeded each other, and the passage was choaked. Some one appeared in an upper gallery, and called upon the people to provide for their safety, for that Botheric had directed a general massacre.

This intelligence operated more destructively than a thousand swords. In the universal eagerness to escape, the avenues were made impassable, and numbers were overthrown and trampled to death.

The magistrates had taken their places when the tumult began. Some were infected with the general panic, and made ineffectual efforts to escape. My duty, as chief magistrate, required me to apply all my endeavours to the checking of the evil. I waited, in anxious suspense, for information as to the nature and extent of the mischief. In my present situation, nothing could reach me but a disjointed and mutilated tale. I heard outcries, and witnessed the commotion, but was wholly at a loss as to their cause or tendency.

After a time, the tumult began to subside. The passages were gradually cleared by the suffocation of the weaker, and the multitude rushed over the bodies of their fellow citizens into the square. The timorous hastened to their homes, and spread the alarm to the most distant quarters of the city. Others more courageous or inquisitive, lingered on the spot, gazed upon the mangled and disfigured bodies, which were strewed around the pedestal, and listened to the complaints of the wounded, and the relations of those who had been active in the fray.

Those whose passions had not been previously excited, no sooner recognised the visages of Botheric and some of his retinue among the slain, than terrors of a new kind were awakened. The murder of one of the most illustrious men in the empire, and one who possessed, beyond all others, the affec-

tions of the prince, was an event pregnant with disastrous consequences. That his death would call down some signal punishment, in which themselves, though innocent, might be involved, was justly to be dreaded. That the resentment of the soldiery would stimulate them to some sudden outrage was no less probable. There was imminent peril in being found near the spot. The spectators gradually withdrew, and solitude and silence succeeded. The uproar was hushed, the circus was deserted, and a panic stillness seemed to hover over the city.

As soon as obstructions were removed in my character as prefect of the city, and attended by civil officers, I ascended a tribunal in an hall near the circus. Some of my attendants were immediately dispatched to examine the scene of the conflict, to arrest all who should be found near it, and collect all the information that offered.

Those charged with this commission speedily returned, leading two men, whose wounds did not disable them from walking when supported by others. These persons were questioned as to their knowledge of this disaster. One of them related, that when the officers were encompassed by the mob, it was his ill fortune to be placed near them. He was a stranger to the cause of the tumult, and endeavoured, with his utmost strength, to extricate himself from his perilous situation. The populace were loud in their clamours, the officers seemed resolute in their own defence, and he dreaded that the scene would terminate in bloodshed. His temper was pacific and timid, and he desired nothing more than to remove to a safe distance.

While making efforts for this purpose, the officers assailed the crowd, and he was the first to fall by their swords. His senses deserted him, and he did not revive till the mob was entirely dispersed. His companion told a tale nearly similar, and the attendants informed the magistrate that Botheric and his tribunes had perished, their scattered remains being found upon the spot.

I was startled and confounded by this incident. To what excesses the soldiers might be suddenly transported when freed from the restraints of discipline, it was easy to foresee. No

other expedient suggested itself, than to summon the municipal body, and request their counsel in this urgent danger.

The members of the senate were preparing to go to the circus. This was commonly done with equipage and pompous train. The hour of assembling was arrived, and they were preparing to set out, when rumours of sedition and massacre assailed them. Messengers were by some dispatched to obtain more distinct information, some of whom returned with the tidings gleaned from the fugitives whom they encountered in the way. Others, more intrepid, ventured to approach the circus, and examine objects with their own eyes. They brought back the tidings that Botheric and his officers were slain by the people.

The most courageous were deeply apprehensive of the consequences which would grow out of his untimely death. They were alternately perplexed with wonder respecting the cause of so memorable a catastrophe, and with dread of the vengeance which it would excite in the bosom, not only of the soldiers, but of the prince. They were recalled from their mournful reveries, by loud signals at their gate, and the entrance of an herald, who, in the name of the prefect, summoned them to council. The summons was gladly obeyed.

Some time had now elapsed. The citizens, immured in their houses, darted fearful glances from their balconies and windows, anxious to hear tidings. The passing senators were recognised, and their progress attended with importunate inquiries into the nature of the threatened evil, and with supplications that their zeal should be exerted to preclude it.

Many, encouraged by the presence of their magistrates, joined the cavalcade, and the senate house was quickly surrounded by an immense, but trembling multitude. The senate being, at length, convened, I laid before them all the intelligence which I had been able to procure respecting the late tumult. I expatiated on the enormity of the deed that had been perpetrated in the murder of Botheric and his officers, and enumerated its probable effects on the minds of the soldiers, and of the prince. I pointed out the necessity of ascertaining the genuine circumstances of the case, of detecting and punishing

the criminals, and of appeasing the resentment of the sovereign and the troops.

While engaged in consultation, the wrath which we so justly dreaded, was already excited in the soldiers. Affrighted at the fate of their companions, the centinels posted in the circus fled with precipitation to the military quarter. The rumour was at first indistinct, and as affrays of this kind were not uncommon, the soldiers trusted to the equity of their leader for the vindication of their wrongs. Presently, a messenger arrived, informing them that their general was surrounded and likely to be slain by the populace.

At this news, many ran together, and intreated the subaltern officers to lead them to the rescue of their general. As no orders were transmitted from their superiors, the centurions hesitated to comply. Their reluctance to interpose was increased by the incredibility of the danger. The clamours of the soldiers, however, who threatened to march without permission, conquered this reluctance, and five hundred men were called out.

The general consternation which they witnessed on their march, excited their fears. The few persons who remained in the square, vanished at their approach, and they were left to learn the fate of their officers, from the view of their lifeless remains.

The soldiers of Botheric were his friends, countrymen, and family. They had devoted themselves to his honour, and followed his standard, in the service of Theodosius, with invincible fidelity. Many of them had bound themselves by oaths to die with him.

The mangled and dishonoured corpse of this adored leader now presented itself to their eyes. Every sentiment was absorbed, for a time, in astonishment and grief. They inquired of each other, if the spectacle which they beheld was real; if these, indeed, were the members and features of their beloved chief. They held up his remains to view, bathed his disfigured face with their tears, and burst, at length, into a cry of universal lamentation.

Many, in pursuance of their vow not to survive their leader, stabbed themselves, and died upon the spot. Others exclaimed, that their vows to that effect, should be performed only when the funeral honours and the vengeance due to their chief, were fully paid. They collected his remains, and wrapping them in his mantle, set out on their return to the citadel, in a solemn procession. On their way, they sung wild and melancholy dirges, in the fashion of their country, and mingled with their music, fits of passionate weeping. In the streets which they passed, every one fled before them, and all around was lonely and desolate.

Intelligence of their approach was quickly received by their comrades at the citadel, who came out in great numbers, and joined the procession. Indignation and fury appeared to be suspended in a superior passion.

Meanwhile, the subaltern officers were no sooner fully apprised of the havoc which had taken place, than they assembled in a kind of counsel. They were aware of the necessity of subordination, and they did not mean that their vengeance should be less sure because it was delayed. One of their number, by name Walimer, an hoary veteran, was unanimously chosen their leader.

Walimer concealed, under a savage aspect, all the qualities of a judicious commander. His grief for the fate of Botheric was tempered by prudence and foresight. As soon as the choice was known, he leaped into the midst of the assembly, and devoted himself, with solemn imprecations, to the task of avenging their late chief. At the same time, he enlarged upon the benefits of circumspection and delay. The first measure he proposed was to dispatch a messenger to Theodosius, with an account of this transaction. He questioned not that the emperor would authorise a signal retribution to be inflicted on the guilty city, and that they would be appointed the ministers of his justice. It was easy to convince his hearers of the advantage of proceeding in the business of revenge with the sanction or connivance of the government. If the emperor should refuse justice, it would then be time enough to extort it. The arms and fortifications were still in their possession, and

these it would be wise to guard with the utmost vigilance. In this counsel the new tribunes readily concurred, and suitable remonstrances convinced the soldiers of the propriety of the choice that had been made, and the proceedings adopted. Three horsemen, charged with the delivery of a message to the emperor, were immediately dispatched to *Mediolanum*.

To communicate information of these events to the monarch, to deprecate his anger, and convince him of the innocence of the magistrates and the greater part of the people, were likewise suggested to the senate by one of its members. The wisdom of this counsel was obvious. I was authorised, as prefect, to draw up a statement of the truth, from such information as I had already received, or should speedily obtain. This was to be done with all possible expedition, in order to prevent the propagation of rumours.

Meanwhile, a deputation was appointed to visit the citadel, to declare to the soldiers the sincere regret of the senate for the unhappy event that had befallen, to exhort them to moderation and peace, and assure them that the most strenuous exertions should be made to detect the authors of the tumult, on whom the most signal punishment should be inflicted.

The deputies were astonished to observe the order which reigned in the soldiers' quarters. No clamours or menaces were heard. They were conducted to the hall, where Walimer and his officers were seated, and their exhortations and pleas were listened to with sullen and mournful silence.

Walimer, in answer to their message, informed them of the choice which the soldiers had made of a new chief, declared his implicit reliance on the justice of the emperor, to whose decrees he and his troops were determined to conform, and admonished them to execute, without delay, the justice which they promised. He told them that discipline should be as rigidly maintained as formerly, and that things should remain in their present state till the will of their common sovereign was known. The senate waited, in eager suspense, the return of their deputies. The pacific deportment and professions of Walimer being communicated to them, they retired, with their fears considerably allayed, to their houses.

Heralds were dispatched to all quarters to acquaint the people with the result of this conference, and to exhort them to observe a cautious and peaceable behaviour; punishments were denounced against any who should be detected in any riotous act, and all persons were enjoined to repair to the tribunal of the chief magistrate, and give what information they possessed relative to this transaction.

The ensuing night was passed by the prefect in receiving and comparing depositions of real or pretended witnesses. Macro was traced to his home. He was, by trade, an armourer, and lived with his family, in an obscure corner. His wounds were of no great moment, and the officers of justice found him at supper, in his hovel. He was hurried to the tribunal, followed by his wife and immediate kindred, who trembled for his safety.

As he was the author of this tumult, he could expect little mercy from his audience. Those whose relations or friends had fallen were deeply exasperated at him, whose folly and rashness had given birth to the evil. Others, who reflected on future calamities, likely to flow from the same source, pursued him with the utmost rancour.

In spite of proclamations and menaces, curiosity and fear attracted great numbers to the hall of justice. Their panic stillness was succeeded by commotion and rage. The steps of Macro were accompanied by hootings and execrations, and they clamoured loudly for his punishment.

I was sensible of the danger that attended this unlawful meeting. I showed myself to the people from a balcony, and endeavoured to harangue them into moderation and patience. I pointed out the enormous evils which their turbulent concourse had already produced, and urged every topic likely to influence their fears, to induce them to disperse.

The effects of these remonstrances were partial and temporary. My promises, that the culprits should not escape the most condign punishment, gratified their sanguinary appetites, and their murmurs were hushed.

The threats of torment extorted from Macro a confession of his offences. It seems that when he came to the circus, he was

intoxicated with wine, and had mistaken one entrance for another. In the confusion of his intellects, he neither listened to, nor understood the objections of the centinels, and he persisted in claiming a privilege which he regarded as justly his due. The consequences have been already related, and afford a memorable proof from what slight causes the most disastrous and extensive effects may flow.

Macro's offence was venial and slight; but it was considered that, even if he were innocent, his life was a necessary sacrifice. Neither the soldiers nor the people, whose judgments were always fettered by prejudice and passion, would consent to dismiss him in safety. Neither would they be satisfied by the infliction of a slight or tardy penalty. Macro, besides, was a depraved and worthless individual, whose life or death was, in the eyes of his judges, of the most trivial moment. Influenced by these considerations, the magistrates, with some reluctance, condemned Macro to have his arms and legs cut off, and afterwards to be beheaded on the spot where Botheric had fallen, and which was dyed with the blood of those who owed their untimely fate to his temerity.

This sentence was heard by the friends of the criminal with groans of despair, and by the rest of the audience, with shouts of applause. The criminal was loaded with chains, and led away to prison. Being aware that the fury of the people might betray them into some outrage, I addressed them anew from the balcony, and admonished them to retire.

Some symptoms of compliance appeared in part of the assembly, who began to separate. A multitude, however, crowded round Macro, as he came forth from the hall, and greeted him with insults and curses.

This unhappy man was not destitute of courage; but he was willing to avoid that lingering and dreadful death to which he was doomed. He was, besides, penetrated with indignation at the injustice of his sentence. He, therefore, retorted the curses that were heaped upon him, both because he conceived them to be unmerited, and because he wished to exasperate the mob to inflict a speedy death.

Those who followed him were the vilest of the vile; base, sanguinary and impetuous, delighting in tumult, prone to violence, and stimulated by revenge for those who had been stifled in the press, or slain by the tribunes. Macro had not gone many steps before the officers who guarded him were driven to a distance. The mob, enraged by his taunts, took the work of justice into their own hands, and Macro received from their pikes and clubs that death which he sought.

The magistrates were quickly informed of this event. They had been accustomed, on similar cases, to vindicate their authority by the aid of the soldiers. This expedient was now impracticable or hazardous, and they sat in powerless inactivity, consoling themselves with the hope that the popular indignation would be appeased by this victim.

Relieved from the dread of military execution, multitudes, though the night was somewhat advanced, resorted from the senate house, and hall of justice, to the circus. The kindred and friends of the dead hastened to ascertain their true condition, and to bestow upon them funeral rites.

The circus and its avenues quickly overflowed with inquisitive or anxious spectators. Innumerable torches were borne to and fro; women hung over the bodies of their husbands, fathers, and sons, and filled the air with outcries and wailings: some explored the courts and passages, in search of those who were missing, while others, lifting corpses in their arms, bent homeward their steps, in tumultuous procession, and with far-heard laments.

Meanwhile, several witnesses informed the magistrates of the stone which had been thrown at Botheric, and at length the name, and character, and guilt of Eustace were detected. Eustace was justly regarded as the immediate author of this calamity. He was likewise a soldier, and his detection and punishment might be expected eminently to gratify the military. It would transfer, in some degree, the guilt of this sedition from the people to their own order.

Officers were quickly dispersed throughout the city, in search of the fugitive. Eustace had seen his enemy fall. Momentary exultation was followed by terror, and he made

haste to shroud himself from inquiry and suspicion in an obscure habitation near the port.

He had secured his passage in a barque, which designed to set sail, next morning, for Ptolemais, in Syria. He meant to go on board at the dawn of day, and hoped, meanwhile, to be unthought of and unknown.

It was peculiarly unfortunate for this wretch, that a mariner belonging to this vessel happened to be stationed at his elbow when the stone was thrown. The mariner had been present when Eustace had contracted for his passage with the master of the barque; hence arose his knowledge of Eustace. He was a way-farer; had been attracted, by a natural curiosity, to the circus; had gazed, with wandering eyes and beating heart, upon the tumult; and, in the fluctations of the mob, had undesignedly been placed by the side of the assassin.

He had afterwards listened to the voice of the herald, summoning before the magistrate all who possessed any knowledge of the author, and circumstances of the insurrection. His timidity, the child of inexperience, deterred him from disclosing his knowledge, till he himself became, by a concurrence of events not necessary to be mentioned, the object of suspicion, and was dragged by public officers to the tribunal of the prefect. He then explained his knowledge of Eustace, and pointed him out as the only agent.

This tale, though insufficient to rescue the mariner from danger, occasioned diligent search to be made for Eustace. The master of the barque was acquainted with the past condition and present views of the soldier, and his evidence suggested to the magistrate the expedient of placing officers on board the vessel, who, if the assassin should not be previously detected, might seize him as he entered the ship, in pursuance of his contract with the captain.

This expedient was successful. Eustace ventured from his recess in the dusk of morning, proceeded unmolested to the port, and put himself on board the vessel, which was anchored at some distance from the quays. At the moment when he began to exult in his escape, he was seized, pinioned, and conducted, without delay, to the presence of the judge. The tes-

timony of the mariner, and his own confession, extorted by the fear of torment, established his guilt. The prefect lost no time in informing Walimer and his tribunes of the measures which had been adopted; and offered to deliver Eustace into their hands, to be treated in what manner they thought proper. The offer was readily, though ungraciously, accepted.

Eustace had been detained in the hall, the magistrate fearing that the same outrage would be perpetrated by the people, on this criminal, if he were placed within their reach, of which Macro had already been the victim. A band of soldiers from the citadel received him at the door of the hall, and surrounding him with sullen visages and drawn swords, returned, in hostile array, to their quarters. The windows and galleries that overlooked their march, were filled with silent and astonished gazers.

The succeeding day passed in a state of general suspense. Men had leisure to ruminate upon the consequences that impended, and to wonder at the change that had so abruptly taken place in their condition. Fear and hope struggled in their bosoms. All customary occupations and pursuits were laid aside. Neighbours assembled to communicate to each other the story of what themselves had witnessed or endured, to recount their imminent danger in the press, and their hair-breadth escapes, to expatiate on the movements of the soldiery, and propagate their terrors of the future.

Upwards of three hundred citizens perished on this occasion. The cemetries were opened, and funeral processions were every where seen. Though the streets were crowded, and the whole city was in motion, appearances exhibited a powerful contrast to the impetuosities and clamours of the preceding day. The pavements were beaten by numberless feet; but every movement was grave and slow. Discourse was busy, but was carried on in whispers, and, instead of horrid uproar, nothing but murmurs, indistinct and doubtful, assailed the ear. The very children partook of the general consternation and awe.

At noon-day, a messenger from the citadel demanded admission to the prefect, whom he acquainted with the intention of the soldiers to celebrate, on the ensuing evening, and at the spot

where they fell, the obsequies of Botheric and his officers. This intention, however hazardous or inconvenient to the city, could not be thwarted or changed. This ceremony was likely to exasperate the grief of the soldiers, all of whom would be present and partake in it. Some fatal impulse of indignation, some inauspicious rumour or groundless alarm, might unseasonably start into birth. The night would lend its cloak to purposes of cruelty, and, before a new day, the city might be wrapt in flames, and ten thousand victims might be offered to the shade of Botheric.

In this emergency the senate were once more convened, and their counsels required. They deputed one of their members to the citadel, in order to gain from Walimer, a clear explanation of his purposes. This officer maintained a stately reserve and ambiguous silence. His demeanour plunged them deeper into uncertainty. Many put the blackest construction on his words, and foreboded, that the coming night would be signalised by indiscriminate massacre and havoc.

How to avert this evil was a subject of fruitless deliberation. One measure was obviously prudent. The people were informed of the ceremony that was about to take place, were exhorted to stay in their houses, and assured, that nothing was intended by the soldiers, but honour to their chiefs. The danger of tumultuous concourse, or panic apprehensions, at such a time, was evident.

The senators, however, were destitute of that confidence which they endeavoured to instil into the people. Some, at the approach of night, secretly withdrew from the city. The guards, posted at the gates, suffered all to pass without question or hindrance. Others, more irresolute, or less timorous, remained; but they armed their domestics, and closed their doors, or made preparation to fly or conceal themselves on the first alarm. Spies were directed to hover round the circus, or were posted on the turrets of the houses, to watch the first glimmering of torches, or the remotest sound of footsteps.

The people were sufficiently aware of the danger of crowding to a spectacle like this. The assurance of the magistrates suppressed all but nameless and indefinable terrors. They with-

drew to their homes, when several trumpets from the ramparts announced, at the appointed hour, that the military procession was begun.

By various avenues which led to the circus, the army repaired thither, and forming a circle round the pile, on which the remains of the officers were laid, they silently beheld them consumed. Eustace was stabbed by the hands of Walimer; and many of the soldiers could not be restrained from pouring out their blood at this altar. The flames that ascended from this pile were seen to a great distance. It was watched, with unspeakable solicitude, by those that remained in the city. Those at a distance were left in uncertainty whether it was from a funeral pile, or indicated the commencement of a general conflagration.

The flame and the light attendant on it gradually disappeared. An interval of ominous repose succeeded. The troops peaceably returned to their quarters. Those only who dwelt in the streets through which their march lay, were conscious of their movements. The rest of the city was hushed in profound and uninterrupted repose.

Next day, the tumult of consternation and suspense somewhat subsided. Still, however, all classes were penetrated with dread. The sentence of the prince was yet unknown. To what measures his indignation would hurry him, was a topic of forebodjng.

In pursuance of the directions of the senate, the prefect had dispatched, early in the morning, a messenger to *Mediolanum*. A faithful narrative of this transaction had been drawn up, in which the partial, abrupt, and unpremeditated nature of the tumult was copiously displayed. The messenger was charged to deliver this statement to Acilius, one of the imperial ministers, of whom the prefect was a kinsman, and on whose good offices with the prince there was the utmost reason to rely.

The horsemen whom Walimer had sent upon the same errand, were better mounted, pursued their journey with more diligence, and had set out several hours sooner than the herald of the senate. In fifteen days they arrived at the capital, and hastened to communicate their tidings to Rufinus, a minister

who had long enjoyed the highest place in the emperor's favour.

Rufinus and Botheric had contracted a political alliance, the purpose of which was, to secure to the former the civil administration, and to the latter the highest military authority in the empire. This unexpected catastrophe blasted the hopes of Rufinus. His efforts had been directed to remove and destroy all his competitors in favour, and to place the whole power of the state in the hands of himself and of his creatures. Theodosius regarded Botheric with singular and almost paternal affection. Rufinus had married the sister of the chief, and embarked his fortunes in the same cause.

The messengers had delivered their message to Rufinus in a secret audience: but his wife recognising her countrymen, and the soldiers of her brother, took measures to obtain from them the substance of their tidings. Her grief gave place to revenge, and she used the most powerful means to stimulate the zeal of her husband in what she deemed the cause of justice. Rufinus was sufficiently disposed to avenge the blood of her kinsman, in that of the rebellious city.

The monarch was sitting at a banquet when his minister rushed into his presence, and, with every symptom of grief, communicated the fatal news, that Botheric, his faithful soldier, the support of his throne, and the guardian of his children, had been murdered, with every circumstance of wanton cruelty, by the people of Thessalonica.

The emperor, starting from his seat, expressed, at the same time, his incredulity and horror at this news. The former sentiment was overpowered by the arts of the minister, who produced the letter that had just been received, and the men who had brought it. The horsemen, on being interrogated, gave a minute, though exaggerated and fallacious picture of the tumult. The messengers were unacquainted with its true causes, and the most accurate statement which it was in their power to make, would have left the hearers in astonishment at the savage ferocity of the Thessalonians.

Incredulity at length gave place to rage. In the first transport of his fury he vowed to obliterate the offending city from

the face of the earth. The choleric temper of Theodosius was capable of transporting him to the wildest excesses. These excesses, when reason resumed its power, were beheld in their genuine deformity, and were productive of exquisite remorse. Rufinus, therefore, was eager to improve the opportunity, and before the paroxysm of passion should subside, to extort from him a sanguinary edict.

It was not possible, indeed, for malice to contrive an higher provocation than this. There was little danger that his passion should subside, if it were not assailed by the lenient counsels and remonstrances of others. This, however, would certainly happen as soon as the disaster was publicly known, and was, therefore, to be prevented by dispatch.

Rufinus assumed the specious office of assuaging his master's resentment. He perceived the folly of demolishing towers, and walls, and habitations, on account of an offence committed by those who resided within them. It was just to punish the guilty people; but to slay them on the very stage of their crimes was all that equity demanded.

The punishment could not follow too soon upon the heel of the offence, and the soldiers of Botheric were the suitable ministers of vengeance. There was no danger that their hands would be tied up by scruples or commiseration. The death of the people was, indeed, claimed by the justice of the soldiers as well as of the prince, and should that justice be refused by the monarch, the troops would not fail, being in possession of fortifications and arms, to execute it of their own accord. The punishment could not be prevented, and if his sanction should be refused, their deed would constitute them rebels to his authority, and the fairest city in his empire would thus be torn from his possession.

These motives were artfully, though needlessly insinuated. The emperor eagerly affixed his seal and his signature to the warrant, which condemned the people of the most illustrious and populous of Roman cities to military execution.

Rufinus knew, that to the complete execution of this sentence, it was necessary that the preliminary measures should be secret. A knowledge of their fate would impel numbers to

flight, and others, urged by despair, would rush into rebellion, and oppose force by force. There was likewise but one method in which justice could be fully executed. By assembling the whole body of the people in the circus, the task imposed on their assassins would be with more facility executed, and the theatre of their offences would be made, as justice required, the scene of their punishment.

With these views, the horsemen, a few hours after their arrival, set out on their return, with secret directions to Walimer, under the emperor's own seal, to collect the people in the circus, under pretence of an equestrian exhibition, and slay them to a man.

The number of the people did not fall short of three hundred thousand. Rufinus laid claim to the praise of clemency, in withstanding the fury of his master, whose revenge reluctantly consented to spare one. The criminals were naturally supposed chiefly to consist of males of mature age, and justice was thought to be satisfied with the destruction of one third of this number. The circus usually contained between twenty and thirty thousand spectators.

These messengers were, likewise, charged with letters to Julius Malchus, the prefect, in which he was informed, that the prince had received the tidings of what had lately happened. Much regret was expressed for the fate of Botheric, and the magistrate was charged to execute speedy and condign justice on the authors of the tumult. To show, however, that Theodosius confided in the zeal of the civil magistrates, that he discriminated between the innocent and guilty, and that, notwithstanding these outrages, he had not withdrawn his affection from this people, he authorised the magistrates to publish his forgiveness, and in testimony of his sincerity, to invite them to a splendid exhibition of the public games.

A tedious interval elapsed between the departure and return of Walimer's messengers. This interval was big with anxiety and suspense. The popular disquiet and impatience increased as the day approached which was to decide their fate. Antioch, which three years before had committed a less atrocious offence, and which had escaped with the utmost difficul-

ty, a sentence of extermination, was universally remembered, and was the parent of rueful prognostics.

The attention which regular pursuits and sober duties required, was swallowed up by this growing fear. Ears were open to nothing but rumours and conjectures, and the popular mind was alternately agonised with terror, and elated with hope. Sleep was harassed with terrific dreams, and, in many, even the appetite for food was suspended by their mournful presages.

If there be any proportion between evils inflicted and suffered, the death of Botheric was retributed, a thousand fold, in a single day after its occurrence; but twenty-eight days elapsed, and each hour added to the weight of apprehension which oppressed the last.

The distance by land, and round the head of the Hadriatic, from Thessalonica to the imperial residence, was eight hundred and seventy-five miles. The journey, therefore, though pursued with little intermission, by means of post horses, and covered litters, could not be effected in less than fourteen days. One day would be consumed in deliberation, and an equal period of fourteen days would elapse, before letters could be received from *Mediolanum* by the public carriers.

The messengers, dispatched by Malchus, were outstripped, in expedition, by those of Walimer, and the emperor's letters were delivered to the prefect one day sooner than was expected by him. He dreaded to unclose the packet, perceiving, that the information received by the ministers had gone through the hands of the soldiers, by whom the truth would unavoidably be perverted. The senate was convened, and the dispatches laid before them.

Intimations of this event reached the people. A senatorial meeting, at an uncustomary hour, was prolific of conjecture and alarm. Multitudes hastened to the senate house, and the members of that body forced their way, with difficulty, through the crowd which besieged the entrances. The tumult and clamour became so great, that the prefect was obliged to postpone the opening of the packets, till a senator had exhorted the multitude to order and forbearance, and explained the purport

of the meeting, promising to return as soon as the decision of the emperor was known, and impart to them the tidings.

This assurance was followed by a general pause. Every murmur was hushed. Every eye was fixed, in anxious gaze, upon the door through which the speaker had withdrawn from their sight, and at which he was momently expected to re-appear. The uproar of a troubled sea was succeeded by portentous calm, and the silence of death.

At length the magistrate came forth. The joy, indicated by his countenance, did not escape the general observation. Their hopes were elated, and exultation spoke forth from every mouth, as soon as the forgiveness and gracious condescention of the prince were made known. He was heard, distinctly, by few; but the rapturous exclamations of those conveyed the import of the speech to the most distant spectators.

The joyous tidings were diffused with unspeakable celerity. Pleasure was proportioned to the dread that had lately prevailed. Fire and the sword were ready to involve them in a common ruin; but these evils were averted, and not only their pristine security returned, but their darling sports, with new embellishments, were to be renewed. The exhibitions of the circus were ordered to take place on the next day.

The streets resounded with mutual congratulations. Laughter and song, and dance, and feasting, and magnificent illuminations, and processions to the churches, to pour forth the praises of God and of Theodosius, the father of his people, and the darling of mankind, occupied the people during the succeeding night.

The senators, after the first emotions of their joy had subsided, began to look upon this circumstance with eyes of some suspicion. The choleric and impetuous temper of Theodosius was well known. A much more trivial offence, in the inhabitants of Antioch, had excited his wrath, and prompted him to decree the destruction of the guilty city.

The crime of Thessalonica had been reported by the soldiers. No deprecation had been used. The cause of the tumult and the punishment of its authors, were unknown at the time when Valimer dismissed his messengers. Time for the

interposition of beneficent counsellors, or for rage to be displaced by equanimity, had not been allowed.

It was, indeed, remembered that Antioch had fewer claims upon the affection of Theodosius, that the dictates of his hasty indignation, with regard to that city, had been to himself a topic of humiliation and regret, and that he might now be guarded against the impulse of choler. It was likewise known that the genuine intentions of the monarch had not, at any time, been concealed from the Antiochians; and no motives could be imagined by which the prince might be induced to conceal his anger, or counterfeit forgiveness.

These opposite considerations were anxiously revolved by the prefect Malchus. He was unable to divest his mind wholly of inquietude and doubt. The acquiescence of the soldiers, in a sentence like this, was incredible. Macro and Eustace had not dipped their hands in the blood of Botheric and his retinue. Search was made for those who had been active in the bloody fray; but the evidence obtained was doubtful and contradictory, and the populace began to view their deportment as justified by necessity and self-defence. The officers were known by all to be, with regard to the crowd surrounding them, the first assailants.

The secret, if any secret existed, was reposited with Walimer. A careful observation of his conduct might detect the truth. For this purpose an interview was necessary. To invite him and his tribunes to a banquet was an obvious expedient to detect the truth, if his purposes were hostile, or to confirm his intentions, if they were amicable and pacific.

The senators and officers were therefore invited to a feast. Malchus selected the most sagacious of his servants, and directed them to treat the military followers in a cordial and bounteous manner, and to watch their looks and discourse. Some unguarded expression, it was thought, would escape them in the midst of their carousals, betraying their designs.

This scheme was partly frustrated by the precaution of Walimer, who at once testified his confidence in Malchus, and precluded the hazard of impetuosity or babbling in his soldiers, by coming to the palace of the prefect unattended except by his

tribunes. The carousals were prolonged till midnight, and every proof of a sincere reconciliation was given by the guests.

The next day was ushered in as a solemn and joyous festival. It happened that this day was sacred to Demetrius, the saint or tutelary genius of the city, and to whose divine influence the people fondly ascribed the clemency of Theodosius.

It was usual for centinels to be posted at the avenues of the hippodrome. This was a customary duty, and, to admit it on this occasion, would have bred suspicion. No alarm, therefore, was excited by the march, at noon-day, of a detachment from the citadel for this purpose.

On the preceding night, Malchus had imparted his doubts and apprehensions to some of the senators. A secret consultation had been held. No measures sufficiently conducive to their safety could be adopted. Whatever evil was meditated by the soldiers, it was impossible to avert or elude it. The towers and gates were in their hands. Circumspection or disguise would avail nothing. If the danger had assumed any known form, suitable precautions could scarcely be discovered; but now, when all was uncertain and inscrutable, a frank and fearless deportment was most proper.

The presence of the senate and magistrates was necessary at the public shows. My mind was actuated by inexplicable fears, and I would willingly have forborne to attend; but reflection convinced me that my life was equally in the power of the soldiers, in the recesses of my palace, and in the courts of the citadel.

Noon arrived, thousands hurried to the hippodrome; the concourse was uncommonly large, as numbers from the neighbouring villages and districts flocked to the spectacle; all benches were quickly filled and galleries crowded; I proceeded thither at the head of the senatorial order, and was received with low obeisance by the guards, and with loud acclamations by the people. The games only waited the arrival of the general and tribunes to begin.

His approach was quickly announced by the sound of military music. At that moment a civil officer, whose face was pale with affright, thrust himself amidst the crowd, and whispered

something in the ear of a senator who sat near me. The senator was observed to start; and inquiry being made into the cause of his alarm, he replied, that Walimer was followed, not by the usual retinue, but by a formidable brigade, who surrounded the circus and seemed to meditate violence.

Walimer and his officers now entered and placed themselves on an elevated platform assigned for his use, and which was ascended by a, narrow staircase. His entrance was greeted by grateful acclamations, and he was observed to bow his head in token of his satisfaction. In a moment after, the trumpet, whose note was a signal for the chariots to start from their goal, was sounded.

Before the signal was obeyed, a dart, thrown by an unknown hand, and with inconceivable force, struck the breast of a charioteer, who fell headlong from his seat. His horses were alarmed, and swerving from their true direction, threw all into disorder. This event was noticed by the people with amazement.

Their attention was speedily recalled from this object by troops of soldiers rushing through the various passages, and brandishing their swords. No time was allowed to question their purpose or elude it. They fell upon those who were nearest and hewed them to pieces.

Every avenue poured forth a destroying band. Few, therefore, were allowed to be mere spectators of the danger. Every one witnessed the butchery of his neighbour, and shrunk from the swords, which, in a few moments, would be steeped in his own blood.

The multitude rose, with one consent, from their seats. The extent of the evil that threatened them was fully apprehended by none. They were far from imagining that this havoc was directed or sanctioned by the prince. They did not conceive that the soldiers had acted by the orders of Walimer; but that a conspiracy was formed against them by the military order was apparent.

Those who were near the station of Walimer, stretched their hands towards him in supplication, and uttered the most

piercing cries of distress. His sullen and immoveable air convinced them that he was an accomplice in their fate.

Some vainly flattered themselves that the sword would be weary of its task before it reached them. They sheltered themselves behind their neighbours, and in their eagerness to put themselves in the midst of the crowd, were bereaved of breath, or trampled under foot.

Those whose situation exposed them to the first assault, struggled to gain the passages. Such as escaped the edge of the sabre and passed into the square, were transfixed by darts. The soldiers were drawn up in firm array, and extending themselves on all sides, rendered escape impossible.

To expatiate on the scene that followed, and which did not terminate till midnight; to count up the victims, to describe the various circumstances of their death, is a task to which I am unequal. Language sinks under the enormity and complication of these ills. I was a witness and partaker; the images exist in my imagination as vividly as when they were presented to my senses; my blood is still chilled, my dreams are still agonised by dire remembrance; but my eloquence is too feeble to impart to others the conceptions of my own mind.

The woes of my country are not past. Hundreds who escaped the bounds of this devoted city, are, like me, in the full fruition of melancholy or despair. The images of wife and offspring, of friends and neighbours, mangled by the sword, or perishing by lingering torments, pursue them to their retreats, and deny them a momentary respite. Some have lost their terror only by the extinction of their reason; and the phantoms of the past have disappeared in the confusion of insanity. Others, whose heroic or fortunate efforts set them beyond the reach of the soldiers, were no sooner at liberty to review the past, and contemplate their condition, than they inflicted on themselves that death which had been, with so much difficulty avoided, when menaced by others. Their misery was too abrupt, and too enormous, to be forgotten or endured.

I envy the lot of such, but it will quickly be my lot. The period of forgetfulness, or of tranquil existence in another

scene, is hastening to console me. Meanwhile, my task shall be, to deliver to you, and to posterity, a faithful narrative. The horrors of this scene are only portions of the evil that has overspread the Roman world, which has been inflicted by the cavalry of Scythia, and which will end only in the destruction of the empire, and the return of the human species to their original barbarity.

MEMOIRS

OF

CARWIN, THE BILOQUIST.

I WAS the second son of a farmer, whose place of residence was a western district of Pennsylvania. My eldest brother seemed fitted by nature for the employment to which he was destined. His wishes never led him astray from the hay-stack and the furrow. His ideas never ranged beyond the sphere of his vision, or suggested the possibility that to-morrow could differ from to-day. He could read and write, because he had no alternative between learning the lesson prescribed to him, and punishment. He was diligent, as long as fear urged him forward, but his exertion ceased with the cessation of this motive. The limits of his acquirements consisted in signing his name, and spelling out a chapter in the bible.

My character was the reverse of his. My thirst of knowledge was augmented in proportion as it was supplied with gratification. The more I heard or read, the more restless and unconquerable my curiosity became. My senses were perpetually alive to novelty, my fancy teemed with visions of the future, and my attention fastened upon every thing mysterious or unknown.

My father intended that my knowledge should keep pace with that of my brother, but conceived that all beyond the mere capacity to write and read was useless or pernicious. He took as much pains to keep me within these limits, as to

make the acquisitions of my brother come up to them, but his efforts were not equally successful in both cases. The most vigilant and jealous scrutiny was exerted in vain; reproaches and blows, painful privations and ignominious penances had no power to slacken my zeal, and abate my perseverance. He might enjoin upon me the most laborious tasks, set the envy of my brother to watch me during the performance, make the most diligent search after my books, and destroy them without mercy, when they were found; but he could not out-root my darling propensity. I exerted all my powers to elude his watchfulness. Censures and stripes were sufficiently unpleasing to make me strive to avoid them. To affect this desirable end, I was incessantly employed in the invention of stratagems and the execution of expedients.

My passion was surely not deserving of blame, and I have frequently lamented the hardships to which it subjected me; yet, perhaps, the claims which were made upon my ingenuity and fortitude, were not without beneficial effects upon my character.

This contention lasted from the sixth to the fourteenth year of my age. My father's opposition to my schemes was incited by a sincere though unenlightened desire for my happiness. That all his efforts were secretly eluded or obstinately repelled, was a source of the bitterest regret. He has often lamented, with tears, what he called my incorrigible depravity, and encouraged himself to perseverance by the notion of the ruin that would inevitably overtake me if I were allowed to persist in my present career. Perhaps, the sufferings which arose to him from the disappointment were equal to those which he inflicted on me.

In my fourteenth year, events happened which ascertained my future destiny. One evening I had been sent to bring cows from a meadow, some miles distant from my father's mansion. My time was limited, and I was menaced with severe chastisement, if, according to my custom, I should stay beyond the period assigned.

For some time these menaces rung in my ears, and I went on my way with speed. I arrived at the meadow, but the cattle

had broken the fence and escaped. It was my duty to carry home the earliest tidings of this accident, but the first suggestion was to examine the cause and manner of this escape. The field was bounded by cedar railing. Five of these rails were laid horizontally from post to post. The upper one had been broken in the middle, but the rest had merely been drawn out of the holes on one side, and rested with their ends on the ground. The means which had been used for this end, the reason why one only was broken, and that one the uppermost; how a pair of horns could be so managed as to effect that which the hands of man would have found difficult, supplied a theme of meditation.

Some accident recalled me from this reverie, and reminded me how much time had thus been consumed. I was terrified at the consequences of my delay, and sought with eagerness how they might be obviated. I asked myself if there were not a way back shorter than that by which I had come. The beaten road was rendered circuitous by a precipice that projected into a neighbouring stream, and closed up a passage by which the length of the way would have been diminished one half: at the foot of the cliff the water was of considerable depth, and agitated by an eddy. I could not estimate the danger which I should incur by plunging into it, but I was resolved to make the attempt. I have reason to think, that this experiment, if it had been tried, would have proved fatal, and my father, while he lamented my untimely fate, would have been wholly unconscious that his own unreasonable demands had occasioned it.

I turned my steps towards the spot. To reach the edge of the stream was by no means an easy undertaking, so many abrupt points and gloomy hollows were interposed. I had frequently skirted and penetrated this tract, but had never been so completely entangled in the maze as now: hence I had remained unacquainted with a narrow pass, which, at the distance of an hundred yards from the river, would conduct me, though not without danger and toil, to the opposite side of the ridge.

This glen was now discovered, and this discovery induced me to change my plan. If a passage could be here effected, it

would be shorter and safer than that which led through the stream, and its practicability was to be known only by experiment. The path was narrow, steep, and overshadowed by rocks. The sun was nearly set, and the shadow of the cliff above obscured the passage almost as much as midnight would have done: I was accustomed to despise danger when it presented itself in a sensible form, but, by a defect common in every one's education, goblins and spectres were to me the objects of the most violent apprehensions. These were unavoidably connected with solitude and darkness, and were present to my fears when I entered this gloomy recess.'

These terrors are always lessened by calling the attention away to some indifferent object. I now made use of this expedient, and began to amuse myself by hallowing as loud as organs of unusual compass and vigour would enable me. I uttered the words which chanced to occur to me, and repeated in the shrill tones of a Mohock savage, "cow! cow! come home! home!"—These notes were of course reverberated from the rocks which on either side towered aloft, but the echo was confused and indistinct.

I continued, for some time, thus to beguile the way, till I reached a space more than commonly abrupt, and which required all my attention. My rude ditty was suspended till I had surmounted this impediment. In a few minutes I was at leisure to renew it. After finishing the strain, I paused. In a few seconds a voice as I then imagined, uttered the same cry from the point of a rock some hundred feet behind me; the same words, with equal distinctness and deliberation, and in the same tone, appeared to be spoken. I was startled by this incident, and cast a fearful glance behind, to discover by whom it was uttered. The spot where I stood was buried in dusk, but the eminences were still invested with a luminous and vivid twilight. The speaker, however, was concealed from my view.

I had scarcely begun to wonder at this occurrence, when a new occasion for wonder, was afforded me. A few seconds, in like manner, elapsed, when my ditty was again rehearsed, with a no less perfect imitation, in a different quarter. To

this quarter I eagerly turned my eyes, but no one was visible: The station, indeed, which this new speaker seemed to occupy, was inaccessible to man or beast.

If I were surprised at this second repetition of my words, judge how much my surprise must have been augmented, when the same calls were a third time repeated, and coming still in a new direction. Five times was this ditty successively resounded, at intervals nearly equal, always from a new quarter, and with little abatement of its original distinctness and force.

A little reflection was sufficient to shew that this was no more than an echo of an extraordinary kind. My terrors were quickly supplanted by delight. The motives to dispatch were forgotten, and I amused myself for an hour, with talking to these cliffs; I placed myself in new positions, and exhausted my lungs and my invention in new clamours.

The pleasures of this new discovery were an ample compensation for the ill treatment which I expected on my return. By some caprice in my father I escaped merely with a few reproaches. I seized the first opportunity of again visiting this recess, and repeating my amusement; time, and incessant repetition, could scarcely lessen its charms or exhaust the variety produced by new tones and new positions.

The hours in which I was most free from interruption and restraint were those of moonlight. My brother and I occupied a small room above the kitchen, disconnected, in some degree, with the rest of the house. It was the rural custom to retire early to bed and to anticipate the rising of the sun. When the moonlight was strong enough to permit me to read, it was my custom to escape from bed, and hie with my book to some neighbouring eminence, where I would remain stretched on the mossy rock, till the sinking or beclouded moon, forbade me to continue my employment. I was indebted for books to a friendly person in the neighbourhood, whose compliance with my solicitations was prompted partly by benevolence and partly by enmity to my father, whom he could not more egregiously offend than by gratifying my perverse and pernicious curiosity.

In leaving my chamber I was obliged to use the utmost caution to avoid rousing my brother, whose temper disposed him to thwart me in the least of my gratifications. My purpose was surely laudable, and yet on leaving the house and returning to it, I was obliged to use the vigilance and circumspection of a thief.

One night I left my bed with this view. I posted first to my vocal glen, and thence scrambling up a neighbouring steep which overlooked a wide extent of this romantic country, gave myself up to contemplation, and the perusal of Milton's Comus.

My reflections were naturally suggested by the singularity of this echo. To hear my own voice speak at a distance would have been formerly regarded as prodigious. To hear too, that voice, not uttered by another, by whom it might easily be mimicked, but by myself! I cannot now recollect the transition which led me to the notion of sounds, similar to these, but produced by other means than reverberation. Could I not so dispose my organs as to make my voice appear at a distance?

From speculation I proceeded to experiment. The idea of a distant voice, like my own, was intimately present to my fancy. I exerted myself with a most ardent desire, and with something like a persuasion that I should succeed. I started with surprise, for it seemed as if success had crowned my attempts. I repeated the effort, but failed. A certain position of the organs took place on the first attempt, altogether new, unexampled, and as it were by accident, for I could not attain it on the second experiment.

You will not wonder that I exerted myself with indefatigable zeal to regain what had once, though for so short a space, been in my power. Your own ears have witnessed the success of these efforts. By perpetual exertion I gained it a second time, and now was a diligent observer of the circumstances attending it. Gradually I subjected these finer and more subtle motions to the command of my will. What was at first difficult, by exercise and habit, was rendered easy. I learned

to accommodate my voice to all the varieties of distance and direction.

It cannot be denied that this faculty is wonderful and rare, but when we consider the possible modifications of muscular motion, how few of these are usually exerted, how imperfectly they are subjected to the will, and yet that the will is capable of being rendered unlimited and absolute, will not our wonder cease?

We have seen men who could hide their tongues so perfectly, that even an anatomist, after the most accurate inspection that a living subject could admit, has affirmed the organ to be wanting, but this was effected by the exertion of muscles unknown and incredible to the greater part of mankind.

The concurrence of teeth, palate and tongue, in the formation of speech should seem to be indispensable, and yet men have spoken distinctly though wanting a tongue, and to whom, therefore, teeth and palate were superfluous. The tribe of motions requisite to this end, are wholly latent and unknown, to those who possess that organ.

I mean not to be more explicit. I have no reason to suppose a peculiar conformation or activity in my own organs, or that the power which I possess may not, with suitable directions and by steady efforts, be obtained by others, but I will do nothing to facilitate the acquisition. It is by far too liable to perversion for a good man to desire to possess it, or to teach it to another.

There remained but one thing to render this instrument as powerful in my hands as it was capable of being. From my childhood, I was remarkably skilful at imitation. There were few voices whether of men or birds or beasts which I could not imitate with success. To add my ancient, to my newly acquired skill, to talk from a distance, and at the same time, in the accents of another, was the object of my endeavours, and this object, after a certain number of trials, I finally obtained.

In my present situation every thing that denoted intellectual exertion was a crime, and exposed me to invectives if not to stripes. This circumstance induced me to be silent to all others on the subject of my discovery. But, added to this,

was a confused belief, that it might be made, in some way instrumental to my relief from the hardships and restraints of my present condition. For some time I was not aware of the mode in which it might be rendered subservient to this end.

My father's sister was an ancient lady, resident in Philadelphia, the relict of a merchant, whose decease left her the enjoyment of a frugal competence. She was without children, and had often expressed her desire that her nephew Frank, whom she always considered as a sprightly and promising lad, should be put under her care. She offered to be at the expense of my education, and to bequeath to me at her death her slender patrimony.

This arrangement was obstinately rejected by my father, because it was merely fostering and giving scope to propensities, which he considered as hurtful, and because his avarice desired that this inheritance should fall to no one but himself. To me, it was a scheme of ravishing felicity, and to be debarred from it was a source of anguish known to few. I had too much experience of my father's pertinaciousness ever to hope for a change in his views; yet the bliss of living with my aunt, in a new and busy scene, and in the unbounded indulgence of my literary passion, continually occupied my thoughts: for a long time these thoughts were productive only of despondency and tears.

Time only enhanced the desirableness of this scheme; my new faculty would naturally connect itself with these wishes, and the question could not fail to occur whether it might not aid me in the execution of my favourite plan.

A thousand superstitious tales were current in the family. Apparitions had been seen, and voices had been heard on a multitude of occasions. My father was a confident believer in supernatural tokens. The voice of his wife, who had been many years dead, had been twice heard at midnight whispering at his pillow. I frequently asked myself whether a scheme favourable to my views might not be built upon these foundations. Suppose (thought I) my mother should be made to enjoin upon him compliance with my wishes?

This idea bred in me a temporary consternation. To imitate the voice of the dead, to counterfeit a commission from heaven, bore the aspect of presumption and impiety. It seemed an offence which could not fail to draw after it the vengeance of the deity. My wishes for a time yielded to my fears, but this scheme, in proportion as I meditated on it, became more plausible; no other occurred to me so easy and so efficacious. I endeavoured to persuade myself that the end proposed, was, in the highest degree praiseworthy, and that the excellence of my purpose would justify the means employed to attain it.

My resolutions were, for a time, attended with fluctuations and misgivings. These gradually disappeared, and my purpose became firm; I was next to devise the means of effecting my views, this did not demand any tedious deliberation. It was easy to gain access to my father's chamber without notice or detection, cautious footsteps and the suppression of breath would place me, unsuspected and unthought of, by his bed side. The words I should use, and the mode of utterance were not easily settled, but having at length selected these, I made myself by much previous repetition, perfectly familiar with the use of them.

I selected a blustering and inclement night, in which the darkness was augmented by a veil of the blackest clouds. The building we inhabited was slight in its structure, and full of crevices through which the gale found easy way, and whistled in a thousand cadencies. On this night the elemental music was remarkably sonorous, and was mingled not unfrequently with thunder heard remote.

I could not divest myself of secret dread. My heart faultered with a consciousness of wrong. Heaven seemed to be present and to disapprove my work; I listened to the thunder and the winds, as to the stern voice of this disapprobation. Big drops stood on my forehead, and my tremors almost incapacitated me from proceeding.

These impediments however I surmounted; I crept up stairs at midnight, and entered my father's chamber. The darkness was intense, and I sought with outstretched hands for

his bed. The darkness, added to the trepidation of my thoughts, disabled me from making a right estimate of distances: I was conscious of this, and when I advanced within the room, paused.

I endeavoured to compare the progress I had made with my knowledge of the room, and governed by the result of this comparison, proceeded cautiously and with my hands still outstretched in search of the foot of the bed. At this moment lightning flashed into the room: the brightness of the gleam was dazzling, yet it afforded me an exact knowledge of my situation. I had mistaken my way, and discovered that my knees nearly touched the bedstead, and that my hands at the next step, would have touched my father's cheek. His closed eyes and every line in his countenance, were painted, as it were, for an instant on my sight.

The flash was accompanied with a burst of thunder, whose vehemence was stunning. I always entertained a dread of thunder, and now recoiled, overborne with terror. Never had I witnessed so luminous a gleam and so tremendous a shock, yet my father's slumber appeared not to be disturbed by it.

I stood irresolute and trembling; to prosecute my purpose in this state of mind was impossible. I resolved for the present to relinquish it, and turned with a view of exploring my way out of the chamber. Just then a light seen through the window, caught my eye. It was at first weak but speedily increased; no second thought was necessary to inform me that the barn, situated at a small distance from the house, and newly stored with hay, was in flames, in consequence of being struck by the lightning.

My terror at this spectacle made me careless of all consequences relative to myself. I rushed to the bed and throwing myself on my father, awakened him by loud cries. The family were speedily roused, and were compelled to remain impotent spectators of the devastation. Fortunately the wind blew in a contrary direction, so that our habitation was not injured.

The impression that was made upon me by the incidents of that night is indelible. The wind gradually rose into an hurricane; the largest branches were torn from the trees, and whirled aloft into the air; others were uprooted and laid prostrate on the ground. The barn was a spacious edifice, consisting wholly of wood, and filled with a plenteous harvest. Thus supplied with fuel, and fanned by the wind, the fire raged with incredible fury; meanwhile, clouds rolled above, whose blackness was rendered more conspicuous by reflection from the flames, the vast volumes of smoke were dissipated in a moment by the storm, while glowing fragments and cinders were borne to an immense height, and tossed every where in wild confusion. Ever and anon the sable canopy that hung around us was streaked with lightning, and the peals, by which it was accompanied, were deafening, and with scarcely any intermission.

It was, doubtless, absurd to imagine any connexion between this portentous scene and the purpose that I had meditated, yet a belief of this connexion, though wavering and obscure, lurked in my mind; something more than a coincidence merely casual, appeared to have subsisted between my situation, at my father's bed side, and the flash that darted through the window, and diverted me from my design. It palsied my courage, and strengthened my conviction, that my scheme was criminal.

After some time had elapsed, and tranquility was, in some degree, restored in the family, my father reverted to the circumstances in which I had been discovered on the first alarm of this event. The truth was impossible to be told. I felt the utmost reluctance to be guilty of a falsehood, but by falsehood only could I elude detection. That my guilt was the offspring of a fatal necessity, that the injustice of others gave it birth and made it unavoidable, afforded me slight consolation. Nothing can be more injurious than a lie, but its evil tendency chiefly respects our future conduct. Its direct consequences may be transient and few, but it facilitates a repetition, strengthens temptation, and grows into habit. I pretended some necessity had drawn me from my bed, and that discovering the condition of the barn, I hastened to inform my father.

Some time after this, my father summoned me to his presence. I had been previously guilty of disobedience to his commands, in a matter about which he was usually very scrupulous. My brother had been privy to my offence, and had threatened to be my accuser. On this occasion I expected nothing but arraignment and punishment. Weary of oppression, and hopeless of any change in my father's temper and views, I had formed the resolution of eloping from his house, and of trusting, young as I was, to the caprice of fortune. I was hesitating whether to abscond without the knowledge of the family, or to make my resolutions known to them; and while I avowed my resolution to adhere to it in spite of opposition and remonstrances, I received this summons.

I was employed at this time in the field; night was approaching, and I had made no preparation for departure; all the preparation in my power to make, was indeed small; a few clothes, made into a bundle, was the sum of my possessions. Time would have little influence in improving my prospects, and I resolved to execute my scheme immediately.

I left my work, intending to seek my chamber, and taking what was my own, to disappear forever. I turned a stile that led out of the field into a bye path, when my father appeared before me, advancing in an opposite direction; to avoid him was impossible, and I summoned my fortitude to a conflict with his passion.

As soon as we met, instead of anger and upbraiding, he told me, that he had been reflecting on my aunt's proposal, to take me under her protection, and had concluded that the plan was proper; if I still retained my wishes on that head, he would readily comply with them, and that, if I chose, I might set off for the city next morning, as a neighbour's waggon was preparing to go.

I shall not dwell on the rapture with which this proposal was listened to: it was with difficulty that I persuaded myself that he was in earnest in making it, nor could divine the reasons for so sudden and unexpected a change in his maxims. These I afterwards discovered. Some one had instilled into him fears, that my aunt, exasperated at his opposition to her request

respecting the unfortunate Frank, would bequeath her property to strangers; to obviate this evil, which his avarice prompted him to regard as much greater than any mischief that would accrue to me from the change of my abode, he embraced her proposal.

I entered with exultation and triumph on this new scene; my hopes were by no means disappointed. Detested labour was exchanged for luxurious idleness. I was master of my time, and the chooser of my occupations. My kinswoman, on discovering that I entertained no relish for the drudgery of colleges, and was contented with the means of intellectual gratification, which I could obtain under her roof, allowed me to pursue my own choice.

Three tranquil years passed away, during which, each day added to my happiness, by adding to my knowledge. My biloquial faculty was not neglected. I improved it by assiduous exercise; I deeply reflected on the use to which it might be applied. I was not destitute of pure intentions; I delighted not in evil; I was incapable of knowingly contributing to another's misery, but the sole or principal end of my endeavours was not the happiness of others.

I was actuated by ambition. I was delighted to possess superior power; I was prone to manifest that superiority, and was satisfied if this were done, without much solicitude concerning consequences. I sported frequently with the apprehensions of my associates, and threw out a bait for their wonder, and supplied them with occasions for the structure of theories. It may not be amiss to enumerate one or two adventures in which I was engaged.

I had taken much pains to improve the sagacity of a favourite spaniel. It was my purpose, indeed, to ascertain to what degree of improvement the principles of reasoning and imitation could be carried in a dog. There is no doubt that the animal affixes distinct ideas to sounds. What are the possible limits of his vocabulary no one can tell. In conversing with my dog I did not use English words, but selected simple monosyllables. Habit likewise enabled him to comprehend my gestures. If I crossed my hands on my breast he understood the

signal and laid down behind me. If I joined my hands and lifted them to my breast, he returned home. If I grasped one arm above the elbow he ran before me. If I lifted my hand to my forehead he trotted composedly behind. By one motion I could make him bark; by another, I could reduce him to silence. He would howl in twenty different strains of mournfulness, at my bidding. He would fetch and carry with undeviating faithfulness.

His actions being thus chiefly regulated by gestures, that to a stranger would appear indifferent or casual, it was easy to produce a belief that the animal's knowledge was much greater than, in truth, it was.

One day, in a mixed company, the discourse turned upon the unrivalled abilities of Damon. Damon had, indeed, acquired in all the circles which I frequented, an extraordinary reputation. Numerous instances of his sagacity were quoted and some of them exhibited on the spot. Much surprise was excited by the readiness with which he appeared to comprehend sentences of considerable abstraction and complexity, though, he in reality, attended to nothing but the movements of hand or fingers with which I accompanied my words. I enhanced the astonishment of some and excited the ridicule of others, by observing that my dog not only understood English when spoken by others, but actually spoke the language himself, with no small degree of precision.

This assertion could not be admitted without proof; proof, therefore, was readily produced. At a known signal, Damon began a low, interrupted noise, in which the astonished hearers clearly distinguished English words. A dialogue began between the animal and his master, which was maintained, on the part of the former, with great vivacity and spirit. In this dialogue, the dog asserted the dignity of his species and capacity of intellectual improvement. The company separated, lost in wonder, but perfectly convinced by the evidence that had been produced.

On a subsequent occasion a select company was assembled at a garden, at a small distance from the city. Discourse glided

through a variety of topics, till it alighted at length on the subject of invisible beings. From the speculations of philosophers we proceeded to the creations of the poet. Some maintained the justness of Shakespear's delineations of aerial beings, while others denied it. By no violent transition, Ariel and his songs were introduced, and a lady, celebrated for her musical skill, was solicited to accompany her pedal harp with the song of "Five fathom deep thy father lies"—She was known to have set, for her favourite instrument, all the songs of Shakespear.

My youth made me little more than an auditor on this occasion. I sat apart from the rest of the company, and carefully noted every thing. The track which the conversation had taken, suggested a scheme which was not thoroughly digested when the lady began her enchanting strain.

She ended and the audience were mute with rapture. The pause continued, when a strain was wafted to our ears from another quarter. The spot where we sat was embowered by a vine. The verdant arch was lofty and the area beneath was spacious.

The sound proceeded from above. At first it was faint and scarcely audible; presently it reached a louder key, and every eye was cast up in expectation of beholding a face among the pendant clusters. The strain was easily recognised, for it was no other than that which Ariel is made to sing when finally absolved from the service of the wizard.

> In the Cowslips bell I lie,
> On the Bat's back I do fly—
> After summer merrily, &c.

Their hearts palpitated as they listened: they gazed at each other for a solution of the mystery. At length the strain died away at distance, and an interval of silence was succeeded by an earnest discussion of the cause of this prodigy. One supposition only could be adopted, which was, that the strain was uttered by human organs. That the songster was stationed on the roof of the arbour, and having finished his melody had risen into the viewless fields of air.

I had been invited to spend a week at this house: this period was nearly expired when I received information that my aunt was suddenly taken sick, and that her life was in imminent danger. I immediately set out on my return to the city, but before my arrival she was dead.

This lady was entitled to my gratitude and esteem; I had received the most essential benefits at her hand. I was not destitute of sensibility, and was deeply affected by this event: I will own, however, that my grief was lessened by reflecting on the consequences of her death, with regard to my own condition. I had been ever taught to consider myself as her heir, and her death, therefore, would free me from certain restraints.

My aunt had a female servant, who had lived with her for twenty years: she was married, but her husband, who as an artizan, lived apart from her: I had no reason to suspect the woman's sincerity and disinterestedness; but my aunt was no sooner consigned to the grave than a will was produced, in which Dorothy was named her sole and universal heir.

It was in vain to urge my expectations and my claims; the instrument was legibly and legally drawn up; Dorothy was exasperated by my opposition and surmises, and vigorously enforced her title. In a week after the decease of my kinswoman, I was obliged to seek a new dwelling. As all my property consisted in my clothes and my papers, this was easily done.

My condition was now calamitous and forlorn. Confiding in the acquisition of my aunt's patrimony, I had made no other provision for the future; I hated manual labour, or any task of which the object was gain. To be guided in my choice of occupations by any motive but the pleasure which the occupation was qualified to produce, was intolerable to my proud, indolent, and restive temper.

This resource was now cut off; the means of immediate subsistence were denied me: If I had determined to acquire the knowledge of some lucrative art, the acquisition would demand time, and, meanwhile, I was absolutely destitute of support.

My father's house was, indeed, open to me, but I preferred to stifle myself with the filth of the kennel, rather than return to it.

Some plan it was immediately necessary to adopt. The exigence of my affairs, and this reverse of fortune, continually occupied my thoughts; I estranged myself from society and from books, and devoted myself to lonely walks and mournful meditation.

One morning as I ranged along the bank of Schuylkill, I encountered a person, by name Ludloe, of whom I had some previous knowledge. He was from Ireland; was a man of some rank, and apparently rich: I had met with him before, but in mixed companies, where little direct intercourse had taken place between us. Our last meeting was in the arbour where Ariel was so unexpectedly introduced.

Our acquaintance merely justified a transient salutation; but he did not content himself with noticing me as I passed, but joined me in my walk and entered into conversation. It was easy to advert to the occasion on which we had last met, and to the mysterious incident which then occurred. I was solicitous to dive into his thoughts upon this head, and put some questions which tended to the point that I wished.

I was somewhat startled when he expressed his belief, that the performer of this mystic strain was one of the company then present, who exerted, for this end, a faculty not commonly possessed. Who this person was he did not venture to guess, and could not discover, by the tokens which he suffered to appear, that his suspicions glanced at me. He expatiated with great profoundness and fertility of ideas, on the uses to which a faculty like this might be employed. No more powerful engine, he said, could be conceived, by which the ignorant and credulous might be moulded to our purposes; managed by a man of ordinary talents, it would open for him the straightest and surest avenues to wealth and power.

His remarks excited in my mind a new strain of thoughts. I had not hitherto considered the subject in this light, though vague ideas of the importance of this art could not fail to be occasionally suggested: I ventured to inquire into his ideas of

the mode, in which an art like this could be employed, so as to effect the purposes he mentioned.

He dealt chiefly in general representations. Men, he said, believed in the existence and energy of invisible powers, and in the duty of discovering and conforming to their will. This will was supposed to be sometimes made known to them through the medium of their senses. A voice coming from a quarter where no attendant form could be seen, would, in most cases, be ascribed to supernal agency, and a command imposed on them, in this manner, would be obeyed with religious scrupulousness. Thus men might be imperiously directed in the disposal of their industry, their property, and even of their lives. Men, actuated by a mistaken sense of duty, might, under this influence, be led to the commission of the most flagitious, as well as the most heroic acts: if it were his desire to accumulate wealth, or institute a new sect, he should need no other instrument.

I listened to this kind of discourse with great avidity, and regretted when he thought proper to introduce new topics. He ended by requesting me to visit him, which I eagerly consented to do. When left alone, my imagination was filled with the images suggested by this conversation. The hopelessness of better fortune, which I had lately harboured, now gave place to cheering confidence. Those motives of rectitude which should deter me from this species of imposture, had never been vivid or stable, and were still more weakened by the artifices of which I had already been guilty. The utility or harmlessness of the end, justified, in my eyes, the means.

No event had been more unexpected by me, than the bequest of my aunt to her servant. The will, under which the latter claimed, was dated prior to my coming to the city. I was not surprised, therefore, that it had once been made, but merely that it had never been cancelled or superseded by a later instrument. My wishes inclined me to suspect the existence of a later will, but I had conceived that, to ascertain its existence, was beyond my power.

Now, however, a different opinion began to be entertained. This woman like those of her sex and class was unlettered and

superstitious. Her faith in spells and apparitions was of the most lively kind. Could not her conscience be awakened by a voice from the grave? Lonely and at midnight, my aunt might be introduced, upbraiding her for her injustice, and commanding her to atone for it by acknowledging the claim of the rightful proprietor.

True it was, that no subsequent will might exist, but this was the fruit of mistake, or of negligence. She probably intended to cancel the old one, but this act might, by her own weakness, or by the artifices of her servant, be delayed till death had put it out of her power. In either case a mandate from the dead could scarcely fail of being obeyed.

I considered this woman as the usurper of my property. Her husband, as well as herself, was, laborious and covetous; their good fortune had made no change in their mode of living, but they were as frugal and as eager to accumulate as ever. In their hands, money was inert and sterile, or it served to foster their vices. To take it from them would, therefore, be a benefit both to them and to myself; not even an imaginary injury would be inflicted. Restitution, if legally compelled to it, would be reluctant and painful, but if enjoined by Heaven would be voluntary, and the performance of a seeming duty would carry with it its own reward.

These reasonings, aided by inclination, were sufficient to determine me. I have no doubt but their fallacy would have been detected in the sequel, and my scheme have been productive of nothing but confusion and remorse. From these consequences, however, my fate interposed, as in the former instance, to save me.

Having formed my resolution, many preliminaries to its execution were necessary to be settled. These demanded deliberation and delay; meanwhile I recollected my promise to Ludloe, and paid him a visit. I met a frank and affectionate reception. It would not be easy to paint the delight which I experienced in this man's society. I was at first oppressed with the sense of my own inferiority in age, knowledge and rank. Hence arose numberless reserves and incapacitating diffidences; but these were speedily dissipated by the fascinations of

this man's address. His superiority was only rendered, by time, more conspicuous; but this superiority, by appearing never to be present to his own mind, ceased to be uneasy to me. My questions required to be frequently answered, and my mistakes to be rectified; but my keenest scrutiny could detect in his manner neither arrogance nor contempt. He seemed to talk merely from the overflow of his ideas, or a benevolent desire of imparting information.

My visits gradually became more frequent. Meanwhile my wants increased, and the necessity of some change in my condition became daily more urgent. This incited my reflections on the scheme which I had formed. The time and place suitable to my design, were not selected without much anxious inquiry and frequent waverings of purpose. These being at length fixed, the interval to elapse, before the carrying of my design into effect, was not without perturbation and suspense. These could not be concealed from my new friend, and at length prompted him to inquire into the cause.

It was not possible to communicate the whole truth; but the warmth of his manner inspired me with some degree of ingenuousness. I did not hide from him my former hopes and my present destitute condition. He listened to my tale with no expressions of sympathy, and when I had finished, abruptly inquired, whether I had any objection to a voyage to Europe? I answered in the negative He then said that he was preparing to depart in a fortnight and advised me to make up my mind to accompany him.

This unexpected proposal gave me pleasure and surprise, but the want of money occurred to me as an insuperable objection. On this being mentioned, O! ho! said he, carelessly, that objection is easily removed, I will bear all expenses of your passage myself.

The extraordinary beneficence of this act as well as the air of uncautiousness attending it, made me doubt the sincerity of his offer, and when new declarations removed this doubt, I could not forbear expressing at once my sense of his generosity and of my own unworthiness.

He replied, that generosity had been expunged from his catalogue as having no meaning or a vicious one. It was the scope of his exertions to be just. This was the sum of human duty, and he that fell short, ran beside, or outstripped justice was a criminal. What he gave me was my due or not my due. If it were my due, I might reasonably demand it from him and it was wicked to withhold it. Merit on one side or gratitude on the other, were contradictory and unintelligible.

If I were fully convinced that this benefit was not my due and yet received it, he should hold me in contempt. The rectitude of my principles and conduct would be the measure of his approbation, and no benefit should he ever bestow which the receiver was not intitled to claim, and which it would not be criminal in him to refuse.

These principles were not new from the mouth of Ludloe, but they had, hitherto, been regarded as the fruits of a venturous speculation in my mind. I had never traced them into their practical consequences, and if his conduct on this occasion had not squared with his maxims, I should not have imputed to him inconsistency. I did not ponder on these reasonings at this time: objects of immediate importance engrossed my thoughts.

One obstacle to this measure was removed. When my voyage was performed how should I subsist in my new abode? I concealed not my perplexity, and he commented on it in his usual manner. How did I mean to subsist, he asked, in my own country? The means of living would be, at least, as much within my reach there as here. As to the pressure of immediate and absolute want, he believed I should be exposed to little hazard. With talents such as mine, I must be hunted by a destiny peculiarly malignant, if I could not provide myself with necessaries wherever my lot were cast.

He would make allowances, however, for my diffidence and self-distrust, and would obviate my fears by expressing his own intentions with regard to me. I must be apprised, however, of his true meaning. He laboured to shun all hurtful and vicious things, and therefore carefully abstained from making or confiding in promises. It was just to assist me in this voyage, and

it would probably be equally just to continue to me similar assistance when it was finished. That indeed was a subject, in a great degree, within my own cognizance. His aid would be proportioned to my wants and to my merits, and I had only to take care that my claims were just, for them to be admitted.

This scheme could not but appear to me eligible. I thirsted after an acquaintance with new scenes; my present situation could not be changed for a worse; I trusted to the constancy of Ludloe's friendship; to this at least it was better to trust than to the success of my imposture on Dorothy, which was adopted merely as a desperate expedient: finally I determined to embark with him.

In the course of this voyage my mind was busily employed. There were no other passengers besides ourselves, so that my own condition and the character of Ludloe continually presented themselves to my reflections. It will be supposed that I was not a vague or indifferent observer.

There were no vicissitudes in the deportment, or lapses in the discourse of my friend. His feelings appeared to preserve an unchangeable tenor, and his thoughts and words always to flow with the same rapidity. His slumber was profound, and his wakeful hours serene. He was regular and temperate in all his exercises and gratifications. Hence were derived his clear perceptions and exuberant health.

This treatment of me, like all his other mental and corporeal operations, was modelled by one inflexible standard. Certain scruples and delicacies were incident to my situation. Of the existence of these he seemed to be unconscious, and yet nothing escaped him inconsistent with a state of absolute equality.

I was naturally inquisitive as to his fortune and the collateral circumstances of his condition. My notions of politeness hindered me from making direct inquiries. By indirect means I could gather nothing but that his state was opulent and independent, and that he had two sisters whose situation resembled his own.

Though, in conversation, he appeared to be governed by the utmost candour; no light was let in upon the former transac-

tions of his life. The purpose of his visit to America I could merely guess to be the gratification of curiosity.

My future pursuits must be supposed chiefly to occupy my attention. On this head I was destitute of all stedfast views. Without profession or habits of industry, or sources of permanent revenue, the world appeared to me an ocean on which my bark was set afloat, without compass or sail. The world into which I was about to enter, was untried and unknown, and though I could consent to profit by the guidance, I was unwilling to rely on the support of others.

This topic being nearest my heart, I frequently introduced into conversation with my friend; but on this subject he always allowed himself to be led by me, while on all others, he was zealous to point the way. To every scheme that I proposed he was sure to cause objections. All the liberal professions were censured as perverting the understanding, by giving scope to the sordid motive of gain, or embuing the mind with erroneous principles. Skill was slowly obtained, and success, though integrity and independence must be given for it, dubious and instable. The mechanical trades were equally obnoxious; they were vicious by contributing to the spurious gratifications of the rich and multiplying the objects of luxury; they were destruction to the intellect and vigour of the artizan; they enervated his frame and brutalised his mind.

When I pointed out to him the necessity of some species of labour, he tacitly admitted that necessity, but refused to direct me in the choice of a pursuit, which though not free from defect should yet have the fewest inconveniences. He dwelt on the fewness of our actual wants, the temptations which attend the possession of wealth, the benefits of seclusion and privacy, and the duty of unfettering our minds from the prejudices which govern the world.

His discourse tended merely to unsettle my views and increase my perplexity. This effect was so uniform that I at length desisted from all allusions to this theme, and endeavoured to divert my own reflections from it. When our voyage should be finished, and I should actually tread this new stage,

I believed that I should be better qualified to judge of the measures to be taken by me.

At length we reached Belfast. From thence we immediately repaired to Dublin. I was admitted as a member of his family. When I expressed my uncertainty as to the place to which it would be proper for me to repair, he gave me a blunt but cordial invitation to his house. My circumstances allowed me no option, and I readily complied. My attention was for a time engrossed by a diversified succession of new objects. Their novelty however disappearing left me at liberty to turn my eyes upon myself and my companion, and here my reflections were supplied with abundant food.

His house was spacious and commodious, and furnished with profusion and elegance. A suit of apartments was assigned to me, in which I was permitted to reign uncontrouled, and access was permitted to a well furnished library. My food was furnished in my own room, prepared in the manner which I had previously directed. Occasionally Ludloe would request my company to breakfast, when an hour was usually consumed in earnest or sprightly conversation. At all other times he was invisible; and his apartments, being wholly separate from mine, I had no opportunity of discovering in what way his hours were employed.

He defended this mode of living as being most compatible with liberty. He delighted to expatiate on the evils of cohabitation. Men, subjected to the same regimen, compelled to eat and sleep and associate at certain hours, were strangers to all rational independence and liberty. Society would never be exempt from servitude and misery, till those artificial ties which held human beings together under the same roof were dissolved. He endeavoured to regulate his own conduct in pursuance of these principles, and to secure to himself as much freedom as the present regulations of society would permit. The same independence which he claimed for himself he likewise extended to me. The distribution of my own time, the selection of my own occupations and companions should belong to myself.

But these privileges, though while listening to his arguments I could not deny them to be valuable, I would have willingly dispensed with. The solitude in which I lived became daily more painful. I ate and drank, enjoyed clothing and shelter, without the exercise of forethought or industry; I walked and sat, went out and returned for as long and at what seasons I thought proper, yet my condition was a fertile source of discontent.

I felt myself removed to a comfortless and chilling distance from Ludloe. I wanted to share in his occupations and views. With all his ingenuousness of aspect and overflow of thoughts, when he allowed me his company, I felt myself painfully bewildered with regard to his genuine condition and sentiments.

He had it in his power to introduce me to society, and without an introduction, it was scarcely possible to gain access to any social circle or domestic fireside. Add to this, my own obscure prospects and dubious situation. Some regular intellectual pursuit would render my state less irksome, but I had hitherto adopted no scheme of this kind.

Time tended, in no degree, to alleviate my dissatisfaction. It increased till the determination became at length formed of opening my thoughts to Ludloe. At the next breakfast interview which took place, I introduced the subject, and expatiated, without reserve, on the state of my feelings. I concluded with intreating him to point out some path in which my talents might be rendered useful to himself or to mankind.

After a pause of some minutes, he said, what would you do? You forget the immaturity of your age. If you are qualified to act a part in the theatre of life, step forth; but you are not qualified. You want knowledge, and with this you ought previously to endow yourself. Means, for this end, are within your reach. Why should you waste your time in idleness, and torment yourself with unprofitable wishes? books are at hand; books from which most sciences and languages can be learned. Read, analyse, digest; collect facts, and investigate theories: ascertain the dictates of reason, and supply yourself with the inclination and the power to adhere to them. You will not, legally speaking, be a man in less than three years. Let this period be de-

voted to the acquisition of wisdom. Either stay here, or retire to an house I have on the banks of Killarney, where you will find all the conveniences of study.

I could not but reflect with wonder at this man's treatment of me. I could plead none of the rights of relationship; yet I enjoyed the privileges of a son. He had not imparted to me any scheme, by pursuit of which I might finally compensate him for the expense to which my maintenance and education would subject him. He gave me reason to hope for the continuance of his bounty. He talked and acted as if my fortune were totally disjoined from his; yet was I indebted to him for the morsel which sustained my life. Now it was proposed to withdraw myself to studious leisure, and romantic solitude. All my wants, personal and intellectual, were to be supplied gratuitously and copiously. No means were prescribed by which I might make compensation for all these benefits. In conferring them he seemed to be actuated by no view to his own ultimate advantage. He took no measures to secure my future services.

I suffered these thoughts to escape me, on this occasion, and observed that to make my application successful, or useful, it was necessary to pursue some end. I must look forward to some post which I might hereafter occupy beneficially to myself or others; and for which all the efforts of my mind should be bent to qualify myself.

These hints gave him visible pleasure; and now, for the first time, he deigned to advise me on this head. His scheme, however, was not suddenly produced. The way to it was circuitous and long. It was his business to make every new step appear to be suggested by my own reflections. His own ideas were the seeming result of the moment, and sprung out of the last idea that was uttered. Being hastily taken up, they were of course, liable to objection. These objections, sometimes occurring to me and sometimes to him, were admitted or contested with the utmost candour. One scheme went through numerous modifications before it was proved to be ineligible, or before it yielded place to a better. It was easy to perceive, that books alone were insufficient to impart knowledge: that

man must be examined with our own eyes to make us acquainted with their nature; that ideas, collected from observation and reading, must correct and illustrate each other: that the value of all principles, and their truth, lie in their practical effects. Hence, gradually arose, the usefulness of travelling, of inspecting the habits and manners of a nation, and investigating, on the spot, the causes of their happiness and misery. Finally, it was determined that Spain was more suitable than any other, to the views of a judicious traveller.

My language, habits, and religion were mentioned as obstacles to close and extensive views; but these difficulties successively and slowly vanished. Converse with books, and natives of Spain, a steadfast purpose and unwearied diligence would efface all differences between me and a Castilian with respect to speech. Personal habits were changeable, by the same means The bars to unbounded intercourse, arising from the religion of Spain being irreconcileably opposite to mine, cost us no little trouble to surmount, and here the skill of Ludloe was eminently displayed.

I had been accustomed to regard as unquestionable, the fallacy of the Romish faith. This persuasion was habitual and the child of prejudice, and was easily shaken by the artifices of this logician. I was first led to bestow a kind of assent on the doctrines of the Roman church; but my convictions were easily subdued by a new species of argumentation, and, in a short time, I reverted to my ancient disbelief, so that, if an exterior conformity to the rights of Spain were requisite to the attainment of my purpose, that conformity must be dissembled.

My moral principles had hitherto been vague and unsettled. My circumstances had led me to the frequent practice of insincerity; but my transgressions, as they were slight and transient, did not much excite my previous reflections, or subsequent remorse. My deviations, however, though rendered easy by habit, were by no means sanctioned by my principles. Now, an imposture, more profound and deliberate, was projected; and I could not hope to perform well my part, unless steadfastly and thoroughly persuaded of its rectitude.

My friend was the eulogist of sincerity. He delighted to trace its influence on the happiness of mankind; and proved that nothing but the universal practice of this virtue was necessary to the perfection of human society. His doctrine was splendid and beautiful. To detect its imperfections was no easy task; to lay the foundations of virtue in utility, and to limit, by that scale, the operation of general principles; to see that the value of sincerity, like that of every other mode of action, consisted in its tendency to good, and that, therefore, the obligation to speak truth was not paramount or intrinsical: that my duty is modelled on a knowledge and foresight of the conduct of others; and that, since men in their actual state are infirm and deceitful, a just estimate of consequences may sometimes make dissimulation my duty, were truths that did not speedily occur. The discovery, when made, appeared to be a joint work. I saw nothing in Ludloe but proofs of candour, and a judgment incapable of bias.

The means which this man employed to fit me for his purpose, perhaps owed their success to my youth and ignorance. I may have given you exaggerated ideas of his dexterity and address. Of that I am unable to judge. Certain it is, that no time or reflection has abated my astonishment at the profoundness of his schemes, and the perseverance with which they were pursued by him. To detail their progress would expose me to the risk of being tedious, yet none but minute details would sufficiently display his patience and subtlety.

It will suffice to relate, that after a sufficient period of preparation, and arrangements being made for maintaining a copious intercourse with Ludloe, I embarked for Barcelona. A restless curiosity and vigorous application have distinguished my character in every scene. Here, was spacious field for the exercise of all my energies. I sought out a preceptor in my new religion. I entered into the hearts of priests and confessors, the *hidalgo* and the peasant, the monk and the prelate, the austere and voluptuous devotee were scrutinised in all their forms.

Man was the chief subject of my study, and the social sphere that in which I principally moved; but I was not inattentive to inanimate nature, nor unmindful of the past. If the scope

of virtue were to maintain the body in health, and to furnish its highest enjoyments to every sense, to increase the number, and accuracy, and order of our intellectual stores, no virtue was ever more unblemished than mine. If to act upon our conceptions of right, and to acquit ourselves of all prejudice and selfishness in the formation of our principles, entitle us to the testimony of a good conscience, I might justly claim it.

I shall not pretend to ascertain my rank in the moral scale. Your notions of duty differ widely from mine. If a system of deceit, pursued merely from the love of truth; if voluptuousness, never gratified at the expense of health, may incur censure, I am censurable. This, indeed, was not the limit of my deviations. Deception was often unnecessarily practised, and my biloquial faculty did not lie unemployed. What has happened to yourselves may enable you, in some degree, to judge of the scenes in which my mystical exploits engaged me. In none of them, indeed, were the effects equally disastrous, and they were, for the most part, the result of well digested projects.

To recount these would be an endless task. They were designed as mere specimens of power, to illustrate the influence of superstition: to give sceptics the consolation of certainty: to annihilate the scruples of a tender female, or facilitate my access to the bosoms of courtiers and monks.

The first atchievement of this kind took place in the convent of the Escurial. For some time the hospitality of this brotherhood allowed me a cell in that magnificent and gloomy fabric. I was drawn hither chiefly by the treasures of Arabian literature, which are preserved here in the keeping of a learned Maronite, from Lebanon. Standing one evening on the steps of the great altar, this devout friar expatiated on the miraculous evidences of his religion; and, in a moment of enthusiasm, appealed to San Lorenzo, whose martyrdom was displayed before us. No sooner was the appeal made, than the saint, obsequious to the summons, whispered his responses from the shrine, and commanded the heretic to tremble and believe. This event was reported to the convent. With whatever reluctance, I could not refuse my testimony to its truth, and its

influence on my faith was clearly shewn in my subsequent conduct.

A lady of rank, in Seville, who had been guilty of many unauthorised indulgences, was, at last, awakened to remorse, by a voice from Heaven, which she imagined had commanded her to expiate her sins by an abstinence from all food for thirty days. Her friends found it impossible to outroot this persuasion, or to overcome her resolution even by force. I chanced to be one in a numerous company where she was present. This fatal illusion was mentioned, and an opportunity afforded to the lady of defending her scheme. At a pause in the discourse, a voice was heard from the ceiling, which confirmed the truth of her tale; but, at the same time revoked the command, and, in consideration of her faith, pronounced her absolution. Satisfied with this proof, the auditors dismissed their unbelief, and the lady consented to eat.

In the course of a copious correspondence with Ludloe, the observations I had collected were given. A sentiment, which I can hardly describe, induced me to be silent on all adventures connected with my bivocal projects. On other topics, I wrote fully, and without restraint. I painted, in vivid hues, the scenes with which I was daily conversant, and pursued, fearlessly, every speculation on religion and government that occurred. This spirit was encouraged by Ludloe, who failed not to comment on my narrative, and multiply deductions from my principles.

He taught me to ascribe the evils that infest society to the errors of opinion. The absurd and unequal distribution of power and property gave birth to poverty and riches, and these were the sources of luxury and crimes. These positions were readily admitted; but the remedy for these ills, the means of rectifying these errors, were not easily discovered. We have been inclined to impute them to inherent defects in the moral constitution of men: that oppression and tyranny grow up by a sort of natural necessity, and that they will perish only when the human species is extinct. Ludloe laboured to prove that this was, by no means, the case: that man is the creature of circumstances: that he is capable of endless improvement:

that his progress has been stopped by the artificial impediment of government: that by the removal of this, the fondest dreams of imagination will be realised.

From detailing and accounting for the evils which exist under our present institutions, he usually proceeded to delineate some scheme of Utopian felicity, where the empire of reason should supplant that of force: where justice should be universally understood and practised; where the interest of the whole and of the individual should be seen by all to be the same; where the public good should be the scope of all activity; where the tasks of all should be the same, and the means of subsistence equally distributed.

No one could contemplate his pictures without rapture. By their comprehensiveness and amplitude they filled the imagination. I was unwilling to believe that in no region of the world, or at no period could these ideas be realised. It was plain that the nations of Europe were tending to greater depravity, and would be the prey of perpetual vicissitude. All individual attempts at their reformation would be fruitless. He therefore who desired the diffusion of right principles, to make a just system be adopted by a whole community, must pursue some extraordinary method.

In this state of mind I recollected my native country, where a few colonists from Britain had sown the germe of populous and mighty empires. Attended, as they were, into their new abode, by all their prejudices, yet such had been the influence of new circumstances, of consulting for their own happiness, of adopting simple forms of government, and excluding nobles and kings from their system, that they enjoyed a degree of happiness far superior to their parent state.

To conquer the prejudices and change the habits of millions, are impossible. The human mind, exposed to social influences, inflexibly adheres to the direction that is given to it; but for the same reason why men, who begin in error, will continue, those, who commence in truth, may be expected to persist. Habit and example will operate with equal force in both instances.

Let a few, sufficiently enlightened and disinterested, take up their abode in some unvisited region. Let their social scheme be founded in equity, and how small soever their original number may be, their growth into a nation is inevitable. Among other effects of national justice, was to be ranked the swift increase of numbers. Exempt from servile obligations and perverse habits, endowed with property, wisdom and health, hundreds will expand, with inconceivable rapidity into thousands, and thousands into millions; and a new race, tutored in truth, may, in a few centuries, overflow the habitable world.

Such were the visions of youth! I could not banish them from my mind. I knew them to be crude; but believed that deliberation would bestow upon them solidity and shape. Meanwhile, I imparted them to Ludloe.

In answer to the reveries and speculations which I sent to him respecting this subject, Ludloe informed me, that they had led his mind into a new sphere of meditation. He had long and deeply considered in what way he might essentially promote my happiness. He had entertained a faint hope that I would one day be qualified for a station like that to which he himself had been advanced. This post required an elevation and stability of views which human beings seldom reach, and which could be attained by me only by a long series of heroic labours. Hitherto every new stage in my intellectual progress had added vigour to his hopes, and he cherished a stronger belief than formerly that my career would terminate auspiciously. This, however, was necessarily distant. Many preliminaries must first be settled; many arduous accomplishments be first obtained; and my virtue be subjected to severe trials. At present it was not in his power to be more explicit; but if my reflections suggested no better plan, he advised me to settle my affairs in Spain, and return to him immediately. My knowledge of this country would be of the highest use, on the supposition of my ultimately arriving at the honours to which he had alluded; and some of these preparatory measures could be taken only with his assistance, and in his company.

This intimation was eagerly obeyed, and, in a short time, I arrived at Dublin. Meanwhile my mind had copious occupa-

tion in commenting on my friend's letter. This scheme, whatever it was, seemed to be suggested by my mention of a plan of colonisation, and my preference of that mode of producing extensive and permanent effects on the condition of mankind. It was easy therefore to conjecture, that this mode had been pursued under some mysterious modifications and conditions.

It had always excited my wonder that so obvious an expedient had been overlooked. The globe which we inhabit was very imperfectly known. The regions and nations unexplored, it was reason to believe, surpassed in extent, and perhaps in populousness, those with which we were familiar. The order of Jesuits had furnished an example of all the errors and excellencies of such a scheme. Their plan was founded on erroneous notions of religion and policy, and they had absurdly chosen a scene* within reach of the injustice and ambition of an European tyrant.

It was wise and easy to profit by their example. Resting on the two props of fidelity and zeal, an association might exist for ages in the heart of Europe, whose influence might be felt, and might be boundless, in some region of the southern hemisphere; and by whom a moral and political structure might be raised, the growth of pure wisdom, and totally unlike those fragments of Roman and Gothic barbarism, which cover the face of what are called the civilised nations. The belief now rose in my mind that some such scheme had actually been prosecuted, and that Ludloe was a coadjutor. On this supposition, the caution with which he approached to his point, the arduous probation which a candidate for a part on this stage must undergo, and the rigours of that test by which his fortitude and virtue must be tried, were easily explained. I was too deeply imbued with veneration for the effects of such schemes, and too sanguine in my confidence in the rectitude of Ludloe, to refuse my concurrence in any scheme by which my qualifications might at length be raised to a due point.

Our interview was frank and affectionate. I found him situated just as formerly. His aspect, manners, and deport-

* Paraguay.

ment were the same. I entered once more on my former mode of life, but our intercourse became more frequent. We constantly breakfasted together, and our conversation was usually prolonged through half the morning.

For a time our topics were general. I thought proper to leave to him the introduction of more interesting themes: this, however, he betrayed no inclination to do. His reserve excited some surprise, and I began to suspect that whatever design he had formed with regard to me, had been laid aside. To ascertain this question, I ventured, at length, to recall his attention to the subject of his last letter, and to inquire whether subsequent reflection had made any change in his views.

He said that his views were too momentous to be hastily taken up, or hastily dismissed; the station, my attainment of which depended wholly on myself, was high above vulgar heads, and was to be gained by years of solicitude and labour. This, at least, was true with regard to minds ordinarily constituted; I, perhaps, deserved to be regarded as an exception, and might be able to accomplish in a few months that for which others were obliged to toil during half their lives.

Man, continued he, is the slave of habit. Convince him today that his duty leads straight forward: he shall advance, but at every step his belief shall fade; habit will resume its empire, and to-morrow he shall turn back, or betake himself to oblique paths.

We know not our strength till it be tried. Virtue, till confirmed by habit, is a dream. You are a man imbued by errors, and vincible by slight temptations. Deep inquiries must bestow light on your opinions, and the habit of encountering and vanquishing temptation must inspire you with fortitude. Till this be done, you are unqualified for that post, in which you will be invested with divine attributes, and prescribe the condition of a large portion of mankind.

Confide not in the firmness of your principles, or the stedfastness of your integrity. Be always vigilant and fearful. Never think you have enough of knowledge, and let not your caution slumber for a moment, for you know not when danger is near.

I acknowledged the justice of his admonitions, and professed myself willing to undergo any ordeal which reason should prescribe. What, I asked, were the conditions, on the fulfilment of which depended my advancement to the station he alluded to? was it necessary to conceal from me the nature and obligations of this rank?

These inquiries sunk him more profoundly into meditation than I had ever before witnessed. After a pause, in which some perplexity was visible, he answered:

I scarcely know what to say. As to promises, I claim them not from you. We are now arrived at a point, in which it is necessary to look around with caution, and that consequences should be fully known. A number of persons are leagued together for an end of some moment. To make yourself one of these is submitted to your choice. Among the conditions of their alliance are mutual fidelity and secrecy.

Their existence depends upon this: their existence is known only to themselves. This secrecy must be obtained by all the means which are possible. When I have said thus much, I have informed you, in some degree, of their existence, but you are still ignorant of the purpose contemplated by this association, and of all the members, except myself. So far, no dangerous disclosure is yet made: but this degree of concealment is not sufficient. Thus much is made known to you, because it is unavoidable. The individuals which compose this fraternity are not immortal, and the vacancies occasioned by death must be supplied from among the living. The candidate must be instructed and prepared, and they are always at liberty to recede. Their reason must approve the obligations and duties of their station, or they are unfit for it. If they recede, one duty is still incumbent upon them: they must observe an inviolable silence. To this they are not held by any promise. They must weigh consequences, and freely decide; but they must not fail to number among these consequences their own death.

Their death will not be prompted by vengeance. The executioner will say, he that has once revealed the tale is likely to reveal it a second time; and, to prevent this, the betrayer must die. Nor is this the only consequence: to prevent the further

revelation, he, to whom the secret was imparted, must likewise perish. He must not console himself with the belief that his trespass will be unknown. The knowledge cannot, by human means, be withheld from this fraternity. Rare, indeed, will it be that his purpose to disclose is not discovered before it can be effected, and the disclosure prevented by his death.

Be well aware of your condition. What I now, or may hereafter mention, mention not again. Admit not even a doubt as to the propriety of hiding it from all the world. There are eyes who will discern this doubt amidst the closest folds of your heart, and your life will instantly be sacrificed.

At present be the subject dismissed. Reflect deeply on the duty which you have already incurred. Think upon your strength of mind, and be careful not to lay yourself under impracticable obligations. It will always be in your power to recede. Even after you are solemnly enrolled a member, you may consult the dictates of your own understanding, and relinquish your post; but while you live, the obligation to be silent will perpetually attend you.

We seek not the misery or death of any one, but we are swayed by an immutable calculation. Death is to be abhorred, but the life of the betrayer is productive of more evil than his death: his death, therefore, we choose, and our means are instantaneous and unerring.

I love you. The first impulse of my love is to dissuade you from seeking to know more. Your mind will be full of ideas; your hands will be perpetually busy to a purpose into which no human creature, beyond the verge of your brotherhood, must pry. Believe me, who have made the experiment, that compared with this task, the task of inviolable secrecy, all others are easy. To be dumb will not suffice; never to know any remission in your zeal or your watchfulness will not suffice. If the sagacity of others detect your occupations, however strenuously you may labour for concealment, your doom is ratified, as well as that of the wretch whose evil destiny led him to pursue you.

Yet if your fidelity fail not, great will be your recompense. For all your toils and self-devotion, ample will be the retribu-

tion. Hitherto you have been wrapt in darkness and storm; then will you be exalted to a pure and unruffled element. It is only for a time that temptation will environ you, and your path will be toilsome. In a few years you will be permitted to withdraw to a land of sages, and the remainder of your life will glide away in the enjoyments of beneficence and wisdom.

Think deeply on what I have said. Investigate your own motives and opinions, and prepare to submit them to the test of numerous hazards and experiments.

Here my friend passed to a new topic. I was desirous of reverting to this subject, and obtaining further information concerning it, but he assiduously repelled all my attempts, and insisted on my bestowing deep and impartial attention on what had already been disclosed. I was not slow to comply with his directions. My mind refused to admit any other theme of contemplation than this.

As yet I had no glimpse of the nature of this fraternity. I was permitted to form conjectures, and previous incidents bestowed but one form upon my thoughts. In reviewing the sentiments and deportment of Ludloe, my belief continually acquired new strength. I even recollected hints and ambiguous allusions in his discourse, which were easily solved, on the supposition of the existence of a new model of society, in some unsuspected corner of the world.

I did not fully perceive the necessity of secrecy; but this necessity perhaps would be rendered apparent, when I should come to know the connection that subsisted between Europe and this imaginary colony. But what was to be done? I was willing to abide by these conditions. My understanding might not approve of all the ends proposed by this fraternity, and I had liberty to withdraw from it, or to refuse to ally myself with them. That the obligation of secrecy should still remain, was unquestionably reasonable.

It appeared to be the plan of Ludloe rather to damp than to stimulate my zeal. He discouraged all attempts to renew the subject in conversation. He dwelt upon the arduousness of the office to which I aspired, the temptations to violate my duty with which I should be continually beset, the inevitable death

with which the slightest breach of my engagements would be followed, and the long apprenticeship which it would be necessary for me to serve, before I should be fitted to enter into this conclave.

Sometimes my courage was depressed by these representations. My zeal, however, was sure to revive; and at length Ludloe declared himself willing to assist me in the accomplishment of my wishes. For this end, it was necessary, he said, that I should be informed of a second obligation, which every candidate must assume. Before any one could be deemed qualified, he must be thoroughly known to his associates. For this end, he must determine to disclose every fact in his history, and every secret of his heart. I must begin with making these confessions, with regard to my past life, to Ludloe, and must continue to communicate, at stated seasons, every new thought, and every new occurrence, to him. This confidence was to be absolutely limitless: no exceptions were to be admitted, and no reserves to be practised; and the same penalty attended the infraction of this rule as of the former. Means would be employed, by which the slightest deviation, in either case, would be detected, and the deathful consequence would follow with instant and inevitable expedition. If secrecy were difficult to practise, sincerity, in that degree in which it was here demanded, was a task infinitely more arduous, and a period of new deliberation was necessary before I should decide. I was at liberty to pause: nay, the longer was the period of deliberation which I took, the better; but, when I had once entered this path, it was not in my power to recede. After having solemnly avowed my resolution to be thus sincere in my confession, any particle of reserve or duplicity would cost me my life.

This indeed was a subject to be deeply thought upon. Hitherto I had been guilty of concealment with regard to my friend. I had entered into no formal compact, but had been conscious to a kind of tacit obligation to hide no important transaction of my life from him. This consciousness was the source of continual anxiety. I had exerted, on numerous occasions, my bivocal faculty, but, in my intercourse with Ludloe, had suffered

not the slightest intimation to escape me with regard to it. This reserve was not easily explained. It was, in a great degree, the product of habit; but I likewise considered that the efficacy of this instrument depended upon its existence being unknown. To confide the secret to one, was to put an end to my privilege: how widely the knowledge would thenceforth be diffused, I had no power to foresee.

Each day multiplied the impediments to confidence. Shame hindered me from acknowledging my past reserves. Ludloe, from the nature of our intercourse, would certainly account my reserve, in this respect, unjustifiable, and to excite his indignation or contempt was an unpleasing undertaking. Now, if I should resolve to persist in my new path, this reserve must be dismissed: I must make him master of a secret which was precious to me beyond all others; by acquainting him with past concealments, I must risk incurring his suspicion and his anger. These reflections were productive of considerable embarrassment.

There was, indeed, an avenue by which to escape these difficulties, if it did not, at the same time, plunge me into greater. My confessions might, in other respects, be unbounded, but my reserves, in this particular, might be continued. Yet should I not expose myself to formidable perils? Would my secret be for ever unsuspected and undiscovered?

When I considered the nature of this faculty, the impossibility of going farther than suspicion, since the agent could be known only by his own confession, and even this confession would not be believed by the greater part of mankind, I was tempted to conceal it.

In most cases, if I had asserted the possession of this power, I should be treated as a liar; it would be considered as an absurd and audacious expedient to free myself from the suspicion of having entered into compact with a dæmon, or of being myself an emissary of the grand foe. Here, however, there was no reason to dread a similar imputation, since Ludloe had denied the preternatural pretensions of these airy sounds.

My conduct on this occasion was nowise influenced by the belief of any inherent sanctity in truth. Ludloe had taught

me to model myself in this respect entirely with a view to immediate consequences. If my genuine interest, on the whole, was promoted by veracity, it was proper to adhere to it; but, if the result of my investigation were opposite, truth was to be sacrificed without scruple.

Meanwhile, in a point of so much moment, I was not hasty to determine. My delay seemed to be, by no means, unacceptable to Ludloe, who applauded my discretion, and warned me to be circumspect. My attention was chiefly absorbed by considerations connected with this subject, and little regard was paid to any foreign occupation or amusement.

One evening, after a day spent in my closet, I sought recreation by walking forth. My mind was chiefly occupied by the review of incidents which happened in Spain. I turned my face towards the fields, and recovered not from my reverie, till I had proceeded some miles on the road to Meath. The night had considerably advanced, and the darkness was rendered intense, by the setting of the moon. Being somewhat weary, as well as undetermined in what manner next to proceed, I seated myself on a grassy bank beside the road. The spot which I had chosen was aloof from passengers, and shrowded in the deepest obscurity.

Some time elapsed, when my attention was excited by the slow approach of an equipage. I presently discovered a coach and six horses, but unattended, except by coachman and postillion, and with no light to guide them on their way. Scarcely had they passed the spot where I rested, when some one leaped from beneath the hedge, and seized the head of the fore-horses. Another called upon the coachman to stop, and threatened him with instant death if he disobeyed. A third drew open the coach door, and ordered those within to deliver their purses. A shriek of terror showed me that a lady was within, who eagerly consented to preserve her life by the loss of her money.

To walk unarmed in the neighbourhood of Dublin, especially at night, has always been accounted dangerous. I had about me the usual instruments of defence. I was desirous of rescuing this person from the danger which surrounded her, but was somewhat at a loss how to effect my purpose. My single

strength was insufficient to contend with three ruffians. After a moment's debate, an expedient was suggested, which I hastened to execute.

Time had not been allowed for the ruffian who stood beside the carriage to receive the plunder, when several voices, loud, clamorous, and eager, were heard in the quarter whence the traveller had come. By trampling with quickness, it was easy to imitate the sound of many feet. The robbers were alarmed, and one called upon another to attend. The sounds increased, and, at the next moment, they betook themselves to flight, but not till a pistol was discharged. Whether it was aimed at the lady in the carriage, or at the coachman, I was not permitted to discover, for the report affrighted the horses, and they set off at full speed.

I could not hope to overtake them; I knew not whither the robbers had fled, and whether, by proceeding, I might not fall into their hands. These considerations induced me to resume my feet, and retire from the scene as expeditiously as possible. I regained my own habitation without injury.

I have said that I occupied separate apartments from those of Ludloe. To these there were means of access without disturbing the family. I hasted to my chamber, but was considerably surprised to find, on entering my apartment, Ludloe seated at a table, with a lamp before him.

My momentary confusion was greater than his. On discovering who it was, he assumed his accustomed looks, and explained appearances, by saying, that he wished to converse with me on a subject of importance, and had therefore sought me at this secret hour, in my own chamber. Contrary to his expectation, I was absent. Conceiving it possible that I might shortly return, he had waited till now. He took no further notice of my absence, nor manifested any desire to know the cause of it, but proceeded to mention the subject which had brought him hither. These were his words.

You have nothing which the laws permit you to call your own. Justice intitles you to the supply of your physical wants, from those who are able to supply them; but there are few who will acknowledge your claim, or spare an atom of their super-

fluity to appease your cravings. That which they will not spontaneously give, it is not right to wrest from them by violence. What then is to be done?

Property is necessary to your own subsistence. It is useful, by enabling you to supply the wants of others. To give food, and clothing, and shelter, is to give life, to annihilate temptation, to unshackle virtue, and propagate felicity. How shall property be gained?

You may set your understanding or your hands at work. You may weave stockings, or write poems, and exchange them for money; but these are tardy and meagre schemes. The means are disproportioned to the end, and I will not suffer you to pursue them. My justice will supply your wants.

But dependance on the justice of others is a precarious condition. To be the object is a less ennobling state than to be the bestower of benefit. Doubtless you desire to be vested with competence and riches, and to hold them by virtue of the law, and not at the will of a benefactor. He paused as if waiting for my assent to his positions. I readily expressed my concurrence, and my desire to pursue any means compatible with honesty. He resumed:

There are various means, besides labour, violence, or fraud. It is right to select the easiest within your reach. It happens that the easiest is at hand. A revenue of some thousands a year, a stately mansion in the city, and another in Kildare, old and faithful domestics, and magnificent furniture, are good things. Will you have them?

A gift like that, replied I, will be attended by momentous conditions. I cannot decide upon its value, until I know these conditions.

The sole condition is your consent to receive them. Not even the airy obligation of gratitude will be created by acceptance. On the contrary, by accepting them, you will confer the highest benefit upon another.

I do not comprehend you. Something surely must be given in return.

Nothing. It may seem strange that, in accepting the absolute controul of so much property, you subject yourself to no

conditions; that no claims of gratitude or service will accrue; but the wonder is greater still. The law equitably enough fetters the gift with no restraints, with respect to you that receive it; but not so with regard to the unhappy being who bestows it. That being must part, not only with property but liberty. In accepting the property, you must consent to enjoy the services of the present possessor. They cannot be disjoined.

Of the true nature and extent of the gift, you should be fully apprised. Be aware, therefore, that, together with this property, you will receive absolute power over the liberty and person of the being who now possesses it. That being must become your domestic slave; be governed, in every particular, by your caprice.

Happily for you, though fully invested with this power, the degree and mode in which it will be exercised will depend upon yourself. You may either totally forbear the exercise, or employ it only for the benefit of your slave. However injurious, therefore, this authority may be to the subject of it, it will, in some sense, only enhance the value of the gift to you.

The attachment and obedience of this being will be chiefly evident in one thing. Its duty will consist in conforming, in every instance, to your will. All the powers of this being are to be devoted to your happiness; but there is one relation between you, which enables you to confer, while exacting, pleasure. This relation is sexual. Your slave is a woman; and the bond, which transfers her property and person to you, is....marriage.

My knowledge of Ludloe, his principles, and reasonings, ought to have precluded that surprise which I experienced at the conclusion of his discourse. I knew that he regarded the present institution of marriage as a contract of servitude, and the terms of it unequal and unjust. When my surprise had subsided, my thoughts turned upon the nature of his scheme. After a pause of reflection, I answered:

Both law and custom have connected obligations with marriage, which, though heaviest on the female, are not light upon the male. Their weight and extent are not immutable and

uniform; they are modified by various incidents, and especially by the mental and personal qualities of the lady.

I am not sure that I should willingly accept the property and person of a woman decrepid with age, and enslaved by perverse habits and evil passions: whereas youth, beauty, and tenderness would be worth accepting, even for their own sake, and disconnected with fortune.

As to altar vows, I believe they will not make me swerve from equity. I shall exact neither service nor affection from my spouse. The value of these, and, indeed, not only the value, but the very existence, of the latter depends upon its spontaneity. A promise to love tends rather to loosen than strengthen the tie.

As to myself, the age of illusion is past. I shall not wed, till I find one whose moral and physical constitution will make personal fidelity easy. I shall judge without mistiness or passion, and habit will come in aid of an enlightened and deliberate choice.

I shall not be fastidious in my choice. I do not expect, and scarcely desire, much intellectual similitude between me and my wife. Our opinions and pursuits cannot be in common. While women are formed by their education, and their education continues in its present state, tender hearts and misguided understandings are all that we can hope to meet with.

What are the character, age, and person of the woman to whom you allude? and what prospect of success would attend my exertions to obtain her favour?

I have told you she is rich. She is a widow, and owes her riches to the liberality of her husband, who was a trader of great opulence, and who died while on a mercantile adventure to Spain. He was not unknown to you. Your letters from Spain often spoke of him. In short, she is the widow of Benington, whom you met at Barcelona. She is still in the prime of life; is not without many feminine attractions; has an ardent and credulent temper; and is particularly given to devotion. This temper it would be easy to regulate according to your pleasure and your interest, and I now submit to you the expediency of an alliance with her.

I am a kinsman, and regarded by her with uncommon deference; and my commendations, therefore, will be of great service to you, and shall be given.

I will deal ingenuously with you. It is proper you should be fully acquainted with the grounds of this proposal. The benefits of rank, and property, and independence, which I have already mentioned as likely to accrue to you from this marriage, are solid and valuable benefits; but these are not the sole advantages, and to benefit you, in these respects, is not my whole view.

No. My treatment of you henceforth will be regulated by one principle. I regard you only as one undergoing a probation or apprenticeship; as subjected to trials of your sincerity and fortitude. The marriage I now propose to you is desirable, because it will make you independent of me. Your poverty might create an unsuitable bias in favour of proposals, one of whose effects would be to set you beyond fortune's reach. That bias will cease, when you cease to be poor and dependent.

Love is the strongest of all human delusions. That fortitude, which is not subdued by the tenderness and blandishments of woman, may be trusted; but no fortitude, which has not undergone that test, will be trusted by us.

This woman is a charming enthusiast. She will never marry but him whom she passionately loves. Her power over the heart that loves her will scarcely have limits. The means of prying into your transactions, of suspecting and sifting your thoughts, which her constant society with you, while sleeping and waking, her zeal and watchfulness for your welfare, and her curiosity, adroitness, and penetration will afford her, are evident. Your danger, therefore, will be imminent. Your fortitude will be obliged to have recourse, not to flight, but to vigilance. Your eye must never close.

Alas! what human magnanimity can stand this test? How can I persuade myself that you will not fail? I waver between hope and fear. Many, it is true, have fallen, and dragged with them the author of their ruin, but some have soared above even these perils and temptations, with their fiery energies un-

impaired, and great has been, as great ought to be, their recompence.

But you are doubtless aware of your danger. I need not repeat the consequences of betraying your trust, the rigour of those who will judge your fault, the unerring and unbounded scrutiny to which your actions, the most secret and indifferent, will be subjected.

Your conduct, however, will be voluntary. At your own option be it, to see or not to see this woman. Circumspection, deliberation, forethought, are your sacred duties and highest interest.

Ludloe's remarks on the seductive and bewitching powers of women, on the difficulty of keeping a secret which they wish to know, and to gain which they employ the soft artillery of tears and prayers, and blandishments and menaces, are familiar to all men, but they had little weight with me, because they were unsupported by my own experience. I had never had any intellectual or sentimental connection with the sex. My meditations and pursuits had all led a different way, and a bias had gradually been given to my feelings, very unfavourable to the refinements of love. I acknowledge, with shame and regret, that I was accustomed to regard the physical and sensual consequences of the sexual relation as realities, and every thing intellectual, disinterested, and heroic, which enthusiasts connect with it, as idle dreams. Besides, said I, I am yet a stranger to the secret, on the preservation of which so much stress is laid, and it will be optional with me to receive it or not. If, in the progress of my acquaintance with Mrs. Benington, I should perceive any extraordinary danger in the gift, cannot I refuse, or at least delay to comply with any new conditions from Ludloe? Will not his candour and his affection for me rather commend than disapprove my diffidence? In fine, I resolved to see this lady.

She was, it seems, the widow of Benington, whom I knew in Spain. This man was an English merchant settled at Barcelona, to whom I had been commended by Ludloe's letters, and through whom my pecuniary supplies were furnished. Much intercourse and some degree of intimacy had taken place be-

tween us, and I had gained a pretty accurate knowledge of his character. I had been informed, through different channels, that his wife was much his superior in rank, that she possessed great wealth in her own right, and that some disagreement of temper or views occasioned their separation. She had married him for love, and still doated on him: the occasions for separation having arisen, it seems, not on her side but on his. As his habits of reflection were nowise friendly to religion, and as hers, according to Ludloe, were of the opposite kind, it is possible that some jarring had arisen between them from this source. Indeed, from some casual and broken hints of Benington, especially in the latter part of his life, I had long since gathered this conjecture. Something, thought I, may be derived from my acquaintance with her husband favourable to my views.

I anxiously waited for an opportunity of acquainting Ludloe with my resolution. On the day of our last conversation, he had made a short excursion from town, intending to return the same evening, but had continued absent for several days. As soon as he came back, I hastened to acquaint him with my wishes.

Have you well considered this matter? said he. Be assured it is of no trivial import. The moment at which you enter the presence of this woman will decide your future destiny. Even putting out of view the subject of our late conversations, the light in which you shall appear to her will greatly influence your happiness, since, though you cannot fail to love her, it is quite uncertain what return she may think proper to make. Much, doubtless, will depend on your own perseverance and address, but you will have many, perhaps insuperable obstacles to encounter on several accounts, and especially in her attachment to the memory of her late husband. As to her devout temper, this is nearly allied to a warm imagination in some other respects, and will operate much more in favour of an ardent and artful lover, than against him.

I still expressed my willingness to try my fortune with her.

Well, said he, I anticipated your consent to my proposal, and the visit I have just made was to her. I thought it best to pave

the way, by informing her that I had met with one for whom she had desired me to look out. You must know that her father was one of these singular men who set a value upon things exactly in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining or comprehending them. His passion was for antiques, and his favourite pursuit during a long life was monuments in brass, marble, and parchment, of the remotest antiquity. He was wholly indifferent to the character or conduct of our present sovereign and his ministers, but was extremely solicitous about the name and exploits of a king of Ireland that lived two or three centuries before the flood. He felt no curiosity to know who was the father of his wife's child, but would travel a thousand miles, and consume months, in investigating which son of Noah it was that first landed on the coast of Munster. He would give a hundred guineas from the mint for a piece of old decayed copper no bigger than his nail, provided it had aukward characters upon it, too much defaced to be read. The whole stock of a great bookseller was, in his eyes, a cheap exchange for a shred of parchment, containing half a homily written by St. Patrick. He would have gratefully given all his patrimonial domains to one who should inform him what pendragon or druid it was who set up the first stone on Salisbury plain.

This spirit, as you may readily suppose, being seconded by great wealth and long life, contributed to form a very large collection of venerable lumber, which, though beyond all price to the collector himself, is of no value to his heiress but so far as it is marketable. She designs to bring the whole to auction, but for this purpose a catalogue and description are necessary. Her father trusted to a faithful memory, and to vague and scarcely legible memorandums, and has left a very arduous task to any one who shall be named to the office. It occurred to me, that the best means of promoting your views was to recommend you to this office.

You are not entirely without the antiquarian frenzy yourself. The employment, therefore, will be somewhat agreeable to you for its own sake. It will intitle you to become an inmate of the same house, and thus establish an incessant intercourse between you, and the nature of the business is such,

that you may perform it in what time, and with what degree of diligence and accuracy you please.

I ventured to insinuate that, to a woman of rank and family, the character of a hireling was by no means a favourable recommendation.

He answered, that he proposed, by the account he should give of me, to obviate every scruple of that nature. Though my father was no better than a farmer, it is not absolutely certain but that my remoter ancestors had princely blood in their veins: but as long as proofs of my low extraction did not impertinently intrude themselves, my silence, or, at most, equivocal surmises, seasonably made use of, might secure me from all inconveniences on the score of birth. He should represent me, and I was such, as his friend, favourite, and equal, and my passion for antiquities should be my principal inducement to undertake this office, though my poverty would make no objection to a reasonable pecuniary recompense.

Having expressed my acquiescence in his measures, he thus proceeded: My visit was made to my kinswoman, for the purpose, as I just now told you, of paving your way into her family; but, on my arrival at her house, I found nothing but disorder and alarm. Mrs. Benington, it seems, on returning from a longer ride than customary, last Thursday evening, was attacked by robbers. Her attendants related an imperfect tale of somebody advancing at the critical moment to her rescue. It seems, however, they did more harm than good; for the horses took to flight and overturned the carriage, in consequence of which Mrs. Benington was severely bruised. She has kept her bed ever since, and a fever was likely to ensue, which has only left her out of danger to day.

As the adventure before related, in which I had so much concern, occurred at the time mentioned by Ludloe, and as all other circumstances were alike, I could not doubt that the person whom the exertion of my mysterious powers had relieved was Mrs. Benington: but what an ill-omened interference was mine! The robbers would probably have been satisfied with the few guineas in her purse, and, on receiving these, would have left her to prosecute her journey in peace and security, but, by

absurdly offering a succour, which could only operate upon the fears of her assailants, I endangered her life, first by the desperate discharge of a pistol, and next by the fright of the horses. My anxiety, which would have been less if I had not been, in some degree, myself, the author of the evil, was nearly removed by Ludloe's proceeding to assure me that all danger was at end, and that he left the lady in the road to perfect health. He had seized the earliest opportunity of acquainting her with the purpose of his visit, and had brought back with him her cheerful acceptance of my services. The next week was appointed for my introduction.

With such an object in view, I had little leisure to attend to any indifferent object. My thoughts were continually bent upon the expected introduction, and my impatience and curiosity drew strength, not merely from the character of Mrs. Benington, but from the nature of my new employment. Ludloe had truly observed, that I was infected with somewhat of this antiquarian mania myself, and I now remembered that Benington had frequently alluded to this collection in possession of his wife. My curiosity had then been more than once excited by his representations, and I had formed a vague resolution of making myself acquainted with this lady and her learned treasure, should I ever return to Ireland. Other incidents had driven this matter from my mind.

Meanwhile, affairs between Ludloe and myself remained stationary. Our conferences, which were regular and daily, related to general topics, and though his instructions were adapted to promote my improvement in the most useful branches of knowledge, they never afforded a glimpse towards that quarter where my curiosity was most active.

The next week now arrived, but Ludloe informed me that the state of Mrs. Benington's health required a short excursion into the country, and that he himself proposed to bear her company. The journey was to last about a fortnight, after which I might prepare myself for an introduction to her.

This was a very unexpected and disagreeable trial to my patience. The interval of solitude that now succeeded would have passed rapidly and pleasantly enough, if an event of so

much moment were not in suspense. Books, of which I was passionately fond, would have afforded me delightful and incessant occupation, and Ludloe, by way of reconciling me to unavoidable delays, had given me access to a little closet, in which his rarer and more valuable books were kept.

All my amusements, both by inclination and necessity, were centered in myself and at home. Ludloe appeared to have no visitants, and though frequently abroad, or at least secluded from me, had never proposed my introduction to any of his friends, except Mrs. Bennington. My obligations to him were already too great to allow me to lay claim to new favours and indulgencies, nor, indeed, was my disposition such as to make society needful to my happiness. My character had been, in some degree, modelled by the faculty which I possessed. This deriving all its supposed value from impenetrable secrecy, and Ludloe's admonitions tending powerfully to impress me with the necessity of wariness and circumspection in my general intercourse with mankind, I had gradually fallen into sedate, reserved, mysterious, and unsociable habits. My heart wanted not a friend,

In this temper of mind, I set myself to examine the novelties which Ludloe's private book-cases contained. It will be strange, thought I, if his favourite volumes do not show some marks of my friend's character. To know a man's favourite or most constant studies cannot fail of letting in some little light upon his secret thoughts, and though he would not have given me the reading of these books, if he had thought them capable of unveiling more of his concerns than he wished, yet possibly my ingenuity may go one step farther than he dreams of. You shall judge whether I was right in my conjectures.

The books which composed this little library were chiefly the voyages and travels of the missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Added to these were some works upon political economy and legislation. Those writers who have amused themselves with reducing their ideas to practice, and drawing imaginary pictures of nations or republics, whose manners or government came up to their standard of excellence, were, all of whom I had ever heard, and some I had never

heard of before, to be found in this collection. A translation of Aristotle's republic, the political romances of sir Thomas Moore, Harrington, and Hume, appeared to have been much read, and Ludloe had not been sparing of his marginal comments. In these writers he appeared to find nothing but error and absurdity; and his notes were introduced for no other end than to point out groundless principles and false conclusions. The stile of these remarks was already familiar to me. I saw nothing new in them, or different from the strain of those speculations with which Ludlow was accustomed to indulge himself in conversation with me.

After having turned over the leaves of the printed volumes, I at length alighted on a small book of maps, from which, of course, I could reasonably expect no information, on that point about which I was most curious. It was an Atlas, in whicht he maps had been drawn by the pen. None of them contained any thing remarkable, so far as I, who was indeed a smatterer in geography, was able to perceive, till I came to the end, when I noticed a map, whose prototype I was wholly unacquainted with. It was drawn on a pretty large scale, representing two islands, which bore some feint resemblance, in their relative proportions, at least, to Great Britain and Ireland. In shape they were widely different, but as to size there was no scale by which to measure them. From the great number of subdivisions, and from signs, which apparently represented towns and cities, I was allowed to infer, that the country was at least as extensive as the British isles. This map was apparently unfinished, for it had no names inscribed upon it.

I have just said, my geographical knowledge was imperfect. Though I had not enough to draw the outlines of any country by memory, I had still sufficient to recognise what I had before seen, and to discover that none of the larger islands in our globe resembled the one before me. Having such and so strong motives to curiosity, you may easily imagine my sensations on surveying this map. Suspecting, as I did, that many of Ludloe's intimations alluded to a country well known to him, though unknown to others, I was, of course, inclined to suppose that this country was now before me.

In search of some clue to this mystery, I carefully inspected the other maps in this collection. In a map of the eastern hemisphere I soon observed the outlines of islands, which, though on a scale greatly diminished, were plainly similar to that of the land above described.

It is well known that the people of Europe are strangers to very nearly one half of the surface of the globe.* From the south pole up to the equator, it is only the small space occupied by Southern Africa and by South America with which we are acquainted. There is a vast extent, sufficient to receive a continent as large as North America, which our ignorance has filled only with water. In Ludloe's maps nothing was still to be seen, in these regions, but water, except in that spot where the transverse parallels of the southern tropic and the one hundred and fiftieth degree east longitude intersect each other. On this spot were Ludloe's islands placed, though without any name or inscription whatever.

I needed not to be told that this spot had never been explored by any European voyager, who had published his adventures. What authority had Ludloe for fixing a habitable land in this spot? and why did he give us nothing but the courses of shores and rivers, and the scite of towns and villages, without a name?

As soon as Ludloe had set out upon his proposed journey of a fortnight, I unlocked his closet, and continued rummaging among these books and maps till night. By that time I had turned over every book and almost every leaf in this small collection, and did not open the closet again till near the end of that period. Meanwhile I had many reflections upon this remarkable circumstance. Could Ludloe have intended that I should see this Atlas? It was the only book that could be styled a manuscript on these shelves, and it was placed beneath several others, in a situation far from being obvious and forward to the eye or the hand. Was it an oversight in him to leave it in my way, or could he have intended to lead my curiosity and knowledge a little farther onward by this accidental disclosure? In either case

* The reader must be reminded that the incidents of this narrative are supposed to have taken place before the voyages of Bougainville and Cook.

how was I to regulate my future deportment toward him? Was I to speak and act as if this Atlas had escaped my attention or not? I had already, after my first examination of it, placed the volume exactly where I found it. On every supposition I thought this was the safest way, and unlocked the closet a second time, to see that all was precisely in the original order. How was I dismayed and confounded on inspecting the shelves, to perceive that the Atlas was gone. This was a theft, which, from the closest being under lock and key, and the key always in my own pocket, and which, from the very nature of the thing stolen, could not be imputed to any of the domestics. After a few moments a suspicion occurred, which was soon changed into certainty by applying to the housekeeper, who told me that Ludloe had returned, apparently in much haste, the evening of the day on which he had set out upon his journey, and just after I had left the house, that he had gone into the room where this closet of books was, and, after a few minutes stay, came out again and went away. She told me also, that he had made general inquiries after me, to which she had answered, that she had not seen me during the day, and supposed that I had spent the whole of it abroad. From this account it was plain, that Ludloe had returned for no other purpose but to remove this book out of my reach. But if he had a double key to this door, what should hinder his having access, by the same means, to every other locked up place in the house?

This suggestion made me start with terror. Of so obvious a means for possessing a knowledge of every thing under his roof, I had never been till this moment aware. Such is the infatuation which lays our most secret thoughts open to the world's scrutiny. We are frequently in most danger when we deem ourselves most safe, and our fortress is taken sometimes through a point, whose weakness, nothing, it should seem, but the blindest stupidity could overlook.

My terrors, indeed, quickly subsided when I came to recollect, that there was nothing in any closet or cabinet of mine which could possibly throw light upon subjects which I desired to keep in the dark. The more carefully I inspected my own drawers, and the more I reflected on the character of Ludloe, as

I had known it, the less reason did there appear in my suspicions; but I drew a lesson of caution from this circumstance, which contributed to my future safety.

From this incident I could not but infer Ludloe's unwillingness to let me so far into his geographical secret, as well as the certainty of that suspicion, which had very early been suggested to my thoughts, that Ludloe's plans of civilisation had been carried into practice in some unvisited corner of the world. It was strange, however, that he should betray himself by such an inadvertency. One who talked so confidently of his own powers to unveil any secret of mine, and, at the same time, to conceal his own transactions, had surely committed an unpardonable error in leaving this important document in my way. My reverence, indeed, for Ludloe was such, that I sometimes entertained the notion that this seeming oversight was, in truth, a regular contrivance to supply me with a knowledge, of which, when I came maturely to reflect, it was impossible for me to make any ill use. There is no use in relating what would not be believed; and should I publish to the world the existence of islands in the space allotted by Ludloe's maps to these *incognitæ*, what would the world answer? That whether the space described was sea or land was of no importance. That the moral and political condition of its inhabitants was the only topic worthy of rational curiosity. Since I had gained no information upon this point; since I had nothing to disclose but vain and fastastic surmises; I might as well be ignorant of every thing. Thus, from secretly condemning Ludloe's imprudence, I gradually passed to admiration of his policy. This discovery had no other effect than to stimulate my curiosity; to keep up my zeal to prosecute the journey I had commenced under his auspices.

I had hitherto formed a resolution to stop where I was in Ludloe's confidence: to wait till the success should be ascertained of my projects with respect to Mrs. Benington, before I made any new advance in the perilous and mysterious road into which he had led my steps. But, before this tedious fortnight had elapsed, I was grown extremely impatient for an interview, and had nearly resolved to undertake whatever obligation he should lay upon me.

This obligation was indeed a heavy one, since it included the confession of my biloquial powers. In itself the confession was little. To possess this faculty was neither laudable nor culpable, nor had it been exercised in a way which I should be very much ashamed to acknowledge. It had led me into many insincerities and artifices, which, though not justifiable by any creed, was intitled to some excuse, on the score of youthful ardour and temerity. The true difficulty in the way of these confessions was the not having made them already. Ludloe had long been intitled to this confidence, and, though the existence of this power was venial or wholly innocent, the obstinate concealment of it was a different matter, and would certainly expose me to suspicion and rebuke. But what was the alternative? to conceal it: to incur those dreadful punishments awarded against treason in this particular. Ludloe's menaces still rung in my ears, and appalled my heart. How should I be able to shun them? By concealing from every one what I concealed from him? How was my concealment of such a faculty to be suspected or proved? Unless I betrayed myself, who could betray me?

In this state of mind, I resolved to confess myself to Ludloe in the way that he required, reserving only the secret of this faculty. Awful, indeed, said I, is the crisis of my fate. If Ludloe's declarations are true, a horrid catastrophe awaits me: but as fast as my resolutions were shaken, they were confirmed anew by the recollection—who can betray me but myself? If I deny, who is there can prove? Suspicion can never light upon the truth. If it does, it can never be converted into certainty. Even my own lips cannot confirm it, since, who will believe my testimony?

By such illusions was I fortified in my desperate resolution. Ludloe returned at the time appointed. He informed me that Mrs. Benington expected me next morning. She was ready to depart for her country residence, where she proposed to spend the ensuing summer, and would carry me along with her. In consequence of this arrangement, he said, many months would elapse before he should see me again. You will indeed, continued he, be pretty much shut up from all society. Your books

and your new friend will be your chief, if not only companions. Her life is not a social one, because she has formed extravagant notions of the importance of lonely worship and devout solitude. Much of her time will be spent in meditation upon pious books in her closet. Some of it in long solitary rides in her coach, for the sake of exercise. Little will remain for eating and sleeping, so that unless you can prevail upon her to violate her ordinary rules for your sake, you will be left pretty much to yourself. You will have the more time to reflect upon what has hitherto been the theme of our conversations. You can come to town when you want to see me. I shall generally be found in these apartments.

In the present state of my mind, though impatient to see Mrs. Benington, I was still more impatient to remove the veil between Ludloe and myself. After some pause, I ventured to inquire if there was any impediment to my advancement in the road he had already pointed out to my curiosity and ambition.

He replied, with great solemnity, that I was already acquainted with the next step to be taken in this road. If I was prepared to make him my confessor, as to the past, the present, and the future, without exception or condition, but what arose from defect of memory, he was willing to receive my confession.

I declared myself ready to do so.

I need not, he returned, remind you of the consequences of concealment or deceit. I have already dwelt upon these consequences. As to the past, you have already told me, perhaps, all that is of any moment to know. It is in relation to the future that caution will be chiefly necessary. Hitherto your actions have been nearly indifferent to the ends of your future existence. Confessions of the past are required, because they are an earnest of the future character and conduct. Have you then—but this is too abrupt. Take an hour to reflect and deliberate. Go by yourself; take yourself to severe task, and make up your mind with a full, entire, and unfailing resolution; for the moment in which you assume this new obligation will make you a new being. Perdition or felicity will hang upon that moment.

This conversation was late in the evening. After I had consented to postpone this subject, we parted, he telling me that he would leave his chamber door open, and as soon as my mind was made up I might come to him.

I retired accordingly to my apartment, and spent the prescribed hour in anxious and irresolute reflections. They were no other than had hitherto occurred, but they occurred with more force than ever. Some fatal obstinacy, however, got possession of me, and I persisted in the resolution of concealing one thing. We become fondly attached to objects and pursuits, frequently for no conceivable reason but the pain and trouble they cost us. In proportion to the danger in which they involve us do we cherish them. Our darling potion is the poison that scorches our vitals.

After some time, I went to Ludloe's apartment. I found him solemn, and yet benign, at my entrance. After intimating my compliance with the terms prescribed, which I did, in spite of all my labour for composure, with accents half faultering, he proceeded to put various questions to me, relative to my early history.

I knew there was no other mode of accomplishing the end in view, but by putting all that was related in the form of answers to questions; and when meditating on the character of Ludloe, I experienced excessive uneasiness as to the consummate art and penetration which his questions would manifest. Conscious of a purpose to conceal, my fancy invested my friend with the robe of a judicial inquisitor, all whose questions should aim at extracting the truth, and entrapping the liar.

In this respect, however, I was wholly disappointed. All his inquiries were general and obvious. They betokened curiosity, but not suspicion; yet there were moments when I saw, or fancied I saw, some dissatisfaction betrayed in his features; and when I arrived at that period of my story which terminated with my departure, as his companion, for Europe, his pauses were, I thought, a little longer and more museful than I liked. At this period, our first conference ended. After a talk, which had commenced at a late hour, and had continued

many hours, it was time to sleep, and it was agreed that next morning the conference should be renewed.

On retiring to my pillow, and reviewing all the circumstances of this interview, my mind was filled with apprehension and disquiet. I seemed to recollect a thousand things, which showed that Ludloe was not fully satisfied with my part in this interview. A strange and nameless mixture of wrath and of pity appeared, on recollection, in the glances which, from time to time, he cast upon me. Some emotion played upon his features, in which, as my fears conceived, there was a tincture of resentment and ferocity. In vain I called my usual sophistries to my aid. In vain I pondered on the inscrutable nature of my peculiar faculty. In vain I endeavoured to persuade myself, that, by telling the truth, instead of entitling myself to Ludloe's approbation, I should only excite his anger, by what he could not but deem an attempt to impose upon his belief an incredible tale of impossible events. I had never heard or read of any instance of this faculty. I supposed the case to be absolutely singular, and I should be no more entitled to credit in proclaiming it, than if I should maintain that a certain billet of wood possessed the faculty of articulate speech. It was now, however, too late to retract. I had been guilty of a solemn and deliberate concealment. I was now in the path in which there was no turning back, and I must go forward.

The return of day's encouraging beams in some degree quieted my nocturnal terrors, and I went, at the appointed hour, to Ludloe's presence. I found him with a much more cheerful aspect than I expected, and began to chide myself, in secret, for the folly of my late apprehensions.

After a little pause, he reminded me, that he was only one among many, engaged in a great and arduous design. As each of us, continued he, is mortal, each of us must, in time, yield his post to another. Each of us is ambitious to provide himself a successor, to have his place filled by one selected and instructed by himself. All our personal feelings and affections are by no means intended to be swallowed up by a passion for the general interest; when they can be kept alive and be brought into play, in subordination and subservience to the

great end, they are cherished as useful, and revered as laudable; and whatever austerity and rigour you may impute to my character, there are few more susceptible of personal regards than I am.

You cannot know, till you are what I am, what deep, what all-absorbing interest I have in the success of my tutorship on this occasion. Most joyfully would I embrace a thousand deaths, rather than that you should prove a recreant. The consequences of any failure in your integrity will, it is true, be fatal to yourself: but there are some minds, of a generous texture, who are more impatient under ills they have inflicted upon others, than of those they have brought upon themselves; who had rather perish, themselves, in infamy, than bring infamy or death upon a benefactor.

Perhaps of such noble materials is your mind composed. If I had not thought so, you would never have been an object of my regard, and therefore, in the motives that shall impel you to fidelity, sincerity, and perseverance, some regard to my happiness and welfare will, no doubt, have place.

And yet I exact nothing from you on this score. If your own safety be insufficient to controul you, you are not fit for us. There is, indeed, abundant need of all possible inducements to make you faithful. The task of concealing nothing from me must be easy. That of concealing every thing from others must be the only arduous one. The first you can hardly fail of performing, when the exigence requires it, for what motive can you possibly have to practise evasion or disguise with me? You have surely committed no crime; you have neither robbed, nor murdered, nor betrayed. If you have, there is no room for the fear of punishment or the terror of disgrace to step in, and make you hide your guilt from me. You cannot dread any further disclosure, because I can have no interest in your ruin or your shame: and what evil could ensue the confession of the foulest murder, even before a bench of magistrates, more dreadful than that which will inevitably follow the practice of the least concealment to me, or the least undue disclosure to others?

You cannot easily conceive the emphatical solemnity with which this was spoken. Had he fixed piercing eyes on me while he spoke; had I perceived him watching my looks, and labouring to penetrate my secret thoughts, I should doubtless have been ruined: but he fixed his eyes upon the floor, and no gesture or look indicated the smallest suspicion of my conduct. After some pause, he continued, in a more pathetic tone, while his whole frame seemed to partake of his mental agitation:

I am greatly at a loss by what means to impress you with a full conviction of the truth of what I have just said. Endless are the sophistries by which we seduce ourselves into perilous and doubtful paths. What we do not see, we disbelieve, or we heed not. The sword may descend upon our infatuated head from above, but we who are, meanwhile, busily inspecting the ground at our feet, or gazing at the scene around us, are not aware or apprehensive of its irresistible coming. In this case, it must not be seen before it is felt, or before that time comes when the danger of incurring it is over. I cannot withdraw the veil, and disclose to your view the exterminating angel. All must be vacant and blank, and the danger that stands armed with death at your elbow must continue to be totally invisible, till that moment when its vengeance is provoked or unprovokable. I will do my part to encourage you in good, or intimidate you from evil. I am anxious to set before you all the motives which are fitted to influence your conduct; but how shall I work on your convictions?

Here another pause ensued, which I had not courage enough to interrupt. He presently resumed.

Perhaps you recollect a visit which you paid, on Christmas day, in the year ——, to the cathedral church at Toledo. Do you remember?

A moment's reflection recalled to my mind all the incidents of that day. I had good reason to remember them. I felt no small trepidation when Ludloe referred me to that day, for, at the moment, I was doubtful whether there had not been some bivocal agency exerted on that occasion. Luckily, however, it was almost the only similar occasion in which it had been wholly silent.

I answered in the affirmative. I remember them perfectly.

And yet, said Ludloe, with a smile that seemed intended to disarm this declaration of some of its terrors, I suspect your recollection is not as exact as mine, nor, indeed, your knowledge as extensive. You met there, for the first time, a female, whose nominal uncle, but real father, a dean of that ancient church, resided in a blue stone house, the third from the west angle of the square of St. Jago.

All this was exactly true.

This female, continued he, fell in love with you. Her passion made her deaf to all the dictates of modesty and duty, and she gave you sufficient intimations, in subsequent interviews at the same place, of this passion; which, she being fair and enticing, you were not slow in comprehending and returning. As not only the safety of your intercourse, but even of both your lives, depended on being shielded even from suspicion, the utmost wariness and caution was observed in all your proceedings. Tell me whether you succeeded in your efforts to this end.

I replied, that, at the time, I had no doubt but I had.

And yet, said he, drawing something from his pocket, and putting it into my hand, there is the slip of paper, with the preconcerted emblem inscribed upon it, which the infatuated girl dropped in your sight, one evening, in the left aisle of that church. That paper you imagined you afterwards burnt in your chamber lamp. In pursuance of this token, you deferred your intended visit, and next day the lady was accidentally drowned, in passing a river. Here ended your connection with her, and with her was buried, as you thought, all memory of this transaction.

I leave you to draw your own inference from this disclosure. Meditate upon it when alone. Recal all the incidents of that drama, and labour to conceive the means by which my sagacity has been able to reach events that took place so far off, and under so deep a covering. If you cannot penetrate these means, learn to reverence my assertions, that I cannot be deceived; and let sincerity be henceforth the rule of your conduct towards me,

not merely because it is right, but because concealment is impossible.

We will stop here. There is no haste required of us. Yesterday's discourse will suffice for to-day, and for many days to come. Let what has already taken place be the subject of profound and mature reflection. Review, once more, the incidents of your early life, previous to your introduction to me, and, at our next conference, prepare to supply all those deficiences occasioned by negligence, forgetfulness, or design on our first. There must be some. There must be many. The whole truth can only be disclosed after numerous and repeated conversations. These must take place at considerable intervals, and when all is told, then shall you be ready to encounter the final ordeal, and load yourself with heavy and terrific sanctions.

I shall be the proper judge of the completeness of your confession. Knowing previously, and by unerring means, your whole history, I shall be able to detect all that is deficient, as well as all that is redundant. Your confessions have hitherto adhered to the truth, but deficient they are, and they must be, for who, at a single trial, can detail the secrets of his life? whose recollection can fully serve him at an instant's notice? who can free himself, by a single effort, from the dominion of fear and shame? We expect no miracles of fortitude and purity from our disciples. It is our discipline, our wariness, our laborious preparation that creates the excellence we have among us. We find it not ready made.

I counsel you to join Mrs. Bennington without delay. You may see me when, and as often as you please. When it is proper to renew the present topic, it shall be renewed. Till then we will be silent. Here Ludloe left me alone, but not to indifference or vacuity. Indeed I was overwhelmed with the reflections that arose from this conversation. So, said I, I am still saved, if I have wisdom enough to use the opportunity, from the consequences of past concealments. By a distinction which I had wholly overlooked, but which could not be missed by the sagacity and equity of Ludloe, I have praise for telling the truth, and an excuse for withholding some of the truth. It was, indeed, a praise to which I was entitled, for I have made

no additions to the tale of my early adventures. I had no motive to exaggerate or dress out in false colours. What I sought to conceal, I was careful to exclude entirelv, that a lame or defective narrative might awaken no suspicions.

The allusion to incidents at Toledo confounded and bewildered all my thoughts. I still held the paper he had given me. So far as memory could be trusted, it was the same which, an hour after I had received it, I burnt, as I conceived; with my own hands. How Ludloe came into possession of this paper; how he was apprised of incidents, to which only the female mentioned and myself were privy; which she had too good reason to hide from all the world, and which I had taken infinite pains to bury in oblivion, I vainly endeavoured to conjecture.

* * * * * * * *

THE SCRIBBLER.

WHAT a name is this! And to be conferred by a man on himself! Yet this is frequently the best policy. The surest way to preclude, is to anticipate, censure, for no one will think it worth while, to call a poor culprit by names which the culprit has liberally and unceremoniously given himself. If Tom says, "I am a fool and an oddity," his worst enemies can only add, "so you are."

The worst charge that can be brought against a mere holder of the pen, is that he is a scribbler. Now I choose to anticipate this heavy charge, and I do hereby seasonably warn all your readers, that the writer of these presents is neither worse nor better than a scribbler. If therefore they have not time nor patience to peruse a mere scribble, let them overlook my lucubrations, and pass on to the next column, where, no doubt, their curiosity and taste will be amply gratified by precious morsels of history and splendid effusions of eloquence.

I never, for my part, presumed to aspire after a more honourable name. I never took up pen but to please myself, and the idlers that were willing to attend to me. Others may wish to edify a congregation of sages by their wisdom, or call the human swine from his sensual banquet, to feast upon the pearls of their rhetoric, of which, though all are liberally distributed, none is thrown away; or to charm an audience of enthusiasts by a tale of pathos, elaborately simple, or a ditty ruefully sweet or wildly melancholy, but as to me, I do not gaze wishfully at such heights. The common level must content me. The harp of Orpheus I dare not touch. As unambitious as a chimney-sweep, I shall be sufficiently happy if I can give a tolerable twang to a Jews-harp.

I have no fortress from which I may boldly look out, and securely defy the critical assailant. A poor beggarly wight whose whole wealth is his pen; a minstrel, friendless as Edwin of immortal memory, but, alas! with none of his divine endowments; with none of that music that melted the fiercest hearts to charity, and turned the most obdurate or mischievous foes into adorers or disciples.

My quill is my all, and unluckily, it is the poorest feather in the goose. No witty strokes or elegant flourishes can it ever pretend to. A diminutive, cross grained, crooked slave it is, that I have in vain endeavoured to scrape into smoothness, to bend into rectitude, and to fashion into symmetry. After all my pains, its happiest exertion continues to be, and will never be other, than, an arrant scrawl.

I have often resolved to cast it away, tired and ashamed of its incorrigible depravity, but checked myself in time; for bad as it is, it will never be my lot to find a better. Some ill-minded witch stands always ready to distort its grain and blunt its point, and whatever plausible hopes I may form before the trial, I always find that my choicest specimens of genius are nothing still but scrawls.

Let no one imagine therefore, that on this occasion, I pretend to write. No, I shall only scribble, and those who look for entertainment from my performances will be egregiously deceived. In every form that I shall take, in every theme that I shall choose, I shall not be able to belie my parentage. The star that ruled at my birth, in all my pilgrimage and all my metamorphoses, will shine upon me still, and my fate has decreed that I shall be nothing but a scribbler.

Ah! Jenny! these are hard times, but ours is no extraordinary lot. Heavy as the burden is on us, there are thousands on whom the load is heavier still, while the shoulders, on which it is laid, are far less able to sustain it, than ours.

A feeble consolation, thou sayest, is that, and feeble it is. To find comfort in distress, from thinking on the greater distresses of others whose merits are much less than ours, is but a selfish way of judging, for, why should we be comforted by such reflections?

When I was a boy, a froward wretch, whom I met on the highway, thought proper to be angry at some jest that escaped me, and snatching up a pebble about half the size of my fist, knocked me down with it. My skull was fractured by the blow, and I was a long time in getting well. While sick, an ideot that strolled about the village, chanced to stroll into my chamber. Somebody, in answer to his questions, gave him an account of my mishap. The historian outdid Tacitus in brevity, for the whole tragedy was summoned up in, why, Dick, the waggoner broke his head with a brick-bat.

Bless me, said the fool, what a mercy that it was not a mill stone.

Jenny smiled and said, a remark truly worthy of an ideot.

And yet (resumed I) foolish as it was, it struck me, as I listened, very forcibly. Dick, the waggoner, to be sure, was no Ajax. Rocks were no *missiles* to him, but my thoughts did not run upon the possibility of the evil. I was really consoled by thinking that a larger stone or a better aim might have doubled or trebled the injury, or perhaps made it utterly irreparable. And why, since I was comforted, be very curious in weighing its justice or wisdom. That wisdom that lessens joy, or enhances sorrow, is not worth our praise. Cheer up, my dear girl, and if thou can'st find no comforter but folly, think it only folly to be wise.

Such was the dialogue that just now passed between Jenny and me. Jenny, you must know, reader, is my sister, and a good girl she is; the best in the world. Abundant cause have I to say so, for without her, long ago should I have soundly slept in my grave: or have undergone a much worse destiny. Without her healing tenderness or salutary council, I should long ago have yielded to the ill-suggestions of poverty, and have done that which is forbidden, or have shared the debtors' portion in a prison, or have sunk to my last sleep in a pestilential hospital.

My Jenny is a sort of good angel to me, never wanting at the point of utmost need. What a sweet face is her's, and what music was ever so heart cheering as her "good morrow, brother!"

Tired, drooping, almost lifeless after the day's toil, to hear her sing, or ramble with her, are my sweetest consolations.

But how am I run away with by this bewitching theme! My own fortunes and my sister's praise I do love to dwell upon. Yet strange it is, that I should talk thus publicly on such themes. I, that have my pride and my scruples, like others, but my contrivance here has saved my pride, and gratified my darling passion; I can write about myself, and even publish what I write, without risking any exposure, for nobody that reads this will ever know the writer.

Perhaps, reader, you want to know my name and dwelling. Now these are the only things that I am anxious to hide. My character and history I have no objection to disclose; nay, it would give me pleasure to tell them, but I do not wish to be known by name and abode.

Not likely, indeed, that my name would be of service to you. You never heard it before. An obscure and forlorn lad like me, was never noticed in your pleasurable walks or social circles. The meanness of my garb, indeed, and my boyish face, conceal me even from suspicion, and far, far distant and different are the spheres in which you and I move.

But what new suggestion of vanity is this? To imagine that any curiosity will be felt for him from whose pen these crudities flow, or that any interest can be awakened in enlightened bosoms for the fortunes of the scribbler!

Yet why not? I have a little vanity, that is certain. Not the most contemptible of heaven's creatures, am I; good parts in me, I verily believe; a towardly, prompt spirit, to give myself my due, that will expand and ripen as I grow older. As yet, I am a mere boy, for whose deficiencies, as well as for whose vanity, some allowances will not be withheld by the charitably wise.

I have, at this moment, a great desire to be known to thee my friend; to thee, with thy benignant smiles, who art, just now, perusing this page. I hope thou art a woman, for if so, softness and compassion are interwoven with thy feelings as intimately as bright threads in a parti-coloured woof. Methinks I hear thee sigh, and see thy eye glisten. Would to heaven I was

near enough to testify my gratitude, and bid the compassionate drop flow; to assure thee that the writer of this is not unworthy thy regard; but that must never be. I shall never be to thee aught but a phantom. A something ideally existent, and without a name or local habitation.

Not that I should be averse to know thee for my friend, but how to discover thy good will; how to bring myself within thy ken, is the insuperable difficulty.

Perhaps, I might be somehow useful to thee. I might run of thy errands, might carry thy provision-basket on market days, or harness thy pair of bays to thy phæton: but no. For that I was not born, I will never be a slave to fetch and carry, to fatten upon fragments even from thy plate; to sit upon the kitchen hearth, with trencher on my lap, and eat, full in the envious eyes of Towser, who, the while, is squatted opposite, and grudges me every vile morsel.

Perhaps, thou needest a more honourable service; art smitten with a passion for some fashionable knowledge; to prate a little French, or shew a pretty finger on the harpsichord, or flourish off a billet with a little more correctness of spelling, more evenness of lines; and with characters a little less like Arabic, may have awakened thy ambition. In such a case, I do not know but I might eat thy bread and not be choked by it. Otherwise, this pine board and this black loaf are sweeter by far.

I gleaned a little Latin from a well taught uncle, but he went to sea, before I had made much way, and I never saw him more. Then Telemaque fell in my way, and by aid of a Dictionary, I and Jane hammered out its meaning. Now what little I know of these languages I would gladly teach another.

But alas! I know too little of that or any thing else, to pretend to teach them to others. I myself am a learner, and the lesson I have most need to study is, that of being content with my lot.

Methinks I blush to mention what is just now the subject of my thoughts. Even to trust it to paper, when the name of the writer is invisible, as mine shall always be, is somewhat difficult. Whence does this reluctance to acknowledge our poverty arise?

But this is a phantastic impulse, and therefore I will fight with it. I am poor, indeed, but through no fault of mine. I am not wanting in industry, and this enables me, in conjunction with my sister's labour, to live.

Yes, we are able to live. I have never gone without a meal, merely for want of money to procure it. We have eaten and drank at the usual times, and our meal has never been so scanty that we were obliged to desist before the appetite was fully satisfied.

True it is, that our hunger obtains no edge from the delicacy of our viands or luxuriance of our cookery. Our feast is coarse enough, God knows, but then it is wholesome, and habit has somewhat reconciled us to it. Once our palates were fastidious. No breakfast would serve our turn but the choicest products of the east and west. Coffee, transparent as air, with fragments from the snow-white loaf and the richest of the cow's yielding, were necessary to our comfort.

Now the case is altered, but what lesson so hard that necessity will not make easy? Indian meal sprinkled in boiling water, in a wooden dish, and a couple of pewter spoons, make but a sorry show; but sorry or not, what says our hard fate? Take this or go without.

How strange it is! This is a bitter morsel to me, but I never loathe it on my own account; only on Jane's. When I see the spoon lifted to her lips, something rises in my throat. I cannot swallow. For a minute I am obliged to restore the morsel to the plate.

Jane was not born to this. No more was I, and it goes hard enough with me; harder by much than with Jane; and yet it is only when I think upon my sister thus reduced, that my heart is wrung with true anguish. Methinks these ills would be light, if she did not share them with me, yet that is a foolish thought, for without her I should long ago have done some cowardly and desperate act.

Now I want a hat. I have worn this, eighteen months or more, and with all my care and dressing it has grown disreputably shabby; but I cannot afford to buy a new one. If I could, if I had six dollars to spare, I would not bestow them on my-

self. Jane should have them, and, in truth, she needs them most. She will not allow that she does, but I am sure of it, and have them she should.

I once loved to see her dressed. When fortune smiled, she did not scruple to adorn that lovely form with the best skill of the miliner. Now she is unadorned. What then was lavished upon ornament, must now be husbanded for necessary purposes. And is not that right? With what conscience can we spend in mere luxury what would clothe another's nakedness, and feed another's hunger?

How frivolous too are these regrets! The graces that nature and that virtue gave her she cannot lose. Does this sorry garb lessen her in my eyes? No. Of what then do I complain? I am anxious for her gay and opulent appearance in the eyes of others. And is there any thing but folly in that? Those who value her the less for the plainness of her garb, are of no value themselves. The reverence of such is ignominy. So says reason, but, alas! my heart at this moment denies the truth of the saying.

But how shall I supply my want in this respect? Shall I beg? Can't do that: no, no. That will never do. Yet there are many ways of begging; some less ignominious and disagreeable than others.

How many good men in this city, should they become, by any means, acquainted with my condition, would hasten to supply my need? And this they would do in a manner the most delicate; the least offensive to my pride. A new hat, perhaps, would be left at my lodgings, by the servant of such a manufacturer. I go to him, and ask him wherefore he sent his hat to me? He answers that a gentleman, unknown to him, called an hour before, paid for the hat and directed it to be sent to such a number, in C—— Street, naming the number of my lodgings.

I could not accept the boon, yet how should I elude it in the case that I have mentioned? Obliged perhaps to acquiesce, for the purchaser is no where to be found, and the hatter therefore knows no one to whom he may send the hat or repay the money. I should, by no means, confide the true state of the case to the hatter. I should try to detect the generous buyer, and have the

hat left, without a message, at his house. Yet should I not act like this imaginary benefactor in a like case? Certainly I should. What then but a weak and culpable pride would hinder me from accepting the gift? Yet my scruples are confined to myself. For myself I cannot condescend to ask an alm, but for my Jane, methinks I could importunately beg from door to door, and all day long.

Why truly, sister, I have no objection, but first, I must dispatch my daily scribble. Content thyself the while with a look out from thy window. This is a more amusing employment than I thought it would prove. What importance does it give, to have one's idle reveries clothed with the typographical vesture, multiplied some thousand fold, and dispersed far and wide among the race of readers! I wonder the scheme never occurred to me before.

Jane, much to my chagrin, condemns my scheme. Nobody, says she, will read your scribble, or nobody whose attention or whose praise is of any value. And to what end do you write? It profits you nothing. It enlarges not, by the bulk of a cent, the day's scanty earnings. Are you not fatigued enough by ten hours' writing, that you must add thus voluntarily, to the task? Throw your pen into the fire, and come with me. You know I must have exercise to keep me alive, and I cannot walk out alone.

Presently, my dear girl. Eight or ten minutes more, and I shall have done. What matters the addition of a few minutes to the labours of the day? I derive pleasure from scribbling thus. It is a mental recreation, more salutary to the jaded spirits than a ramble in the fields or a contemplation of the starry heavens. I like it better than walking and conversing with my only friend, but there is time enough for both to be done.

And are you sure, that what I write, nobody reads? Every sort of curiosity exists in the world, and some, methinks, there are, who cast an eye, not without some little interest, even upon my scribble.

Is it the brilliancy of wit, the solidity of argument, or the dignity of narrative only, which can hope for an intelligent

audience? Are there not moments of vacuity best filled up by the milder effusions of an artless, unsophisticated pen? No mind is at all times, overflowing. There is a tide in its sensations; and its richest streams, swelling and impetuous for a while, will occasionally check their course, and will ebb as rapidly away.

It is not for me, indeed, to speculate on history or politics or morals; these are of greatest moment, and wise men will bestow most of their time and thoughts upon them, but intervals must now and then occur in the life of the most devoted to the toils of gain or of science, when nothing can more suitably be offered than a light repast, prepared by such a superficial, though unspoiled, wit as mine! at any rate, I please myself, and while that is the case, Jenny, you must give me leave to write on.

Jane is not vanquished by logic such as this. She still insists upon my strolling with her on the Battery. How can I, she asks, resist the invitations of so soft a breeze? If I prefer to ply a useless quill, by this farthing taper, she will pity me and go out alone.

Why Jane, be not displeased. I can write and walk with thee too. Stop, my girl, thou shalt not go out alone. I love thy company too much to suffer thy solitary rambles. I love this balmy air around, and these glimmering lustres above us too much, to stay within doors, in so sweet a twilight as this.

Yet thy panics, sister, are idle ones. Thou can'st not walk alone, it seems, and why not? Are not these Americans a civilised nation? Is it requisite, in order to screen a female from injury that a champion should always walk beside her? Is every man at these hours, a wild beast prowling for his prey, and ready to fall upon every innocent unguarded by a wild beast like himself?

You bring these fears from the other side of the Atlantic, and from that overgrown and flagitious city where thou and I passed our youth. There, there was a real inconvenience to be dreaded by a female who should venture to explore the streets alone after night fall, but here, surely the case is widely different; here is all security and peace, and the most timorous of thy sex might

rove in safety and alone from the Bowery-house to Albany pier, at any time of the night.

You doubt the truth of my assertion, do you? Well; no matter; while I have life, thou shalt never put its truth to the test of experiment. In every part of life's rough road, I will always be posted at thy side, and to the utmost of my little power, be thy guardian and thy friend.

Foolish boaster that I am! Instead of giving, I have only received counsel and advice at thy hand. The poor prerogatives of sex have sunk beneath thy superiority in intelligence and virtue; not for my happiness, not for my fortitude alone, but for my virtue, for my very life am I my sister's debtor.

The time will come when I shall be able to repay her benefits; I am sure it will, and the prospect of such a time gives me courage to endure the present evil: yet for that very courage, for that very hope, am I indebted to my sister's keener foresight and more stedfast resolution.

True, as thou sayest, I have written enough, and now having done my scribble, I will stroll with thee.

MEMOIRS

OF

STEPHEN CALVERT.

YES, my friend, I admit the justice of your claim. There is but one mode of appeasing your wonder at my present condition, and that is, the relation of the events of my life. This will amply justify my choice of an abode in these mountainous and unvisited recesses, and explain, why I thus anxiously shut out from my retreat the footsteps and society of men.

My present scene is without perils or vicissitudes. I cultivate my field of maize; I ramble on the bank of the lake;* I fish in a canoe made by my own hands; I eat the product of my own labour; I hewed the logs of which my dwelling is built; I conform all my measures to a certain standard of simplicity and order, and am rewarded by the uninterrupted enjoyment of health and tranquility. I make no use of my rifle but to exterminate panthers and wolves. What my own hands do not supply me, I purchase from Canadian traders, and my poverty secures me, for the most part, from the visits of the Red-men.

For this solitude and labour, I was induced to change my habits of corruption and idleness, by a just estimate of benefits and evils. I tried the world, and found it too abundant in temptation and calamity for me safely to remain in it. Some men, gifted with extraordinary endowments, or fortified by an auspicious education, may preserve their integrity in every scene; but, as to me, experience has taught me that I can be safe only by withdrawing from temptation, and can escape from guilt and remorse, only by interposing deserts between me and the haunts of mankind.

* Michigan.

It was a taste not wholly incongenial with mine that led your steps hither. You are delighted with the aspect of rude nature. You reflect on the destiny for which this extensive wilderness is reserved. Scarcely half a century will elapse, before this desolation will give place to farms and villages, and commerce will be busy on the banks of the Ohio, and in the islands of this lake. You are willing to contemplate one stage in this memorable progress, and to view this region, covered as it now is, with marshes and woods. To these views I am indebted for this visit, and wish you would prolong it sufficiently to discover all the advantages of my condition.

Cast your eye over this wide expanse. That waving and bluish line which almost blends itself with air, is a chain of rocky summits, ninety miles distant from the spot where we stand. They range along the opposite shore of the lake. Your eyes, unaccustomed to the scrutiny of distant objects, are, perhaps, unable to discover a darker spot which breaks the uniformity of this line. That is a lofty isle, about half way across, which contains six hundred acres of fertile ground. The banks are steep, and only accessible at one spot. This entrance was detected by me, by a rare fortune, and would probably escape the notice of any other. Here, if you please, you may take up your abode, and be in no danger of molestation or intrusion. Exuberant verdure, spouting rivulets, hickory and poplar shades, commodiously and sparingly distributed, preclude the necessity of any laborious preparation. No animal larger than squirrels and rabbits, can be found in it. There will, therefore, be no foes, either of human or beastial kind, with which you will be under the necessity of waging war. I will enable you to go thither, and assist you in making a plantation, and erecting a house.

But this scheme, desirable as it is, more experience of the evils of society may be necessary to induce you to adopt. Return, therefore, to the world, and, when tired of its monotony, and disgusted with its iniquities, remember the recluse of Michigan, and take refuge on this peaceful shore. Perhaps, this is a choice which can be recommended only by calamities similar to those which I have endured. There would be cruelty

in wishing you a fate like mine; and yet, if your course should terminate in the same manner, and misfortune should instruct you in the benefits of this seclusion, this wish might, perhaps, be reconciled to benevolence.

There is, indeed, little danger that the story of any other human being will resemble mine. My fate is marked by uncommon hues: neither imagination nor memory can supply you with a parallel. Of this, however, you will be more qualified to judge after my tale has been told. I have brought you hither for the purpose of relating it: now, therefore, lend me a patient ear.

My ancestry were English. If I had not long since dismissed the folly of annexing dignity to birth, I might lay claim to some respect on this account, since I can number, in the founders of my line, some of those who aided the achievements of Rollo in France, and Bohemond in Syria. A younger branch of my family owes the dignity of baronet to the profusion of James the First, and the English usurpations in Ireland. He, that first acquired the dignity, was Stephen Porter. This man, like the rest of the gentlemen of that age, conceived that all merit was comprised in the profession of arms. He early enlisted in the Palatine wars, and relinquished the service of Gustavus, only to take part in the contest between Charles the first and his parliament.

When this contest was terminated, he retired to an ample patrimony which he possessed in Lancashire. Here, a life which had so often been exposed to pikes and bullets was destroyed by a stag, whose despair prompted him to turn upon his hunters. His estate passed to his son, whose character was, in many respects, the reverse of that of his parent. He was indolent, vindictive, irascible, and carried the pride of birth to a ridiculous excess.

In his marriage choice he was governed by no considerations but those of family and property. His wife, however, chanced to possess many excellent qualities. These did not secure to her the affections of her husband. Some slight opposition to his will changed his indifference to hatred, and compelled her to live apart from him. No time, and no concessions on

her part, could abate his animosity. He vowed never to admit her to his presence; and when a friend, by means unsuspected by him, had brought about an interview, he not only spurned her from him as she kneeled at his feet, but challenged the officious agent, who expiated the offence by his death.

His separation from his wife was preceded by the birth of two sons. These were torn from the arms of their mother, and consigned to the care of hirelings. No solicitations could obtain from him permission that the mother should be indulged, even for a moment, with the sight of her offspring. This inflexible severity soon put a period to the life of this unfortunate lady.

The sons were educated at a foreign seminary, in the religious faith of their father, which was that of Rome. One of them was the heir of the estate, and the other was intended, by the father, for the military service of Austria or Spain. In proportion as the younger advanced in age, and exercised his judgment, he found reason to disapprove of these parental schemes. He had been exposed, while in Flanders, to the arguments of a Protestant divine, who had nearly won over his belief. His return to England interposed to prevent or suspend his renunciation of his ancient faith; but his attachment to his country, and his love of the peaceful occupations of learning, made him irreconcilably averse to military service among foreigners. He knew, however, his father's inflexibility, his lofty notions of prerogative, and his impatience of contradiction. These reflections were a source of considerable inquietude.

The brothers arrived in London. The elder was a thoughtless and generous youth, who was willing that his conduct and opinions should be moulded by convenience. He, therefore, readily complied with the will of his father, who had taken care, in his absence, to select for him a bride, and who had called him home for the purpose of fulfilling the contract. The younger, whose name was Stephen, was fraught with different sentiments and principles. He felt insuperable reluctance to pursue the path which was chalked out for him, while his obedience was enjoined by the most powerful considerations. With regard to property he was wholly dependant on his father; and

his education had unfitted him for any servile or lucrative occupation. He was summoned, at the same time with his brother, to the paternal residence in Lancashire. He would willingly have dispensed with the interview, the purpose of which he knew to be the final settlement of plans for his future life; but this was not possible. He prepared himself, therefore, for his journey, but eagerly sought and profited by any excuse that tended to delay.

At Chester he permitted a trifling impediment to detain him for some weeks. At the end of this time, an accident enabled him to perform a friendly office for a family who resided in the environs. The master of it, who was an exile from France, had been pursued by the vengeance of an hereditary enemy to his retreat. Assassins had been hired to destroy him, and, being apprised of his motions, they had posted themselves so as to encounter him on his return from the city to his own habitation. The timely interference of my father (for it is to this man that I am indebted for my being) rescued him from the power of the ruffians, and conducted him to his family, but not until he had received wounds which shortly put a period to his life. This incident gave birth to intercourse and friendship between my father and the wife and daughter of the deceased. On making suitable inquiries as to their name and condition, he discovered the following particulars.

The Calverts were a noble family of Provence. Their domain consisted of obscure and elevated valleys, embosomed among those Alps which border upon Italy. They early became converts to the reformation, and the head of their family was renowned among the defenders of Rochelle. Persecution and war had nearly extirpated their race, and the only survivors were brothers of the name of Felix and Gaspard. These, on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, were driven into exile. The eldest retired first into Flanders, and, twenty years afterwards, emigrated to America. He purchased and cultivated ground on the bank of Delaware, just below its conflux with Schuylkill, where his antique and humble dwelling is still to be discovered.

The younger, who possessed some property, in consequence of marriage, passed into England, and took up his abode in the neighbourhood of Chester. Here he led an obscure and indigent life till the institution of French regiments, under king William. He then obtained a command in the army, and signalised himself in Flanders, Thence he went to Ireland, and died of his wounds received at the siege of Limerick.

His daughter accompanied her father in all his perils. On his death she accepted the protection of a young officer of her own country. Wedlock succeeded, and they returned to her ancient abode, near Chester. Their union was productive of one child, to whose improvement and felicity their cares were limited.

This was he whose life was now sacrificed to private revenge, and, by whose death, his wife and daughter were deprived of their protector. My father easily invented excuses for postponing his departure from this city, and for devoting most of his hours to the society of his new friends. The lady was a woman endowed with peculiar advantages of education, a zealous adherent to her faith, and eager to impart its benefits to others. My father's belief had already been undermined, and the exhortations of this eloquent apostle accomplished its destruction. Perhaps his facility of conviction might be partly owing to the charms of the young lady, of whom he speedily became enamoured; and of whose favour he could entertain no hope as long as he adhered to what she deemed an idolatrous and detestable religion.

His condition was now changed, and his embarrassments greatly multiplied. A change of religion, the marriage of an outcast indigent, of obscure birth, and an heretic, were, in the eyes of his father, the deepest crimes that it was possible for him to commit. He would punish it by inexorable wrath, by rejecting all claims to pecuniary assistance, and, perhaps, by the infliction of some greater evil. Sir Stephen was powerful and subtle, and would not scruple any means of vengeance on an occasion like this. If the son flattered himself that his personal safety would be unaffected, he could not hope but that the helpless objects of his passion would incur the bitterest persecution.

Means, at least, would be employed to raise an insuperable bar between them. His imagination contemplated no greater evil than this, and, in order to prevent it, he secretly embraced the protestant religion, and prevailed upon the lady to consent to a private marriage. For the present, this marriage was solicitously concealed. He trusted that some propitious event would occur, putting an end to the necessity of secrecy. For the present, a separation took place, and my father arrived, at length, at Sir Stephen's residence.

The intercourse between them proceeded for some time without any occurrence to ruffle its tranquility. By judicious forbearance and a circumspect demeanour, Sir Stephen was prevented from imbibing any suspicion of the genuine condition and creed of his son. The future was occasionally mentioned, and the plan of foreign service alluded to, as something about which no hesitation or question could arise. No measures to effect this plan were immediately suggested. A delay which Sir Stephen hinted to arise from a project of a more momentous and general nature, which had lately started into birth; and, in which, the efforts of Stephen would be wanted.

Stephen had a perfect reliance on the justice and fidelity of his brother, and therefore, with regard to him, made no secret either of his change of religion or his marriage. Both of these were heartily disapproved by Henry, but one could not be recalled and the other was irreparable by any strength which he could apply to the task; he exerted himself to make the evil flowing from them as light as possible. He laboured to penetrate into the designs of his father, and insensibly to sway his thoughts conformably to the wishes of Stephen.

In no long time, proposals were formally made to Sir Stephen, for marriage between his second son and a daughter of the earl of Lucan, who had been king James's general in Ireland, and who had attained great wealth and honours in Spain. No alliance could more flatter the pride, bigotry, and avarice of this man. It coincided with his fondest schemes of military promotion, and as the young lady was maid of honour to the Spanish queen, the road would thus be opened to the most illustrious elevation.

Stephen was seasonably apprized, by his brother, of these proposals. He had reason to regard himself as remarkably unfortunate. Every new event seemed to conspire against him. He watched it in anxious expectation of a summons to his father's presence, in which, this inauspicious union would be proposed to him.

This summons, however, was delayed. Week after week passed, and no intimation was received. It seemed impossible that an offer like this should be rejected, or that the indecorum of a slow or difficult acceptance would be practised; it was not less incredible that sir Stephen should not hasten to impart the tidings of his good fortune to his son. The brothers, at length, began to doubt the truth of this intelligence, but a new and closer inquiry removed their doubts. Some interviews had taken place between Stephen and the lady, during some months' residence of the former at Madrid. At that time nothing existed to render this union undesirable, and the lady had been pursued by Stephen, with a juvenile and incautious enthusiasm. Now, however, these crude feelings were supplanted by a rational attachment; and conscience, as well as love, regarded this alliance with horror.

In the midst of this perplexity, a message was delivered to my father, commanding him into sir Stephen's presence. The purpose of this interview was easily divined. Obedience, however, was inevitable, and the interview took place. It was accompanied by much appearance of mystery. Solitude and a solemn hour was selected. Avenues were shut, and care taken that no listener should be posted near. These precautions being employed, sir Stephen began, by communicating to his son the proposals which had been offered and accepted on his behalf. He reminded my father of his former devotion to the lady, noticed the purity of her religion, the illustriousness of her rank, the high station which she occupied at the court of Spain, and inferred that Providence could not have ordained an event more auspicious than this.

He easily anticipated the desires of his son, and experienced all the sympathy of a parent in his happiness; but he appealed to my father whether this were not a blessing which, in reality,

outstripped his merits. He was young, and had hitherto made no sacrifice to duty, or exerted his talents in any cause of national utility. Though much might be expected from his birth and education, yet, perhaps, it would be unreasonable to expect his consent to postpone this union on any consideration that could be proposed. Perhaps, indeed, in labouring to avoid the favourable prepossessions of a parent, he had passed into the opposite extreme, and underrated the zeal of his son in the cause of his country and of God. He should rejoice to discover that this was the case, and would therefore propose to him a scheme, for the sake of which he might postpone his marriage; because the disinterestedness of this conduct would enhance his title to the happiness that awaited him.

He then proceeded to unfold a plan of insurrection in favour of Charles Stewart, which had long been meditated by the English Catholics, and which the present was believed to be a suitable opportunity for carrying into effect. Caution was the soul of this enterprise, and men of long experience, deep views and unconquerable perseverance, had been selected for this purpose. The concealment of all preliminary measures was indispensable to its success; but sir Stephen so little suspected the change that had taken place in the opinion of his son, that he deemed it superfluous to enjoin secrecy.

Such is the imperfection of every scheme founded on imposture. Sir Stephen's character was well known. His devotion to the persecuted family and faith of the Stewarts, his wariness and penetration had raised him to the station of leader in this plot, yet, such is the deceitfulness of appearances, that this man, unknowing to himself, was now disclosing a scheme of rebellion and massacre to one whose principles compelled him to abhor the project, and who would probably conceive it his duty to counteract it by all his efforts.

He did not enter, in this first interview, into a minute detail of particulars. He mentioned no names, and vaguely alluded to the means which had been suggested. Enough, however, was unfolded to show the horror and extent of this treason. All lenient and dubious measures were rejected. The long triumph of heresy and usurpation required a rigorous and unre-

lenting hand. The sanctity and greatness of the cause would be disgraced by narrow schemes and effeminate scruples. The spirit of Charles the ninth, and of Guy Faux were applauded as models of true heroism, and success was to be rendered certain by a blow, which should exterminate, at a moment, every adversary. The king, his ministers, and three hundred of those whose opulence, and talents, and birth, rendered them obnoxious, was to perish in the hour in which an invading army was to land in Scotland.

The agents of this destruction were to be sublimed above all selfish considerations. They were to devote their lives to this cause, and the same poniard which dispatched the victim, each assassin was immediately to turn against his own breast. Stephen was even allowed to suspect that the part most illustrious and arduous in this drama was reserved for him; and that his claim to execute vengeance on the reigning prince would be readily admitted.

The interview ended with an admonition to deliberate on this proposal with calmness. The preference of public to private good, the magnanimity of sacrificing love and life to the altar of the true God, and in the service of the rightful prince, were artfully insisted upon; but, if this effort were too great, he might fill an inferior part, and perform essential services without relinquishing these blessings. The possession of his mistress would merely be postponed, and his personal safety be, in a slight degree, endangered. He would assign no period to the deliberation of his son, but wait patiently till Stephen, having formed his determinations, should himself demand an interview.

The sensations with which my father parted from this conference may be more easily conceived than described. Concurrence in either of these schemes was impossible; yet what would be the consequence of refusing to concur? The real impediments must be disclosed, for no others will be deemed sufficient. What shall screen him from the rage of his imperious father? He will not be permitted to retire from the interview, in which his real situation shall be disclosed, with life. Sir Stephen acknowledged no bounds to paternal prerogatives.

The life which he gave, he believed to be forfeited by disobedience, and conceived himself authorised to take it away. But now, in addition to the crimes of disobedience and apostacy, the secret of this plot resided with him; and, to prevent a discovery, his death would be inevitably exacted.

For a time my father was absorbed in fears for his own safety; but, at length, his thoughts were turned to the nature of that conspiracy which had thus been proved to exist. Was his duty limited to mere forbearance? Should he stand an idle spectator, while his religion and his country were destroyed? Was he not bound to communicate his knowledge of this plot, and exert himself in its suppression?

As his father's honour and life were involved in this disclosure, no wonder that this suggestion was a plenteous source of anxiety. He fled into solitude to avoid all witnesses to his perturbation. His purposes perpetually fluctuated. When he thought upon the extent of that ruin which was threatened, he felt himself disposed to prevent it, even by the ignominious execution of his father: but when he recollected his imperfect knowledge of the scheme, and its connection with invasion, which a thousand accidents might frustrate, he was again restored to irresolution and reluctance.

Meanwhile, some decision daily became more urgent. Some delay to concur in his scheme would be forgiven, and was expected by his father; but to protract his silence would excite suspicion. He felt irreconcilable repugnance to an interview in which his true condition should be disclosed; and yet was at a loss by what other means to account for his aversion to the plot.

At length it occurred to him, that he might withdraw himself beyond the knowledge and the vengeance of his father. He might decline a second interview, and immure himself in some remote and inaccessible corner, and live with his wife and mother, beyond the circle of sir Stephen's operations and researches. His father might not only be kept in ignorance of his place of abode, his marriage, and his change of religion, but might be taught to believe that he was dead.

This scheme was highly advantageous; but the obstacles to its execution were not few. No part of the British Islands would be sufficiently secure. In Holland, he would be easily detected. Difficulty of subsistence would attend him every where. Some provision must be made for his immediate support in a foreign country. The means of secret and unsuspected flight were neither obvious nor easy. My mother was pregnant, and the usual period had nearly elapsed. Until her delivery should have taken place, her removal was nearly impossible.

His visits to his family, who still occupied their ancient abode, had hitherto been frequent, but clandestine. Now the disturbance of his mind made him visit them more rarely. He had too much regard for the health of his wife to unfold to her the dangers of his situation; and to exclude from his countenance every token of the anguish of his mind, was an undertaking that surpassed his strength.

To forbear his visits entirely was, for similar reasons, improper. At one of these interviews the name of one who dwelt in their neighbourhood was introduced into conversation. It appeared that he was one of those known by the appellation of Quakers; that his religious scruples had subjected him to numerous vexations, from a continuance of which he was now preparing to escape, by emigration to the English colonies in America.

This incident suggested a train of ideas to my father, which terminated in a resolution to follow his example. Pennsylvania was remote, unvisited: subsistence was easily procured: and hither it was less likely he should be pursued by paternal vengeance than to any other asylum. He might easily embark in London; and as he was personally known to few in that city, the interval previous to embarkation might be passed there with more security than elsewhere.

His marriage was an event known only to the parties themselves, his mother-in-law, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, and who was now a chaplain to the regiment in garrison at Gibraltar. My mother was contented to endure the loss of reputation, because the seclusion in which she lived

exposed her to few of the inconveniences that flow from it. Her personal condition could not escape the notice of all, and was a source of some obloquy; but this she even preferred to the publication of the truth. The knowledge of my father's visits would never have generated a suspicion that he was her husband. The world would merely have inferred the existence of an illicit connection; but even this inference was precluded by the secrecy which all parties observed.

In due time this lady became the mother of twins. A feeble constitution hindered her from nursing both her children. One of them, therefore, was entrusted to the charge of a French woman, whose mother had been the companion of the flight of the deceased madame de Calvert from Provence, and who had lately married an honest and thrifty farmer in the neighbouring district, by name Thurston.

This woman had been eminent for her affection and fidelity to the Calverts; but it had not been deemed prudent by my mother to entrust her with the secret of the marriage. She was willing to sink in the good opinion of her servant, rather than to incur the least hazard of being betrayed. Alice cheerfully assumed the province assigned her, and divided with the stranger the tenderness due to her own child.

This obstacle being now removed, my father began to think seriously of the execution of his project. A second interview with sir Stephen had not yet taken place. This delay was owing to a severe indisposition by which the former had been seized. No more fortunate or seasonable occurrence could have happened; but the respite which it afforded was short. His recovery was speedily effected; and certain tokens had appeared, which showed that the procrastinations of my father had excited some suspicion. The necessity of removal became hourly more urgent, but the want of money rendered it impossible.

Since his return to his father's house, the annual pittance formerly allowed to him had been withdrawn. Sir Stephen was far from being of a covetous temper, and his fortune was ample; but the scheme on which he had embarked his personal safety absorbed likewise all his revenue; and he whom the

world considered as incessantly hoarding his income, and daily becoming more rich, distributed his wealth with so lavish an hand, as sometimes to reduce himself to absolute though temporary need.

In this strait my father bethought himself of relying on the friendship of his brother. He did not think proper to disclose to him the whole truth, but stated, as reasons for changing his abode, the impossibility of otherwise concealing his condition from sir Stephen, and the indignation with which he should probably be overwhelmed when the truth should come to be known.

These motives were deemed insufficient by Henry; but finding my father proof against all his remonstrances, he readily consented to aid him in the execution of his scheme. Henry had been enriched, and thus rendered independent of his father, by his marriage. He offered to divide his possessions with his brother; but Stephen was satisfied with a small sum at present, and with an annual remittance, until he should be able to provide for his own subsistence.

Philip Thurston had conceived the design of improving his fortune by emigration to America. His little property, however, could not be disposed of time enough for him to accompany my father. My mother's health disabled her from affording nourishment to more than one child. A substitute might, perhaps, have been found for Alice; but this woman had contracted a mother's fondness for the babe which she nursed, and her fidelity was liable to no doubt. She entreated to be still allowed the care of the infant; and as her husband prepared to embark for the same port in America, in a few months, it was thought that no inconvenience would arise from leaving the infant in her charge. The separation would be brief; and this arrangement enabled them to keep Alice and her husband in their former ignorance as to that connection which subsisted between my father and the Calverts.

Suitable preparations being made, my father secretly embarked at London with his wife, her mother and her son, in a ship bound to Philadelphia. Here they safely arrived, and, taking an obscure house, they hoped to enjoy the remnant of their

days in tranquility. My father assumed his wife's name, and permitted the world to consider him as one of the victims of the blind and destructive policy of the French government in recalling its concessions to the Protestants.

Meanwhile, it will be supposed, that some impatience was felt for the arrival of the son who had been left in the care of Alice Thurston. Henry was apprised of the existence of this child, and of the views which had been adopted with regard to it. He had promised to bestow some attention on its welfare, and not to withdraw from it his guardianship until it was safely embarked. A punctual correspondence was maintained by the brothers.

The sudden disappearance of his son excited no small alarm in sir Stephen. For a time he was willing to ascribe it to some casual and unimportant cause. At length his anxiety prompted him to set inquiries on foot. Stephen had appeared as usual at breakfast and dinner, but in the evening he was no where to be found. He had left behind him neither verbal nor written intimations of his absence. The servants and tenants were unable to remove his uncertainty. Henry, when interrogated respecting his brother's destiny, pretended the same ignorance. More exact inquiries and extensive searches were made, but were no less ineffectual. Weeks and months rolled away, and produced no tidings of the fugitive.

As no conjecture was less probable than the true, time produced no cessation of the father's inquiries and doubts. At length he was compelled to acquiesce in the belief that the son had perished by some unwitnessed and untoward accident. This event was fatal to his fondest hopes, and he deplored it as the most signal calamity that could befal him.

Thurston found no difficulty in the disposal of his property, and was taking measures for entering on the meditated voyage, when he was attacked by a fever which, in a few days, put an end to his life. This event incapacitated Alice for prosecuting her design. The Calverts used to be her counsellors in every difficulty, and she knew no other on whose sympathy or succour she could place dependance. Henry was speedily informed of this disaster. He saw that Alice, encumbered with two

infants, and resigned to her own guidance, would be exposed to numerous embarrassments and dangers. Hence originated a scheme which he made haste to impart to his brother, and which he recommended with uncommon zeal. He proposed that Alice and the child should continue in England, under his protection, and that as soon as his nephew should grow beyond the necessity of her care, he should be taken under his own protection, and treated as his child.

The letter, containing this proposal, was received by the vessel in which my father impatiently expected the arrival of Alice and her charge. Deep and almost insupportable, especially to my mother, was this disappointment of their hopes. She was by no means inclined to adopt this proposal, but she yielded to my father's councils and wishes, and my brother was transferred to the family of Henry.

Time would, of course, reconcile my mother to separation from her offspring, especially as the charge was so auspicious. Their fears, however, were quickly roused by the failure of a letter from my uncle, and by the receipt of an incoherent epistle from Alice, who, to their unspeakable astonishment and grief, informed them, first, of the death of Henry Porter, and, secondly, of the loss of my brother Felix. She related that the two children had been left alone for a few minutes, at the door of her cottage, in the dusk of evening, and that, on her return to the spot, Felix was missing. Her random and limited inquiries had led to no discovery.

The influence of such tidings may be easily conceived. As to the fate of their infant son, there was room only for the gloomiest predictions. Such instances were not uncommon. Beggars, and the vilest of mankind, were accustomed to make prize of helpless innocence, and train up the unfortunate subject of their theft to their own detestable profession. This lot was infinitely more deplorable than death. All the hope that remains to the parents in such cases, is, that negligence and cruelty may put a speedy end to the life of the unfortunate victim.

It is not certain that my mother would have long survived to sustain the anguish of these thoughts. A new occurrence

diversified, and in some degree, alleviated their grief. If Henry Porter were dead, his father would, of course, become the guardian of his child and of his property. Letters had passed between the brothers, in which the secret of his flight, his marriage, and his conversion, were copiously related or intelligently alluded to. It was possible, that these letters, in obedience to the writer's injunctions, were destroyed; but it was likewise possible, that they had been preserved, and therefore had fallen into the hands of Sir Stephen. What use he would make of them, to what excesses his anger and his bigotry would transport him, were subjects of fearful conjecture.

In no long time, a letter was received, in which my father's apprehensions were confirmed. Sir Stephen was the writer. The sudden death of his eldest son had made him master of his cabinet, and all that my father desired to be concealed was known. The first burst of indignation in the mind of Sir Stephen was followed by impulses of terror, lest the unwary disclosure of his plot should have tended to defeat it. Rage yielded to policy. Alice was robbed of her charge, and my father was informed that the son was kept as a sort of pledge of his fidelity. Maledictions and invectives were heaped upon the fugitive, the rights of kindred were disclaimed; but my father was flattered with impunity, provided he maintained an inflexible silence on certain topics.

This epistle assured my parents of the personal safety of their offspring; but they naturally inferred from it, the incurable perversion of his principles. He would be tainted in an obnoxious faith, and, perhaps, kept in ignorance of his birth. To them, therefore, he was lost; and his destiny, though somewhat better than that for which they had before imagined him reserved, was more to be lamented than his death. Their affection was now concentred in me, on whom they bestowed the name of my brother. My original appellation was Stephen, but henceforth I was called Felix.

The death of his brother deprived my father of the established means of his subsistence. It was necessary to discover some new method of supplying his wants. Several expedients were tried, but he at length decided in favour of the legal profession.

To fit him for this pursuit, time and money must be previously consumed; and he reconciled himself to this necessity by the lucrative employment of his pen. A practical knowledge of conveyancing was easily gained, and by this he procured the means of subsistence till he was qualified for the bar.

Meanwhile, my father could not but reflect on that criminal project in which he had been invited to concur. He was haunted by fears, that his duty to his country enjoined upon him a different proceeding from that which he had adopted. At one time, he painted to himself the scenes of confiscation and proscription which would ensue the success of this plot, and was almost prompted to abjure his silence, and hasten to disclose the knowledge he possessed. Then he revolved the numberless incidents which might occur to frustrate it, to hinder the conspirators from prosecuting their design, or detect it before its execution. This scheme was to coincide with a project of invasion; but France was the only power from which an attack could be dreaded, and the sceptical and pacific character of the regent duke of Orleans was well known. It seemed as if the jacobite enthusiasm had nearly vanished, and that the adherents of the exile family must at length have discovered the desperateness of their cause.

Peace of mind was incompatible with these thoughts. My father's anxieties could not escape the watchful tenderness of his wife. It was easy for him to assign a plausible cause for appearances very different from the true one, and his dissimulation succeeded for a time. He knew not the consequences of disclosure, even to his bosom friend. My mother fostered a magnanimous spirit, and was an enthusiast in religion. What use she might conceive it her duty to make of her knowledge could not be foreseen. He recollected the penalty that had been menaced, if he should violate his faith, and these reflections fortified him in concealment.

But the impossibility of destroying the connection between thought and speech was eminently illustrated in my father's case. My mother was a jealous and perpetual observer. The negligent and yielding moment was skilfully employed, and the secret was extorted.

My mother had no ties of habit or affection to restrain her from compliance with the dictates of duty. She permitted her actions to be controuled by her husband, and forbore to make any other use of the knowledge she had acquired, than to exhort my father to unveil and defeat this plot. She proposed nothing less than that he should entrust the protection and subsistence of his family to Providence, and immediately embark for England, where he should hasten to communicate the particulars of this conspiracy to government.

Her remonstrances were earnest and incessant, and might, probably, have finally conquered his aversion, had not the next packet brought tidings which precluded the necessity of his interference. Intimations of this plot had been conveyed to the ministers, and sir Stephen Porter was marked out as the principal agent. Messengers were secretly dispatched to arrest him.

One hour before the messengers arrived at the end of their journey, sir Stephen was engaged at dinner, with a numerous company. In the midst of their festivity, a person entered the hall, and whispered something in the ear of the host, and instantly retired. A pause of uneasiness and abstraction ensued. Sir Stephen, at length, rose from the table, and retired, under pretence of some unexpected and urgent business. Shortly after, the messengers arrived, but their victim had profited by this interval, to assume the disguise of a clown, and effect his escape. On the most diligent search, no papers, throwing any light on these transactions, could be discovered: either they had been burnt, or buried, or secreted, or, which was least probable, had been carried away by the suspected person.

These are the only facts relative to this plot which were made public. No further discovery, nor any other consequence, is generally supposed to have been produced. To this detection, however, it is probable that my father was indebted for an early and untimely grave.

He could not but rejoice at the defeat of so destructive a project, especially as the personal safety of his father had not been affected; but he that imparted this information to the government had probably stipulated for concealment. The

conspirators, therefore, would remain ignorant of their betrayer: but were there not reasons to believe that sir Stephen's suspicions would fall upon his son? Vengeance, cruel and implacable, would probably be excited in his bosom. This vengeance would fall on his defenceless child, and might extend to himself. This imagination could not fashion to itself the species of injury that was to flow from this source, but this uncertainty, by precluding him from the means of defence, only aggravated his terrors.

My mother partook of these anxieties. Time had some tendency to lighten them, but this effect was not allowed to be produced. One evening, four months after the receipt of this intelligence, a letter was found by my father in the entry of his house. It was couched in the following terms:

"SIR,

You need not be informed of your offences: you know that they surpass those of the greatest criminals whose guilt has been recorded. You have rebelled against your God; you have been a traitor to your rightful prince; and, finally, you have done all that in you lay, to bring your father to the scaffold. What punishment do you think you deserve? Tremble! Vengeance, though so long delayed, is now preparing to crush you!"

This epistle was written in an unknown hand, and was without superscription or signature. Its purport was fully comprehended. He was conceived to be the betrayer of this fatal project, and the dreaded vengeance was at length to be inflicted. No condition is more deplorable than that in which my father was now placed. When we know that danger impends over us, but are unable to assign to it a distinct shape, there is no respite to our fears.

What measures of safety were adapted to his situation he knew not; or at what hour, and in what spot the toils were to close upon him. Whether his life would be taken, or his reputation destroyed, or his means of subsistence annihilated, whether he should be assailed in his own person or in that of his wife, or whether both were to perish by a common fate, were questions not to be solved.

My father's mind was distinguished by some degree of imbecility. He allowed this incident to affect his happiness in a greater degree than a reasonable estimate of danger would justify. It was scarcely ever absent from his thought, and when present, it filled him with disquiet and suspicion. Solitude enhanced his fears, and the aspect of a stranger was regarded with a shuddering he was scarcely able to conceal. He was careful to bar up all avenues to his house. Not only the windows, but the shutters of his chamber, were closed. His dreams terrified him into wakefulness, and he was startled by the slightest sound, the cause of which was, in any degree, ambiguous.

My mother was endowed with a masculine and daring spirit. She was far from being devoid of apprehension, but her mind escaped more easily from it, and she was more inclined to extenuate the danger. My father conformed himself to many of her precepts; but her efforts to encourage and console him on this occasion were resisted with an obstinacy that almost allowed room to suspect that terror had confused his intellect.

Among other precautions which he used, was that of never venturing abroad at night. To this resolution he inflexibly adhered for some time; but, at length, there occurred an event which induced him to forego it.

A man of large fortune, who resided a mile beyond Schuylkill, was seized with a mortal disease. His death was predicted to be near; and, in this extremity, my father, who had received from him many friendly offices, was summoned from the city to draw up his will. This summons was received at eight o'clock in the evening, and his immediate attendance was required. There were many motives to enforce compliance with this summons. It was probable, that in the disposal of his estate, this person would not forget my father, whom he had always distinguished by marks of peculiar regard. He had requested my father's attendance, on this occasion, as a favour; and, to refuse without assigning any plausible reason, might be expected to give offence. The scruples of the dying man were fastidious on this head, and his refusal might, at least, occasion a delay which perhaps might hinder the will from being made. In that case the sick man's property would be given, by the law,

to one in whose hands it would merely be an instrument of vice and oppression; whereas, a testamentary act would probably transfer it to those whose personal merits and wants gave them an unquestionable title.

Notwithstanding these reasons for going, my father would have declined the task, had not my mother's remonstrances interposed. With much reluctance, and a bosom filled with dreary forebodings, he set out upon his journey. The messenger who brought the summons accompanied him, and contributed, in some degree, to his security. It was resolved that he should postpone his return till the next day.

Her husband having gone, my mother composed herself to rest as usual. The succeeding day was stormy and inclement. My father did not appear. The state of the atmosphere would naturally account for his detention; but my mother's mind was not free from uneasiness. The question could not fail to occur, would not her husband quiet those alarms which he knew that his absence would excite, by dispatching a messenger to acquaint her with the cause of it? The patient might indeed be dead, and the sorrow and confusion consequent on such an event, might exclude all other thoughts.

The succeeding night she passed in like manner alone, but not without a great increase of uneasiness. On the second day, at noon, her suspense became too painful to be longer endured, and a man and horse was dispatched to procure some tidings of his situation. The messenger speedily returned with a letter from the lady who superintended the family of Mr. Thompson, informing her, that her husband, having performed the business for which he came, had immediately left the house on his return to the city; that he had been earnestly solicited to postpone his departure till the next day, but had persisted in his resolution to go immediately. He had set out on foot, though an horse had been offered him.

On returning, as on going, it was requisite to cross the ferry. Enquiry being made, it was found that he had not applied for a passage at the river. What then had become of him? Diligent searches were made; but none of them were effectual. Six weeks passed away and no tidings of his destiny were received.

At the end of that period a dead body was discovered concealed among the reeds, at low water, on the left shore of League-Island. The remnant of clothes which still adhered to him, served to ascertain this to be the body of my father.

No marks of violence being discoverable, it was unavoidable to conclude that he had been drowned. It was difficult to conceive that chance had occasioned this event. My mother had some reason to believe it to be the result of a malignant stratagem, and the accomplishment of that vengeance that had been threatened. Her fancy teemed with distressful images. In her dreams she beheld him set upon by ruffians, his speech inhumanly stifled, and his body cast into the river. By this means their cunning would best avoid not only detection, but suspicion.

Sometimes, she admitted a doubt whether he had not been the author of his own destruction. His resolution, suddenly conceived, to return to the city alone, on foot, and at midnight, so opposite to the usual tenor of his conduct, and so apparently unnecessary, was remembered. He had often expressed his impatience of existence, linked as it was with incessant and excruciating fears. His profession was obnoxious to all his indolent and literary habits, and he had placed considerable dependance on the generosity of Thompson. A trifling legacy, however, was all that was bequeathed to him. These causes might have concurred to sink him to despair, and prompt him to this act of self-violence.

This event deprived my mother not only of a protector and friend, but of the means of subsistence. I was three years of age at this time, and was therefore helpless and wholly dependant on her care. Her mother had died shortly after their arrival in America, and the pittance which that lady enjoyed in right of her husband, ceased to be paid. My father's profession supplied merely his daily wants. His friends were numerous, but my mother's exigencies were of the most urgent and momentous kind, and such as common friendship could hardly be expected to obviate.

In this desolate state she was not deserted by her fortitude. She deliberated calmly on the best means of supplying her

wants. She possessed considerable accomplishments, and was encouraged to institute a sort of boarding school for a small number of female pupils. This scheme was conducted with remarkable skill and success. Her character and situation being known, her terms, though more expensive than was common, were eagerly accepted. The best families in the province contended with each other for the benefits of her tuition. She limited herself to six girls, and three being selected at a very early age, and being wholly consigned to her care, she contracted for them all the fondness, while she exercised the authority of a parent.

When I had attained my sixth year, I was sent to a public school, which a Scottish adventurer had established at the town of Woodbury, in New-Jersey. The plan of this establishment was comprehensive, and all the learning, which indeed was small, which it was thought proper for me to acquire, was acquired in ten years under this man's direction.

During this period my mother had discharged every obligation to her pupils. She had dissolved her family and retired to an habitation near Burlington, which the generosity of a deceased friend, and the profits of preceptress-ship had enabled her to purchase. On leaving Woodbury, I retired to her house. The management of domestic concerns were divided between us. My chief employment consisted in the cultivation of the garden which appended to the mansion, and which supplied us with the greater part of our annual provision. Health, and pleasure, and agricultural improvement, were blended in this pursuit; and these few acres afforded a perpetual theatre for contemplation and experiment. The intervals were spent in the recreations of poetry and music, and in the society of my mother, the excellence of whose character became the more conspicuous, the more closely and constantly it was inspected.

For some years there was nothing to disturb my repose. I was molested by no gloomy anticipations of the future. The property which I should inherit from my mother would suffice for the abundant supply of all my wants, and I felt no desire to augment it. In this immoveable calm there was no temptation to lead aside, or passion to bewilder my steps.

The first incident that called away my thoughts from this scene, was connected with the fate of my family in Europe. Sir Stephen Porter, refusing to obey a summons to return and subject his conduct to legal examination, was attainted. His estate was confiscated, but restored, by the bounty of the prince, to his grandson Henry. This person, to whom I stood in the relation of cousin, now entered into his majority, and into the possession of his estate. He became early apprised of the fortunes of his uncle, and was influenced, by a sense of justice, to assist his aunt and his cousin to the utmost of his power. He had been solicitously trained in the Romish religion, but had formally abjured it. This served as an additional incitement to repair the evils which my father had incurred, in consequence of a similar deportment. It was not till after long and painful searches, and the intervention of some propitious chance, that he traced us to our retreat on the banks of Delaware. A correspondence then commenced between my mother and him, in which he persuaded her to resume her ancient country, and to accept of a liberal provision.

Her estimate of happiness was too correct to permit her to accept his offers. Finding her invincible, he addressed himself to me in the same terms, and solicited me to come and partake with him in all the goods which fortune had bestowed upon him.

My youthful and untutored imagination was delighted with the pictures which he drew, and I was sufficiently inclined to adopt his proposals; but I could not hesitate to sacrifice these crude visions to the desires of my mother, and to prefer being her companion and consoler to any other office. I could not forget, however, that her feeble constitution, and the course of nature, must put a speedy end to her life, and then there would exist no impediment to the adoption of this scheme.

My cousin had made strenuous exertions to ascertain the destiny of my lost brother. Alice, his nurse, had been extricated by him from hardship and poverty, and sent to America. She was now become my mother's sole and faithful domestic; but all his efforts to recover the lost Felix were unavailing. On this topic I was chiefly prone to indulge a romantic disposition.

My recluse, literary and bookish education, tended to imbue me with the refinements of sentiment and the heroism of friendship. I was without compeers and associates, and those sympathies which are always ardent at my age wasted themselves on visionary objects. I consoled myself with the belief that my brother was still alive, and that a meeting would one day take place between us. For want of experience I imagined that there was something peculiarly sacred and tender in the bond of brotherhood, and that this tie was unspeakably enhanced by the circumstance of being ushered into being together; of being coeval in age, and alike in constitution and figure: these resemblances being supposed by me to exist, in those cases, in an eminent degree.

The sensations that flowed from these ideas were not always pleasurable. I was conscious that eternal and insuperable obstacles to our meeting might very possibly exist; and this persuasion was a fertile source of regret. I believed that the chance of separation was increased by the remoteness and seclusion of my present residence, and would be diminished by crossing the Atlantic. This belief was no inconsiderable recommendation to the scheme proposed by my cousin. This scheme, however, was utterly impracticable till the death of my mother. Till this event should take place I expected and desired to remain in my present abode; but my expectations were frustrated from a quarter whence it was least likely to come.

I have mentioned that one of the Calverts, whom the bigotry of Louis the fourteenth drove into exile, had, after many years residence in Flanders, emigrated to America. He brought with him money sufficient for the purchase of what, in Europe, would be deemed a spacious domain. Here he devoted himself to agriculture, and the gradual increase of population augmented the value of his estate, till he became respectable among his neighbours for opulence.

He was succeeded in the possession of this ground by a Frenchman, remotely allied to him, and of the same name, to whom he had married his daughter. This person, whose name was Ambrose Calvert, had insinuated himself, by a long train of hypocrisy, into the good opinion of the last possessor. His

habits of dissimulation, in some degree, continued after his accession to the property. He was as punctual as ever in the forms of religious worship, was as strictly observant of the Sabbath, excluded as austerely all mirth from his features, and levities from his deportment. In these respects he was uniform to the end of life; but in other particulars he conceived himself, by the death of the elder Calvert, delivered from all restraint, and at liberty to obey the genuine impulse of his temper.

This temper was the cause of suffering to those only who were subjected to his power. In his intercourse with his neighbours and with the world, his brow was smooth, his accents tempered into sweetness, and his whole deportment a model of urbanity and graciousness. He was just, and even generous, in his dealings with others, and was always more prone to yield up than to persist in his claims. Little would a casual observer suspect that this man was the slave of ferocious and immitigable passions; that he was a domestic tyrant, and exercised the sternest cruelty in the government of his family and slaves.

His fields were cultivated by Africans. To these he did not allot disproportionate tasks, or condemn them to the use of poor, scanty, or unwholesome food, or deny them necessary, or even decent clothing. His disposition was remote from avarice, but it was savage and capricious. He inflicted on them the most excruciating punishments for the most trifling offences. He made little or no discrimination in the choice of objects of his wrath. No tenderness of age or sex, no degree of fidelity or diligence, exempted from suffering, the unfortunate beings who were placed under his yoke. His imagination created crimes when they were wanting; and that was an unexpiable offence at one time, which, at another, was laudable or indifferent. When in a sullen mood, merely to smile in his presence was guilt, and incurred inhuman chastisement.

His wife was of a soft and compassionate temper. Many of the servants were of the same age, born and reared under the same roof, and regarded with somewhat of sisterly and maternal emotions. Her father's government had been full of lenity

and prudence; and nothing had occurred, previous to his death, which indicated a contrary disposition in her husband.

When, therefore, he dropped the mask, the reverse was the more disastrous and astonishing. The tears, the shrieks, and the deep traces of the lash, in those who had formerly been treated with nearly as much forbearance and affection as herself, were sources of horror and grief not to be endured. To be a silent and passive spectator was impossible; but his cruelty was only exasperated by intercession and remonstrance. By persisting in these, his affection appeared gradually to be withdrawn from her, and she sunk, by rapid degrees, from the condition of an equal into that of a slave.

Her education and temper were of that kind which made contempt and indignity more insupportable to her than stripes and blows. The former, however, were only introductory to the latter; and her untimely death bore witness to the acuteness of her sufferings. Even at this distance I cannot trust myself with the task of describing his enormities. When I think of them, abhorrence and rancour arise in my heart, from which I endeavour to escape by diverting my attention to other objects.

One daughter, Louisa, was the fruit of this union. Her mother died soon after her birth. Her education, during her early years, was nearly the product of chance. Her grandfather, who had not been destitute of literary propensities, left behind him some books, to which, in the abundance of her leisure, she betook herself in search of amusement. From these she gleaned crude and numerous ideas, which time, and more judicious instruction, finally converted into useful and admirable knowledge.

She was not exempted from parental tyranny. If these had been limited to stern commands, loud rebukes, and intervals of sullen silence, it would, by habit, have been rendered, perhaps, endurable; and these, it should seem, were sufficient antidotes to content: but these were bounds by which his passion was not accustomed to be circumscribed. I shudder to think of the excesses of which this unhappy girl was the victim. How deeply it is to be regretted, that the happiness of

one being should be swayed by the perverseness of another! From the first dawning of reflection till the age of fifteen, pain and fear were almost the perpetual companions of Louisa Calvert. The solace of society, the blessings of liberty, were denied to her. All the affections of her heart were chilled and curbed. No vigilance nor caution could give her any security against mistreatment. If a known path, however dark, intricate, and rugged, had been assigned to her, and her safety was made wholly to depend upon her adherence to it, her lot would have been less deplorable, but the caprice of her father was wholly irregular. He seemed to act by the instigations of a demon and to be impelled by pure, unadulterated malice.

In her fifteenth year her condition underwent a change. Her father made occasional journies to the city, which was ten miles from his place of residence. Hither, late in autumn, his engagements chanced to call him. He proposed to return on the evening of the same day. The evening elapsed however, without producing any token of his approach. His daughter was, by this delay, thrown into a state of considerable perplexity. Whether she should await his arrival, or retire to her chamber, leaving a female servant to attend his coming, was a question on which much depended, but which she was unable to decide.

The mood in which Calvert might return, might make him condemn her retirement as disrepectful, or her watchfulness as officious; and his absurd rage would vent itself in blows and contumelies. After some fruitless deliberation, she concluded to go to bed.

There is an energy in the human mind which enables it to conquer every inquietude, or a flexibility that reconciles itself to every constraint. Louisa was gifted with that temper which is not easily bereaved of cheerfulness. Her condition was well known, and no one acquainted with it could refrain from expressing their wonder at the fortitude with which she supported its unparalleled and complicated evils. There were moments, however, when her soul was nearly overwhelmed with the perception of her wretchedness, and when she even admitted a

doubt whether death, inflicted by her own hand, was not preferable to a being like hers.

Mournful sensations happened to be particularly prevalent on this occasion, and she lay sleepless and listening to the signal which should announce her father's approach. This signal was at length heard, but it was obliged to be frequently repeated before the slumbers of the girl, who remained below, were broken. Louisa shuddered on reflecting on the probable consequences of this negligence. Her fears, in this respect, were not groundless, and Calvert no sooner obtained admittance than he proceeded to inflict on the culprit the most barbarous chastisement.

The sufferer, whose name was Althea, had been the playfellow, and was the affectionate attendant of her young mistress. Her form and features were delicate and regular, and her complexion so remote from jet, that the conjecture was generally admitted that her father was Calvert himself. These circumstances, in addition to the loneliness of her state, and the want of suitable associates, fostered in Louisa a sisterly affection for her waiting maid. She partook in all the studies and amusements of her mistress.

From the nature of her functions, in the performance of which she seldom had need to enter into the presence of the tyrant, from the unwearied diligence of Louisa to screen her from animadversions; and, perhaps, from some movements of paternal tenderness, she had hitherto, for the most part, escaped that treatment to which her companions in servitude had been condemned.

Every blow which she now received struck upon the heart of Louisa, and she bitterly lamented that she had not, by remaining below, encountered his resentment. Her thoughts were quickly recalled to the consideration of her own safety, for, in a few minutes, Calvert relinquished his present victim and burst into her chamber. He began with heaping on her those reproaches which were usually the prelude to personal violence. This she summoned up her magnanimity to bear without repining. Having exhausted his abuse, he proceeded to inform her of his solemn resolution, that she should not

remain a moment longer under his roof, and commanded her to rise instantly and leave his house.

Menaces to this effect had frequently been uttered by him in the career of passion, but they were considered as momentary suggestions; and when his paroxysm had passed, were mutually forgotten. Now, however, he did not content himself with threats, but showed himself immoveably resolved.

Louisa enjoyed the compassion of all, but the friendship of none. She was little less than an absolute stranger to every one beyond her father's threshold. Exiled from this roof, she knew of no place of refuge, or even of momentary entertainment. In vain she endeavoured, by intreaties, to avert this sentence, or at least to delay the execution of it. Her opposition only exasperated his rage, and transported him beyond all bounds of humanity. He seized her by the hair, and dragging her to the door, thrust her forth without mercy, and locked the entrance against her.

Her dress consisted merely of a thin and long robe which covered all her limbs; but her neck and feet were bare. Winter had already began its progress by disrobing the trees of their leaves, and whitening the ground with frost. It was midnight, and the atmosphere was cloudy and tempestuous. Such were the circumstances in which this inhuman father thought proper to turn his child out of doors.

For a time, she flattered herself that as his passion subsided, he would see the monstrousness of this act. She waited at the door in vain. The chillness of the atmosphere began at length to be felt; despair at length took possession of her bosom, and she dragged her trembling limbs to a short distance from the house.

The plantation next to that of her father was bounded by the opposite side of the road. Annexed to it were two barns, one of which, smaller in size, and but little used, was sixty or eighty feet from Calvert's door. The first impulse was to go thither and screen herself from the piercing wind, by interposing this building between her and the northern blasts. She hoped likewise to find some hay scattered in its neighbourhood, by which her feet might be protected from the cold. Both of

these purposes were in some degree answered, and she found herself at leisure to ruminate on the deplorableness of her condition.

The proprietor of the next plantation was a man of a very different character from Calvert. He had marked with disapprobation the excesses of his neighbour, and sometimes endeavoured, by remonstrances, to check his career. Some occasion had required him to leave his bed on this night, and his station happened to be such as to make him a witness of the scene that took place at Calvert's threshold. He followed the lady to her retreat, and quickly making himself known to her, easily prevailed upon her to take shelter under his roof.

Next morning he paid a visit to her father. I have said, that Calvert, in his intercourse with the world, was a strict observer of politeness. His treatment of this guest was by no means an exception to his maxims, but he absolutely refused to re-admit his daughter.

My mother was a distant relation of the sufferer, and the only person in America from whom relationship gave her any claim to protection. Louisa's present protector willingly assumed that province, and would not have consigned it to another with any other view than to the superior advantage of this young lady. He applied, therefore, to my mother for her advice on this occasion. My mother had recently lost her husband, and was just established in her new profession. She could not hesitate long how to act in this exigence, and Louisa thenceforth enjoyed under her roof, all the delights of social intercourse, and the benefits of maternal superintendance.

For a time, her father appeared wholly careless of her destiny. Being at length informed of her condition, his jealousy of paternal authority, and his malignant temper, made him desire her return. He deemed himself entitled to her implicit obedience, and therefore demanded the unconditional possession of her. Had Louisa been left to her own guidance, no doubt she would have readily complied; but my mother interfered, and prevailed upon her to continue in her new abode. No small firmness was required to resist the authority and menaces of

Calvert, and fortify the wavering and timid temper of his daughter.

The cruelty of Calvert, by occasioning, as was strongly suspected, the death of her favourite Althea, took away her most powerful inducement to return. This event might be partly owing to regret for the loss of her young mistress, whom she tenderly loved; but there was likewise reason to ascribe it to inhuman treatment from her master. For many years after, her fate could never be thought upon by Louisa without impatience, or her name be mentioned without tears.

Calvert, finding my mother inflexible, informed her that he would not only refuse to discharge the expense of his daughter's subsistence, but would punish her disobedience by excluding her from all share in his estate after his decease. These threats were not likely to influence my mother's conduct. The inheritance of his estate would by no means compensate Louisa for the privation of all instruction and enjoyment during his life. Besides, she trusted to the favourable influence of time, and believed, that the approach of death would make a change in his views.

From this period till the dissolution of her little college, Louisa was my mother's companion. The same generous benefactor who bequeathed a portion of her property to my mother, gave to Louisa the property of three bonds, on the interest of which, by the practice of the rigidest economy, she was able to subsist. To effect this purpose, she was obliged to limit her expenses to little more than necessaries, and to perform many personal and household offices for herself. The abode which she selected, and which was recommended by its cheapness, its picturesque scenes, its salubrious air, and its vicinity to the residence of her dearest friends, was eight miles from the town of Lancaster. Here, she pursued occupations and amusements which, at first, were prescribed by necessity, but soon became the dictates of choice.

My mother's plan of education was wholly singular and unexampled. Hence, her pupils, while they were bound to each other and to her, by similitude of tastes and opinions, were placed in irreconcilable opposition to the rest of mankind.

That friendship, which residence under the same roof and perpetual intercourse for ten years, were calculated to produce, did not languish or expire during their separation. Half the year was usually spent, by Louisa, at the house of one or other of her friends.

All intercourse between the parent and child had ceased from the moment when her final resolution was known, to avoid her father's habitation. He acted, on all occasions, just as if she had ceased to exist. Surrounded with the slaves of his will, and shut out, partly by necessity and partly through choice, from intercourse with the rest of the world, he spent several years in the unrestrained indulgence of his passions. At length, he was attacked by an acute disease, which shortly brought his life to a close.

It was now to appear whether he had carried to his grave the enmity which he had fostered against his daughter. If her claim to preference should be disallowed, it did not appear that there was any other person in the world entitled to this preference. Those by whom he was surrounded were his slaves, to whom he was actuated by no sentiment but that of hatred. The rest of mankind were unknown, and must, therefore, be supposed to be indifferent to him. What, therefore, must my astonishment have been, on receiving a letter, shortly after his decease, from a respectable inhabitant of Philadelphia, announcing himself as joint executor with me in the will of Calvert, and informing me that, by this will, I was constituted successor to all his property.

Calvert and I had no intercourse, and my mother must have been to him an object of resentment. No event, therefore, was more adverse to my expectations. It was a new proof of the capriciousness of this man's temper. My surprise quickly yielded place to considerations as to the mode in which I should conduct myself in my new situation.

I was now become proprietor of three hundred fertile acres, in a commodious and healthful situation, a spacious and well furnished mansion, and fifteen negroes. My wants were already copiously supplied; and any deficiency was ready to be made up by my English cousin. With relation to myself, there

fore, this event was no topic of congratulation. In a different view it was to be regarded with pleasure. The produce of this estate might be applied to far better uses than had been chosen by Calvert. His slaves would henceforth receive the treatment that was due to men, and their happiness be as sedulously promoted as it had been heretofore counteracted. I could not fail to perceive the superiority of Louisa's claim to this property, both as the daughter of Calvert, and as a being of uncommon worth, destitute of the means of agreeable and respectable subsistence. I needed not to be stimulated by my mother to an act of justice, and speedily resolved to transfer this property to her.

Meanwhile it was necessary to visit and take possession of this estate. I prepared for an immediate journey. My unacquaintance with the world, and my speculative education, made this expedition of uncommon importance. I had hitherto pursued an humble and familiar tract, and was oppressed with a consciousness of wanting a guide and instructor in the new path on which I was entering.

I shall not dwell upon the sensations which novelty produces, and whose existence is necessarily transient. The requisite forms were easily dispatched, and possession of my new inheritance acquired. The land was in the highest state of cultivation, and habits of diligence and regularity had been so long established among the slaves, that affairs proceeded in their usual course, notwithstanding the death of the late proprietor.

In the management of a plantation like this, it is requisite to select one to whom the whole authority may be occasionally delegated, and with whom the master may divide the task of actual superintendance. In the choice of a deputy, Calvert had exercised his usual judgment. Cæsar, the eldest of the slaves, had a perfect knowledge of agriculture, was fertile in expedients, vigorous in foresight, and of unblameable fidelity. Cæsar, therefore, was invested with the office of steward. Habits of command, and the influence of example, had a tendency to deprave him; but this tendency was checked by the precautions of Calvert, who not only withheld from him the

power of inflicting punishment, but even prohibited him from the use of harsh and reproachful language.

These measures were not adopted by Calvert from a beneficent regard to the welfare of his servants, and from a knowledge of the cruelty which is sure to characterise a slave in office. They proceeded from an imperious temper, which could not endure that any of his slaves should lose sight of his dependant condition, and was unwilling to part, even for a moment, with his tyrannical prerogatives. Hence Cæsar was obliged to secure obedience to his mandates by a mild and equitable deportment, and hence their attachment to his person was proportioned to their antipathy for Calvert.

Their new master was by no means disposed to revive the system of oppression under which they had suffered so long. The management was continued in the hands of Cæsar; and, after a short stay at Calverton, I returned to the city. I purposed to return to Burlington; but my curiosity detained me in the city for some time, as well as my scheme with regard to Louisa Calvert. This lady had contracted an engagement with one of her friends and fellow pupils, who was lately married, and settled in this city, to spend two or three months with her. A fortnight was to elapse before her intended arrival; and it had been preconcerted, that, after her visit to Mrs. Wallace was performed, she should bestow the favour of her company, for an equal period, on my mother at Burlington.

It will not surprise you that I eagerly desired an interview with this lady. The boon which I had to bestow was not inconsiderable, and there seemed some propriety in obtaining a personal knowledge of the object of this benefit previous to conferring it. A letter from my mother, introduced me to Mrs. Wallace; and her husband, whose profession was that of a lawyer, had aided me in the execution of Calvert's testament. Hence, in this family, I was admitted on a familiar and confidential footing; and here my opportunities of intercourse with their expected visitant, would be frequent and favourable.

I have mentioned that my character contained no small portion of enthusiasm. I had mused on ideal forms, and glowed with visionary ardours. At this age there is an inexplicable

fascination attendant upon our sex, and I was, in an eminent degree, the slave of this enchantment. My fancy was perpetually figuring to itself a train of cousequences to flow from any casual occurrences, and, where marriage was possible to be introduced, it was never omitted. I had never seen Louisa Calvert, but had listened, on numberless occasions, to eulogiums on her character, pronounced by my mother. Her image, therefore, was oftener presented to my mind than that of any other female. It could not but happen that my reveries would sometimes suggest the possibility of marriage; but this idea was thwarted by the timorousness of youth, which made me depreciate my own claims to such felicity, by the consciousness of poverty, and, chiefly, by the unlikelihood that, in our respective situations, any meeting would take place between us.

A surprising revolution had removed many of these obstacles. From the conduct which I intended to pursue, I should derive some merit, and, at the same time, remove the obstacle which poverty had erected. My acquaintance with the Wallaces, and her residence in this family, would bring us to the knowledge of each other under the most favourable auspices. Love is an ambiguous and capricious principle. That I was prepared or resolved to love this woman, is not, perhaps, an adequate description of my state. The delineations of her form and mind had been vivid and minute, and these had been truly lovely. I entertained no doubt that my destiny, in this respect, was now accomplished. My anticipations of an interview awakened all those golden dreams and delicious palpitations which are said to characterise this passion. Must it not, therefore, be inferred that I was in love?

Still it is apparent that my passion was merely the creature of fancy, and, as such, liable to be suddenly extinguished or transferred to a new object.

My mother's consent to my remaining in the city was easily obtained. I did not conceal from her my views with respect to Louisa, and they obtained her ardent approbation. The tenor of her discourse and her wishes, frequently hinted, that she might live to see me allied to a woman equally excellent, had no small influence on my meditations. These were like-

wise assisted by the eulogies of Mrs. Wallace, to whom the virtues of her friend constituted an inexhaustible theme.

My social intercourse was limited to a small circle. Besides this family, I was conversant with no one but a young man, my equal in age, though eminently my superior in wisdom, by name Sidney Carlton. He was the brother of Mrs. Wallace, and newly initiated into the legal profession. I met him at his sister's house, which he constantly frequented, and where I supped in his company every evening. It was this man whose existence was the source of the first uneasiness which I had ever known, and who was indirectly the author of all my subsequent calamities.

As the brother of Louisa's friend, and as one entitled, by that relationship, as well as by his native worth, to the good opinion of Louisa, he quickly appeared to me in an interesting and formidable light. He was regarded by his sister with an affection little short of idolatry. He was almost an inmate of the house. His intercourse, therefore, with the visitant, would be without restraint, and almost without intermission. His sister would exert herself to unite two persons so equally and passionately loved, and his merit was of so transcendant a kind that all ideas of rivalship were vain.

These thoughts might have tended to repress all hope; but I was rescued from despondency by reflecting on the capriciousness of passion, on the contrariety that frequently subsists between the dictates of desire and the injunctions of reason. Love is a motley and complex sentiment. It is the growth, not of reason, but of sense. The concurrence of reason may be requisite to make it a principle of action in persons of unusual elevation and refinement, but not in ordinary cases. The understanding may approve, and fortify, and prolong the existence of the passion, but this can never be the source of its existence.

Highly as I deemed of the discernment and intelligence of my cousin, I did not believe her exempt from sexual impulses. I believed her capable of being dazzled and seduced by a demeanour, characterised by all the impetuosity and tenderness of passion, by dexterity and fluency of elocution, by romantic generosity of sentiment, and elegant proportions and expressive

features. In all these particulars my vanity taught me to believe myself superior to Sidney.

In these reflections I found an antidote to my fears. I was attentive to the sentiments and conduct of Sidney and of his sister, and met with nothing to persuade me that the esteem which the former was always eager to express for the absent lady, was connected with love. No fits of abstraction, no changes of hue took place when her name was mentioned, or the circumstances of her journey were discussed. These perturbations were felt only by myself.

My tranquility, however, was destined to be interrupted. One evening, my cousin being mentioned, Mrs. Wallace told me that her coming was expected on the next day. These tidings were, as was easily guessed, communicated in a letter. But my surprise and embarrasment were not a little excited, when I discovered that this letter had been addressed not to Mrs. Wallace, but to her brother, and that an epistolary correspondence had subsisted between him and Louisa for a long time.

This proof of confidence between them awakened all my fears. My confusion and dejection could not be concealed; but the apparent folly of this motive, hindered my friends from suspecting its influence. My deportment was frequently regarded by them as enigmatical. My fits of hope and of fear, of dejection and vivacity, were to them wholly inexplicable.

I was at first deterred, by a thousand scruples, from requesting the perusal of this letter. The first intimation which I dropped was instantly complied with. Not only this letter was put into my hand, but an offer made to me of perusing all the letters that had passed between them. The offer was accepted with a mixture of trepidation and joy. I shut myself up in my chamber to peruse them.

I read with eagerness and wonder. The scene exhibited by this correspondence was new. Sidney was four years older than his friend, and their intercourse by letter had lasted during a period equal to this. It began with avowals of love on the part of Sidney, which the lady had rejected. This rejection was unaccompanied with anger and contempt. It was softened

by every token of regret, by every proof of reverence, and by pathetic intreaties, that her incapacity to love him might not prove a forfeiture of his esteem, or a bar to their future intercourse.

This procedure appeared to have been regarded by the lover in its true light. Professions of love ceased to be made. The passion, lately so vehement, seemed to be extinguished in a moment, and to give place to the solicitude and fondness of a brother.

A fearlessness of false construction, absolute purity of purpose, and an unbounded disclosure of every sentiment, distinguished the correspondence that ensued between them. Every sentence was pregnant with novelty and instruction. A degree of unreserve was mutually practised, the possibility of which, between persons of a different sex, unconnected by kindred or by passion, I should, without this evidence, have deemed impossible.

The perusal of these letters added inconceivably to my veneration for my cousin. The value of her love was augmented a thousand fold. I vowed, with new ardour, to devote my thoughts and efforts to this purpose. That Sydney had already been rejected, was the inspirer of new hopes; but the proofs of her intellectual and moral attainments which these manuscripts contained, tended to discourage me.

The perusal of these letters, and the reflections to which they gave birth, occupied the whole night. The new attractions which the image of this lady had acquired, and the expectation of a meeting the next day, filled me with intense musing, and a tremulous impatience. These tremors increased as the hour of her arrival approached, and I entered Wallace's house in a state of trepidation and embarrassment too painful to be long endured.

Such were the emotions which were excited in my heart by one whom I had never seen, and whose person and features I knew only by description. In this way did the lawless and wild enthusiasm of my character first display itself. I regarded my feelings with wonder and mortification. They reminded me of what I had read in the old poets, of heroes who wept

away their lives for love, though the object of their passion had never been seen, and sometimes did not exist. These pictures, which Cervantes had taught me to ridicule or to disbelieve, I now regarded with altered eyes, and perceived that they were somewhat more than creatures of a crazed or perverse fancy.

On entering Wallace's parlour, my friend presented me to one whom he called my cousin. My confusion scarcely allowed me to receive her offered cheek, or to look at her. One glance, however, was sufficient to dissolve my dream, and quiet my emotion. I was restored, in a moment, to myself, and to indifference, and could scarcely persuade myself that this was the being whom my fancy had so luxuriantly and vividly pourtrayed.

She was diminutive in size, and without well turned, or well adjusted members or features. Her face was moulded with some delicacy, but it was scarred by the small-pox; and the defects of her skin, in smoothness, were not compensated by any lustre of complexion. Minute in size, inelegantly proportioned, dun in complexion, this figure was a contrast to what the vague encomiums of my friends, and my own active imagination had taught me to expect.

This disappointment created dejection, and even some degree of peevishness. I was absurdly disposed to quarrel with my friends for exciting, by their exaggerations, fallacious hopes; and not to have fulfilled these hopes, I regarded as a crime in my cousin. On this account, I not only despised, but secretly upbraided her. Reflection speedily cured me of this folly; and intercourse with the new-comer, by gradually unfolding her excellencies, fully reconciled me to her personal defects, or made me wholly overlook them.

This intercourse was without constraint, and almost without intermission. I saw her at all hours, and almost during every hour of the day. At home and abroad, in the company of strangers and friends, at times of recreation and employment, her person and behaviour were exposed to my scrutiny: a temper capricious and uneven, timorous or irritable, impatient of delay or contradiction, and preferring her own gratification to that of others, never, at any moment, appeared. She smiled

upon all, sought from every one the knowledge which he possessed, and betrayed solicitude to please and instruct her companion in her turn. Her mind was incessantly active in analizing the object or topic that occurred, in weighing proofs, tracing inferences, and correcting her mistakes. She read much, but she talked more than she read, and meditated more than she talked. She frequently changed her place, her company, and her employments; but these changes wrought no difference in the ineffable complacency which dwelt in her eyes, in the activity of her thoughts, and the benevolent fervour of her expressions.

Me she admitted, in a moment, to familiarity and confidence. She talked to me of her own concerns, of her maxims of economy, her household arrangements, her social connexions, her theories of virtue and duty, and related, with scrupulous fidelity, the history of her opinions and her friendships. This confidence did not flow from having ascertained my merits, or the assurance slowly and cautiously admitted, that her confessions would not be misunderstood, and would not be abused. She spake to me because I was within hearing, and only ceased to speak when interrupted by another, or to obtain replies to her questions. She was not more liberal of information respecting herself, than solicitous to obtain a knowledge of me. For this end she dealt not in circuities and hints, but employed direct questions, and inquired into my condition and views, with all the openness and warmth with which she disclosed her own.

The thoughts which had occupied me most, related to herself. My design of gaining her love had been thwarted, or, at least, discouraged by first appearances. The transfer of her father's property, had been recommended by a sense of justice, but I will not deny that I was also influenced by other motives. These motives had governed me without my being fully conscious of their force. I had desired, by bestowing this benefit, to advance myself in her esteem; and I could scarcely conceal from myself that marriage would restore to me what I should thus have given away.

My feelings were now changed, and I found *reasons* for abandoning my purpose, or, at least, for delaying the execution of it. What I did not mean to perform, there seemed some rea-

sons for concealing that I had ever intended. Though she frequently alluded to the event which had made me possessor of her father's property, interrogated me as to the condition of the land and tendered me her counsel and assistance in the use of it, she never gave proofs of being dissatisfied or disappointed by her father's will, of having imagined her own title superior to mine, or of imputing any meanness and guilt to my retention of it.

What her candour did not condemn, however, my own conscience disapproved. It was difficult to stifle my conviction of being actuated by selfish and ignoble views. I saw that I had formed this design upon improper motives, and had relinquished it from motives equally sordid. I had not only my own disapprobation to contend with, but was terrified by fear of that of others. I had incautiously mentioned this design to my mother and to Wallace, and it would not be easy to account for, or apologize to them for this change in my plans. Still, however, my reluctance to give away so large a property to one, who, by her marriage, would give it to another, was too powerful to be subdued.

While my mind was in this state of indecision, I took occasion to visit my cousin one evening, on which she was alone. I had scarcely entered the apartment when I noticed some marks of disquiet in her features, which she immediately explained, by repeating the substance of a conversation which had just passed between Sydney and her. From him she had heard of the design I had formerly entertained respecting *Calverton*. "I have just been informed," she continued, "that you intended to transfer my father's estate to me. Your motives, no doubt, were generous, and founded on an high opinion of my worth. You have not executed this design, nor, since my arrival, have even mentioned it to my friend or to me. I cannot help feeling some anxiety on this account. If I had not received your earnest assurances that your prepossessions in my favour have been fulfilled, and even greatly surpassed, I should ascribe this change in your plans, to the discovery of some unworthiness in me. This belief I cannot admit, after having listened to so many encomiums from your lips, and yet I am at a loss to account for it in any other manner. A sort of half-formed sus-

picion has found its way into my heart, that——shall I tell you what I think, even when my thoughts are disadvantageous to you? I cannot help suspecting you of some caprice or some faultiness. I have hitherto found you, or imagined you, an excellent youth; I loved, I exulted in your virtues, such as I have known them, by means of your mother's report, and such as I have witnessed them myself. To have formed this design, argued more generosity than I had ascribed to you; but to have relinquished it when once formed, evinces either a blameable fickleness or a laudable sagacity. From which of these it flows, I know not. I want to esteem you more than I do, but I am afraid, when I come to be acquainted with the true motives on which you have acted, I shall find reason for esteeming you less. Pray, my friend, let me know the truth."

While saying this her eyes were fixed with great earnestness on my face. They even glistened with tears. I was affected in a singular manner. These proofs of a tender and sublime interest in my happiness and virtue, affected me with pleasure, while the consciousness of the truth of her suspicions covered me with shame.

I had a difficult part to act. To acknowledge the truth, would, indeed, lower me in her opinion; a circumstance not less distressful to her than to me. To pretend that I was influenced by disinterested considerations, and by a sort of refined, though perhaps erroneous regard to her happiness, which her present frugal competence would more essentially promote, than the possession of extensive and cumbrous property; to insinuate that I had only delayed, in consequence of some fictitious obstacles, the execution of my purpose, would have been grossly culpable. I was fortunately extricated from this embarrassment by the entrance of a neighbour, whose prolix loquacity consumed the whole evening, and allowed me to withdraw before any further explanation could take place.

This incident led my thoughts into a new direction. It seemed as if the option of doing or forbearing was taken away. My reputation was made to depend upon my conduct, and the rebukes and contempts of my mother, of Sydney, and of the lady herself, were to be shunned at a greater price than this. I was

determined, with whatever reluctance, to execute my first purpose.

My reluctance did not flow from any single source. Power and property are intrinsically valuable, and I loved them for their own sake, as well as for the sake of the good which they would enable me to confer upon others. I was willing to obviate all the necessities of this woman, but desired to retain the means in my own hands. I did not love her, but I drew pain from thinking of her as belonging to another. I did not wish her to be mine, but I believed that no human being was so worthy to possess her as myself. To enrich her, would be merely enriching some being, who, at present, was unknown, and whom, when known, I was sure that I should hate and despise.

The necessity to which I had reduced myself of giving, and the aversion which the conception of her marriage with another produced, led me, at length, to reflect upon the scheme of seeking her myself. To reconcile myself to this scheme, I ruminated on her unrivalled and inestimable qualities. I said, I must not expect to meet with any one equally excellent. She is destitute of beauty; but what is beauty? It is transient and perishable. Time or indisposition destroys it, and its power over the senses depends upon its novelty. Conjugal familiarity never fails, in a very short period, to dissolve the charm. The true foundation of love is placed in the moral character, and the assurance of being requited with affection. To know that I am beloved by a being like this, will unavoidably excite that passion in me; but, if it did not, still my regard for the happiness of such a woman ought to determine my choice. I believe that she already loves me, and it is my duty to ascertain the truth; and I, in some sort, to abide by her decision.

Meanwhile to offer her this estate, which truly belongs not to me, but to her, is my first province. In doing this, all allusions to wedlock or love should be carefully excluded. They may, in a due interval, properly succeed, but ought not to accompany the offer. To proffer money and love, in the same moment, is ridiculous. It would appear like bribing her affections, and is absurd, since it would be equivalent to taking back with one hand what we bestow with the other.

But how shall I account for my delay? She knows that I once conceived this design, and have since apparently relinquished it. My motives have, I fear, been selfish or ambiguous, and I cannot prevail upon myself to disclose them. The truth must be palliated or disguised. Some adequate apology must be invented. It was in vain, however, that I sought for some apology which would answer my end, without a greater breach of truth than my honesty would allow me to commit.

At length it occurred to me, that since I had resolved to tender her my hand, there was no sufficient reason for deferring the tender. I neither expected nor desired stronger evidence of her intellectual excellence than I at present possessed. If she loved me, the sooner her anxieties were at an end, the more should I consult her happiness. If her affection were desirable, upon the whole, the sooner it was ascertained and secured, the better. Besides, since an apology for my delay must be found, none was more plausible than that it arose from my having entertained a passion, which, if crowned with success, would render my intended gift unnecessary and absurd.

Such was the train of my reflections, in my way homeward from the interview, which I have just described. When I left the house, no conception was more distant from my wishes than marriage with my cousin, but before I reached my lodging, a total reverse had taken place in my sentiments and views. This reverse was of too much moment not to engross my deepest thoughts. I entered my chamber and threw myself on the bed. As soon as I came to reflect upon this union, as on somewhat that was destined to happen, I was industrious in tracing its consequences and revolving its benefits. Insensibly my fancy became heated, I grew impatient of delay; I shuddered at the obstacles to my success that time might produce, and at those which might, at that moment, secretly exist. I endeavoured to bury my forebodings and anxieties in sleep, but sleep would not be summoned.

At length I started on my feet, and exclaimed, why should I endure this uncertainty a moment? Why should I impose it on another? A mutual understanding may be accomplished next month or next week; but cannot it be, with more propriе-

ty, effected to-morrow? and if to-morrow, why not to-night? No event can be more disastrous and intolerable than suspense; and this hour, when the Wallaces are gone to their repose, and Louisa has withdrawn to her chamber, not to sleep, but to brood over the tormenting images of my depravity, may terminate suspense, and stifle suspicion, and overwhelm the heart of this angelic woman with joy.

She does not go to bed till twelve. In such a moonlight night as this, she is probably seated at her chamber window, which is lifted, and which overlooks the street. Hence, it will be easy to obtain audience: and the conference to which I summon her will be worthy of the sacred silence and solemnity attendant on it.

Fraught with this idea, I left my chamber and the house, and speeded towards the street where Wallace resided. The air was mild and the moonlight brilliant, and many persons were seated at their doors and in their porches, gaily conversing, and inhaling the breeze, whose grateful influence had been enhanced by the fervours of the past day.

My expectations of seeing Louisa at the window, were fulfilled. Her voice was coarse and monotonous, and wholly unadapted to music; but she was, nevertheless, fond of the art, and, when alone, was accustomed to sing. This, at present, was her occupation, and though its influence was unpleasing, inasmuch as it reminded me of her deficiency in an art, upon skill in which my imagination had been used to set the highest value; it likewise delighted me, by denoting her presence at the window.

On recognising my voice she betrayed no small surprise. My request to be admitted to an interview was immediately granted. She came down stairs, and, opening the street door, went with me into a back parlour. This meeting, said she, is very singular and unexpected. Something of no very trivial import must have induced you to come hither at such an hour. Pry'thee tell me the cause.

To explain the cause was a task of some delicacy. Her own quickness of perception, however, supplied my want of perspicuity; and the ardour of her own feelings made her overlook

the fluctuations and coldness which the neutral state of my affections could not but produce in my tone and deportment. That she loved me was a suspicion not admitted without plausible evidence; but the transports of her tenderness, the sobs which convulsed her bosom, and took away all utterance, surpassed those bounds which my imagination had assigned to it.

These appearances were not anticipated. It cannot be said that they excited pain, but they were contemplated without rapture. I was conscious to a kind of disapprobation, of which the inertness and insensibility of my own heart were the objects. I believed that I ought to have partaken in her transports; that the merits of this being, and the value of her love, were such as to make my near approaches to indifference a crime. In circumstances that ought to have been pregnant with delight, my complex feelings were tinctured with dejection.

At this moment our attention was called away by a distant and faint sound. It was the murmur of confused and unequal voices, mingling, and, at each moment, growing louder and more distinct. Presently a tolling bell was heard. The sounds were, at first, slow, and at long intervals; but suddenly the strokes succeeded each other with more rapidity, and other larums were rung in different quarters. The sounds gradually approached the door. The pavement without was beaten by innumerable footsteps, and the fearful warning, ascending from a thousand mouths, was Fire! Fire!

I was confounded and dismayed by this uproar. I had never witnessed this disaster in a populous city, and my fancy had connected with it innumerable images of tumult and horror. I knew not the place or the limits of the danger, and gazed around me as if it were uncertain whether the room in which we stood was incircled by the blaze.

From this stupor I was roused by my companion, who knew nothing but compassion for the sufferers, and who implored me to fly to their relief.

Who? Where? Whither must I fly?

Go into the street: run whichever way the crowd runs.

I obeyed without parley or delay; and, rushing into the street, allowed myself to be carried along by the stream. Presently I turned a corner, and saw, far before me, red gleams, wavering on the roofs and walls, and luminous smoke, rolling in immense volumes above.

I ran forward with speed. Presently I drew near the house that was in flames. The space before it was crowded with gazers, whose tongues were active in augmenting the clamour, while their hands seemed totally unoccupied. I pressed forward with eagerness, though actuated merely by an impetuous curiosity, till I reached a narrow interval between the walls of the building and the middle of the street. This space was ancle-deep in water, supplied by the pumps and engines, which had been drained without success. It was, besides, scarcely tenable from the heat. Beams, and fragments from the roof were incessantly falling around it. No danger, therefore, was more imminent; and the crowd kept aloof.

I had scarcely breathed, after reaching the verge of this space, when I noticed a ladder, raised against the wall, and leaning on a window at the third story. No one ascended it, from fear, as I hastily collected from the exclamations of those near me, that the roof would sink before he who should be adventurous enough to enter the house should have time to leave it. I found, likewise, that some one was imagined to be asleep in that chamber.

I was not qualified to judge of the progress which the fire had made, or on what ground this apprehension was built. Had I deliberately consulted my reason, I should, doubtless, have continued to hover at a cowardly distance from the scene of peril; but the impulse that governed me was headlong and irresistible: It pushed me forward, and I began to mount the ladder. In vain a thousand voices called upon me to come down, and exclaimed that the roof was already falling. I was deaf to their clamours; and, having gained the top, dashed through the window, which, on the outside, could not have been lifted easily, or with sufficient expedition.

The apartment was nearly filled with smoke, which, by my being suddenly immersed in it, had nearly stifled me. No-

thing was distinctly visible; but, stretching forth my hands, I threw myself forward at random. I reached a bed, and laid my hands upon a sleeper. It was wonderful that the uproar of men, and the crackling of flames, had not awakened her. I had almost dragged her from the bed before she opened her eyes, and became sensible of her situation.

I had no need of words to explain her danger, or of arguments to prevail on her to fly with me. She had only to regain possession of her senses, to look around her and to listen. The stair-case and the roof were wrapt in flames. The fire had already taken hold of her chamber door. The lingering of a moment would have been fatal both to her and to me. Snatching her up in both arms, I hurried to the window, and, darting out of it, had nearly reached the bottom of the ladder when the roof fell in. A cloud of sparkles and cinders flew upward, and on every side. The concussion shook the ladder from its place. I fell, but was fortunate enough to reach the ground upon my feet.

By this time the strength of my companion was exhausted, and she fainted. I did not perceive her situation till, having dragged her through the crowd, who opened me a passage, I reached the steps of an opposite house. Here I paused to collect my thoughts and examine the state of my companion.

We were immediately surrounded by several persons, who offered their assistance. One of them, pointing to an house at some distance, and which was not likely to be injured by the fire, desired that the woman might be carried thither. At the same time he applied to a bystander who, as it appeared, lived in the house, at the door of which we were seated, for a blanket or cloak, in which we might wrap the naked limbs of the sufferer. A cloak was instantly furnished, and the woman, still insensible, was carried in the arms of several persons, to the house before pointed out.

During these transactions, I was nearly passive. An asylum being thus provided for this woman, and succour being thus amply and readily bestowed by others, there was need of no new exertion from me. I had done my part, and it now behoved me to attend to my own safety. Coals and cinders had lighted

on my clothes, and penetrated, in several places, to my flesh. The pain, hence produced, was acute. I had likewise, in my incautious haste to regain the ladder, after having entered the room, struck my head against the side of the window, with such violence, as appeared to have left no slight contusion behind it. I felt myself, however, able to move, and believed it proper to return home with as much expedition as possible. I quickly extricated myself from the crowd, whose curiosity and solicitude were more engaged by the woman's condition than by mine, and stopped not till I reached my chamber.

On examining my wounds, I found them to be of small moment; and to be such as to stand in no need of nurse or physician. The pain could be allayed by simple applications within my reach, and I forbore to disturb any of the family. Being remote from the danger, it had not interrupted their repose, and they were wholly unconscious of my motions.

After some time, the tumult of my spirits subsided, and I had leisure to reflect upon the extraordinary occurrences that had just happened. They appeared more like the transitions of a feverish vision, than the sober changes of reality. The being whom I had saved from destruction was a woman. This I had been able to infer, not only from a rapid view of her face and person, but also from her shrieks, whose acute tones sufficiently denoted her sex. Closed eyes and the wanness of death, were not all that the pale reflection of the flames enabled me to discover during the few moments in which she lay in my arms. There were features, and neck, and bosom, which were stampt upon my memory and fancy, in eternal characters. Though seen for an instant, they refused to disappear, and the image was so vivid that I almost stretched forth my hand to discover whether it were not really before me.

What were the lines and hues of this image? Did they coincide with those delineations of ideal beauty by which my solitary hours had been occupied? They were different from all that I had imagined or witnessed. They burst upon my senses with all the enchantments attendant upon novelty as well as loveliness.

But though I had seen her so nearly, she was probably profoundly ignorant of me. Involved in darkness and smoke, she saw me not in her chamber; and, before she reached a station where my features could have been distinctly noticed, she was sunk into insensibility. Some of those around me might have had previous acquaintance with my person, but it was more probable that I was totally unknown to the nearest spectators. I had lately arrived in the city, and my intercourse was chiefly limited to Sydney and the Wallaces.

I scarcely know how to convey to you just ideas of so motley a character as mine was, in my juvenile days. I was the slave of phantasies and contradictions. My preceptors were books. These were of such a kind as to make me wise in speculation, but absurd in practice. I had blended the illusions of poetry with the essences of science. My mind was fertile in reasoning and invention, and my theory was not incorrect; but my practical notions of happiness and dignity, were full of imbecility and folly. The idol which my heart secretly worshipped, and to which I habitually annexed every excellent and splendid attribute, was love. I snatched glimpses of a better kind of devotion, that which is paid to science, to ambition, to the happiness of mankind; but these were transient in their influence.

According to my custom, I was now busy in tracing the consequences to which this incident might lead: in reflecting on the emotions which the lady, on recovering from her swoon, and obtaining a knowledge of the means of her rescue, might admit into her bosom; and on the effects which an interview between us was likely to produce.

The pleasure which I found in these reveries, was quickly damped by remembering that sacred engagement into which I had entered with my cousin, and on the importance to her happiness of my adherence to that engagement. I likewise thought upon those obstacles which fortune, or parents, or a previous marriage, might raise between me and this new acquaintance. These thoughts made my soul droop. I began to upbraid my precipitation with regard to my cousin; to consider my proffer

of love before it was actually felt, as a criminal imposture, no less injurious to myself than unjust to her.

The mind is ingenious in inventing topics of consolation. Gradually my thoughts returned to the contemplation of my cousin's excellence, of the seldomness of any union between personal and mental beauty, and of the preference which the latter might always claim over the former. I was likewise wise enough to discern the danger that would flow from intercourse with this unknown person; the tendency of gratitude for so signal a benefit, to produce a more fervent passion, and the hazard of yielding to temptation, which my unfortified virtue might incur. For these reasons I determined to decline all intercourse with this female, and to foster, by every means, that affection for Louisa to which she was so well entitled.

Next day the topics of general conversation were, of course, connected with the late fire. Wallace had been roused by the alarm, but had arrived upon the spot sometime after I had retired from it. His inquiries had made him acquainted with most of the particulars which have just been mentioned, but no clue had been afforded by which to ascertain the person of him who had exposed his life to so imminent an hazard.

Sydney had likewise been upon the spot. His knowledge was equally imperfect. I withheld the knowledge which I possessed, being much amused with the speculations and comments that were made in my hearing. I could not but remark the numberless deviations from truth which the story exhibited in passing from one mouth to the other. A score of eye-witnesses communicated each a different tale, and a different description of my person. I was sometimes a youth, sometimes middle-aged. To no two observers was my garb precisely of the same colour and form; and one person solemnly maintained, on the evidence of a pair of eyes, whose acuteness had, in this instance, being assisted by spectacles, that I was a negro man, about forty, who was formerly a slave of his own, and whom he had sought out and handsomely rewarded for his courage. It must be added, indeed, that this witness had not acquired much reputation for veracity.

I was much more inquisitive as to the character and condition of the family who occupied this mansion. I was told that it consisted of two old ladies and a female servant. The latter was she whom I had rescued from destruction. Her mistresses had seasonably escaped, and their confusion and terror had made them overlook, for some time, the danger of their waiting-maid. This being, at length, recollected, some persons had gone so far as to raise the ladder to the window, but their fears would not suffer them to mount it. There were some who confidently reported that the rescuer of the girl, was no other than her lover, a journeyman carpenter and a well-disposed youth, who merited, on this occasion, a public recompense.

So! the nymph whom my imagination had deified, and whose presence I was to shun with as much care as Ulysses shut his ears against the song of the syrens, proved to be nothing more than a waiting-maid, who, though not an unsightly girl, was affirmed to be illiterate and coarse in manners and sentiments. I was sufficiently disposed to question the truth of this intelligence; but these facts were not equally liable to misrepresentation and mistake, as those which related to me; and were supported by no unplausible evidence.

The flitting and ambiguous light in which she had been viewed, and her state of insensibility, had probably decorated her, to my eye, with so many fictitious charms. I drew a useful lesson from this discovery. I learned to contemn the vagaries of my fancy, and to place more reliance on experience. My secret struggles and fantastic regrets, which my reason had been unable to subdue, were now at an end. The idol I had worshipped proved to be a worthless stock; and I returned, with satisfaction, to the path of love and of honour to which my cousin had invited me.

Some days after, on entering Sidney's apartment, he pointed out a paragraph, in the gazette of the day, in which were these words: "we learn that the person who so bravely exposed his life for the sake of a fellow creature, at the late fire in High-street, is Mr. Felix Calvert, a young gentleman lately from Europe." This paragraph put an end to my concealment; and my narrative of this transaction afforded to Louisa and my

friends a topic of much curiosity and congratulation. The assertion of my late arrival from Europe was a new proof of the fallacy of rumour; and I took no pains either to confute this error, or to detect the means by which my concern in this affair had been discovered.

Some time afterwards I was accidentally enabled to trace the channel through which this information reached the printer. A young negro, who belonged to Calverton, had spent the night of this conflagration abroad. He had excused his absence to my steward, by feigning that he watched by the side of a sick slave, belonging to a neighbouring plantation. In truth, he spent it at a carousal in the city.

Three days after this event, he was standing in the market-place, chattering with great vivacity to a companion. Their discourse was overheard by an apprentice in the office of the Weekly Gazette, who stopped near them to purchase a melon. It appeared that Cuff was relating what had passed at the fire, of which he was a witness. When he reached the incident of mounting the ladder, he continued thus:

Ou' pop a man! uppa de latha like a rat. Ob bobbs! what de debble! Prime, says I, is'n da massa Cavut? No! ees! ees! it ee massa Cavut. What de debble if ee see me? the Ceesa gim me floggin! Way! scampa! scud!

No, no, says Prime: top; he be kill. Run uppa de latha. Massa Cavut sure enough.

So I top. Ebba body olla, downa, downa! Massa Cavut no ere em: run uppa lika querril up oaka trec. No debble runna like im. In ee pop. No liffa de winda, but in ee pop, trough glass and all. Quash! ebba body olla. Prime olla. Me olla mo dan ebba body. O massa Cavut! massa Cavut! massa Cavut era no body bum me. So ou' pop massa wid 'oman in 'is 'and. Down de latha ee runna, mo fass dan ebba; 'oman in 'is 'and 'till. Den I runna too; fear ee see me: teh Ceesa gim me floggin.

Pray, said the apprentice, who are you talking of, Blackee? the man who got the girl out of the window the other night, at the fire? Do you know who he was?

Be sure I do. He my massa: ung massa Cavut. He be lif oba Kukill. I be lif wid im. He be come estaday oba de watta.

Massa Cavut was translated by a market-man, who lived near Chester, into Mr. Felix Calvert: and this intelligence being transferred to the printer, it found its way, by his contrivance, to the public. Thus, though many different representations will be given of every incident, yet it may always be, that one among the number shall be true.

This event and its consequences were, in a short time, generally forgotten. It determined the colour of my destiny; but the period was not yet arrived when I was enabled to discern the extent of its influence. Meanwhile, my thoughts were occupied by schemes of love and happiness. Each day admitted me to a nearer view of the mental beauties of my cousin, afforded new proofs of the warmth of her affection, and gave new tenderness to my own feelings.

There is but one goal to which the wishes of lovers point. Having ascertained the mutual existence of love, and no impediment arising from considerations of fortune, all that remained was marriage. Having proceeded thus far, I was eager to accomplish the remainder; and a suitable opportunity occurring, I disclosed to her my wishes.

Either the vulgar portraits of women are groundless and absurd, or my cousin's deportment was an exception to those rules which ordinarily influence her sex. I am disposed to adopt the former opinion, having rarely found any of those distinctions that abound in books exemplified in real life. Woman has been painted as a mass of scruples and doubts; as studying concealments and disguises; as inviting and withdrawing from importunities; as perpetually distrusting the tendency of her feelings, and sifting the professions of her lover; as wishing, and deferring the attainment of her wishes when fully in her power; as practising a thousand stratagems and frauds, and cloaking her hypocrisy under the specious names of dignity; self-respect; modest reserve.

We are taught to expect that a woman will assiduously counterfeit indifference till the man has avowed his affection; that

the secret of her heart, instead of spontaneously flowing to her lips, can only be extorted; that tremours, flutterings, and misgivings; a proneness to recede and delay, are to accompany every act of condescension, and every acquiescence in necessity; that these are feminine attributes, and are not only dictated by reason and duty, but are interwoven with the female constitution.

My teachers and guides had been the coiners of fiction; the preachers of duplicity; the moralists who talk of virtue as of one thing in man and another thing in woman; of mind as modified by sexual differences, like the hue of a skin and the texture of a muscle; and of duty and decorum as prescribing an opposite demeanour in similar circumstances.

Hitherto my theories had been only thwarted and contradicted by the conduct of my cousin. Love had made no inroad on her candour and her unreserve. Her preference of my society, even before she had reason to suppose me a lover, was never concealed. Her eyes sparkled with new pleasure on my entrance: her attention seldom strayed from my countenance and words: her anxiety at any token of disquiet in me was openly expressed; and once, on a sudden meeting, she so far overstept the customary boundaries, as to wrap me in her arms and kiss my cheek. No self-reproof or blushful consciousness ensued this act of unguarded tenderness, though, indeed, it took place without a witness.

Knowing the benevolence of her temper, her perfect artlessness, and her assurance of her own rectitude, I was doubtful for a time whether to ascribe these appearances to more than friendship. I imagined that love was the parent of reserve and dissimulation; that it would produce a seeming unwillingness to answer my inquiries or comment upon my theories; that she should desire my exclusive company, but labour to conceal that desire, and so manage, that the attainment of her purpose should always appear to flow from accident; that her expressions, when addressed to others, should be fluent and unstudied, but, to me, should be selected with caution, and uttered with some degree of hesitation; attention, when least apparent, should be most powerful, and when she listened with most

eagerness, her eyes should seem most occupied by a different object.

On this occasion my vague prognostics were no less totally confuted. My intimations were understood before they were fully expressed. They obtained not a dubious acquiescence, but a vehement assent. It was unwise to defraud herself of the happiness of wedlock by the least delay. Next week was a period preferable to next month; to-morrow was still more to be desired. Nay, she would eagerly concur in the ratification of this contract on that very night. Domestic arrangements might follow with as much convenience and propriety as precede. The house of Wallace would be glad to receive me as a more permanent guest.

She hated the ostentations and formalities attendant on the rite of marriage. These made her regard, with some timidity, that which, on its own account, was productive of nothing but good. Why not lay these aside with the contempt which they deserved? Why tolerate a longer delay, or pass through more forms than were absolutely indispensable?

Her good friend, Mr. Aylford, knew of the engagement of her heart. She owed a visit to that reverend and excellent man. Let us begone this moment, she continued, and seek him in his closet, where he is busy in preparing the religious exercises of to-morrow. Let us claim his immediate assistance in uniting us beyond the power of fate to dissolve the union. We need not leave his house till to-morrow, when we will return hither, and afford you the opportunity of introducing to the Wallaces your wife.

I was almost startled by the abruptness and novelty of this proposal. Its adventurous singularity, however, was congenial with my character, and I eagerly assented to it. But where, said I, shall a witness be procured? Mr. Aylford will not be willing to dispense with the presence of another.

Neither would I be willing. A witness must doubtless be had, and that witness shall be Sidney. His approbation and his presence are wholly indispensable on an occasion like this.

At this moment Sidney entered the room. The lady, with her usual confidence in his affection, repeated the proposal which she had just made.

While thus employed I diligently observed the countenance of Sidney. I had never forgotten that he was once the lover of this woman. It was inconceivable that love so rational should have wholly disappeared. That Sidney, whose talents and integrity were revered by Louisa, should never have gained a place in her affections, had always appeared an inexplicable problem in my eyes; but it was still more difficult to comprehend how the love which Sidney had once admitted could have ceased to exist, when the intercourse between them, and the interchange of good offices, continued the same, and when no new passion had arisen to supplant the old.

I had seen, in him, however, no tokens of uneasiness or jealousy. He had marked the progress of our mutual passion with tranquil approbation. He had spoken of it with an air of serene contentment; and his frankness and affectionate demeanour, as well as his general cheerfulness, appeared not to have been lessened, but augmented by this event.

On the present occasion, he smiled, and said, I believe your wishes cannot be gratified to night, unless some other clergyman will answer your purposes as well as Mr. Aylford, for he left town this morning, and will not return till to-morrow evening.

Louisa declared it impossible for any other to supply his place, and professed her willingness to defer the ceremony till the morrow. On the whole, said she, it will be best. Mrs. Wallace would censure me with justice for taking so momentous a step, not only without her company, but without her knowledge. You, Sidney, and she, shall accompany us to-morrow to Mr. Aylford's, and be witnesses of the happiness of your friends.

Some incident now occurred to separate the company, and put an end to our discourse. I returned to my lodgings, and, till the next morning allowed me to visit my cousin, passed a wakeful and feverish interval. The coming event I regarded with tumultuous impatience. So far from being able to sleep, it was impossible to enjoy a moment's rest. My limbs bore me

mechanically to and fro. I marked the vibrations of the pendulum, and eyed the index of the clock as it stepped from one second to another. Time, surely, has no measurer but the progress of our own sensations. Fear and hope will prolong days into years, while the oblivion of insanity or sleep leaps over days and years as if they were not.

Every moment seemed to annihilate some hazard that beset me, while, for one peril that it removed, several were created anew. As I approached the period that should accomplish my felicity, my terrors were augmented. While fettered by these panics, I seemed conscious of the folly of my bondage; that it existed only in my own imagination; that my eyes were deceived by mists which a single penetrating and vigorous glance would utterly dispel. Still the effort could not be made or could not be sustained. If the mist vanished for a moment, it returned in the next moment, harder to dispel, and more pregnant with monsters and chimeras than before.

The sun consoled me, at length, and encouraged me by his presence. Earlier than usual I hasted to Wallace's house. All the disasters that are incident to man had infested my nocturnal reveries. A thousand evils impended over my cousin, any one of which was sufficient to raise an insuperable barrier between us. Fire might lurk in the walls or floors of her dwelling; it might burst forth in the midst of her security, as on the occasion formerly mentioned. Danger might assail her from within. At this moment she might be seized with the pangs of a mortal disease, and death might snatch her from my arms.

Short-sighted wretch! The evil which thou dreadest, was that which was to take this woman from thy possession. Whence but from some casualty or some disease, could this evil flow? That any moral impediment could arise, never occurred to thy conceptions. In thy widest and most lawless excursions, the possibility of treachery or change in this woman, of prevention or delay from moral considerations, never entered thy thought. All that knew us, were apprised of our mutual passion; all whose approbation was of value, were lavish of their approbation; all to whom Louisa was accustomed to apply for counsel, had been strenuous in their commendations of her

choice. My mother had expressed her delight at the prospect of obtaining this woman for her son; had testified impatience at delay, and was eager to receive us under her roof. There were no bounds to the reverence and love which Louisa entertained for my mother. To contribute to her happiness, had almost been an irresistible motive for accepting the son, though her own heart had been neutral; but her heart added to untainted fidelity and probity, an affection that was unacquainted with restraint, and all her wishes were absorbed in that of being indissolubly and speedily united to her cousin. What then but some jarring of the elements, some shock of nature, some coincidence of physical disasters, could raise an impediment in the way of my hopes?

As I approached the house, my fears subsided; no vestiges of earthquake or fire were to be seen. The house exhibited the usual tokens of safety and tranquility. As I reached the door, Sidney came forth. We accosted each other with smiling civility. His cheerful brow dissipated any remnant of uneasiness that was not already removed.

I found Louisa alone in an upper room. She was sitting in a museful posture, leaning on her hand. For a moment my heart faultered with doubt, whether this was the attitude of thoughtfulness or dejection. On my entrance she looked up, and I perceived that she had been weeping. She assumed a tranquil appearance at my approach, but there were tokens of constraint sufficiently visible.

My heart sunk within me at this reception. I scarcely opened my lips to bid her good morrow, but placing myself by her side, waited, in fearful silence, for an explanation of this scene. At length, in the confusion of my thoughts, I muttered some inquiry respecting her health.

"No," said she, "I am not well. Sick: heart-sick."

Good heaven! What is the cause?

"The want of fortitude; the want of virtue. A sacrifice is claimed at my hands, which my pusillanimity does not hinder me from making, but I cannot make it cheerfully. My reluctance, the growth of folly and passion, refuses to yield."

Of what sacrifice do you speak? Louisa Calvert is equal to the performance of her duty.

"Yes, but she is unequal to the seasonable discovery and steadfast apprehension of her duty. I saw it clearly a few minutes ago, but now it is misty and ambiguous. I waver, and I see that my waverings proceed from cowardice and passion. This does not render me steadfast. It does not restore my resolution. It only heaps anguish and misery on my head." Saying this, her looks betrayed the deepest distress.

My alarms were importunate; and, at length, throwing herself, with a burst of tears, into my arms, she continued: "not for me only, my friend, but for thee also, do my tears flow. Self-denial is a lesson which I learned in my infancy, and in my father's house. The school of disappointment and adversity has taught me long ago what you are beginning to learn."

This was a terrible prelude. She proceeded; but I anticipated the stroke she was about to inflict.

"This evening was fixed for the period of our union, but that union must be deferred for many years, perhaps for ever."

How say you? For ever?

"All engagements between us are at an end. They must not be renewed in less than five years. Meanwhile, you must comply with your cousin's invitation, and go to Europe."

To Europe? Must comply? What language is this? Yesterday you knew it not: What phrenzy has seized you? The contract that made you mine is sacred, and all that remains to perfect it must be performed this very day. I do not solicit your compliance, but exact it. You have bereaved yourself of the power of retracting, and are bound to my mother, to myself, to your friends, by an irrevocable promise.

"Alas! be it sacred or not, it can never be performed. It was made while ignorant of consequences; ignorant of my duty; I am now enlightened upon that head, and have uttered my unalterable resolution."

I was lost in astonishment at the causes that produced this change. For a time I persisted in denying that such a change had taken place. She was not anxious to convince me of the truth by loud exclamations. Her mournful silence, and her

tears, were sufficient indications that the scheme of my felicity was blasted by some untoward event or malignant counsellor. My entreaties to be told by whom these resolutions were suggested, and on what motives they were built, were answered in broken accents, and reluctantly.

"I am not able to repeat the reasons which were urged. I only know that they were valid; that they enjoin upon us a temporary, and, perhaps, an eternal separation."

Who was the reasoner that has made such stupendous discoveries; who has taught you to act against your promise, against the dictates of your own reason, the expectations and opinions of the world; and what motives could his accursed ingenuity invent sufficient to sway you?

"Talk not thus vehemently. If this reasoner has erred, I have erred no less. While censuring him, you censure me. I was indulging my gay visions this morning, when Sidney came and besought an interview. The reasons which he laid before me, for postponing my marriage and dissolving the engagement between us were just."

Sidney? Carlton? He dissuade you from marriage? What motives could he urge?

"I am not qualified to explain them, in the present state of my feelings. I should not state them clearly and impartially. If you will go to him, he will tell you what has passed. He wishes to confer with you on this subject."

His wishes shall be instantly gratified. I will go to him immediately.

I entered Sidney's apartment in a state of perplexity and anger, which made me careless of all forms. Ideas floated in my brain which assumed no distinct shape, but they were connected with remembrances of Sidney's ancient pretensions to my cousin, and vague suspicions of malevolence or treachery.

He was sitting at a table, with books and papers before him. So, said I, abruptly and advancing towards him, here are mysteries which it must be your province to explain. Yesterday Louisa Calvert consented to become my wife, but to-day, it seems, she has changed her mind; and, she tells me, you have been the author of this change. You have urged reasons for

not merely postponing our alliance, but even for wholly dissolving the contract. You will not be surprised that this disappointment should distress me, and that I should expect from you the reasons of so strange and unexpected, and, indeed, unwarrantable interference. What have you discovered to make my marriage with my cousin less eligible now than formerly? Till this moment, I have seen in your conduct, no marks but of approbation, and have relied upon you as my strongest advocate; but now, it seems, the tide has changed, and you have persuaded her to recal all her promises, and thwart every expectation of her friends.

During this address, Sidney's countenance became grave, but without embarrassment or dejection. After a pause, he replied in a sedate and mild tone, "it is true." There he stopped.

True! But why have you acted thus? What objections have you found to this marriage? What vices or enormities have you detected in me which unfit me for being the husband of Louisa Calvert?

"No vices or enormities: nothing but the want of age and experience: but my objections are not limited to you. They relate chiefly to your cousin. Her qualities, in my opinion, make this alliance improper. It is more likely that misery will flow from it than happiness. I have endeavoured to convince her of this, and have, beyond my expectations, succeeded."

Qualities in my cousin that make marriage improper? Pray, of what kind are they? They have entirely escaped my sagacity, and I should be grateful for the assistance of a friend in drawing them to light.

"I doubt much," replied he, unaffected by the ironical severity of my looks and tones, and eyeing me mildly and steadfastly, "I much doubt the fervency of your gratitude for a service like that; and yet I have no mean opinion of your generosity. You are passionate and headstrong, but there is, in your character, a fund of excellence, which, if not checked by untoward events, will hereafter render you illustrious. You have won my esteem, and I love you so much that I am willing to promote your happiness even at the expense of your temporary gratifica-

tion. I would save you from an alliance which would operate to your mutual destruction."

These intimations startled me. I re-urged, in a milder tone, my inquiries into those defects in my cousin which were adapted to produce such disastrous consequences.

"It is useless to discuss them," said he: "instead of regarding them as defects, you will account them excellences, and excellences they truly are. Those qualities which have given birth to your passion, are the same which disqualify her for being your wife. In proportion to her candour and benevolence, to her tenderness and constancy, is she unfitted for an indissoluble alliance with a youth, raw, unexperienced, with principles untried and unsettled, impetuous, versatile, liable each day to new impressions, and enslaved by a thousand romantic and degrading prejudices. I do not beseech your patient attention to arguments and exhortations. I do not seek to convince you that Louisa Calvert, in proportion to the purity and elevation of her character, is unfit to be your wife. By my conduct on this occasion, I expect only to excite your rage, and to draw upon myself your upbraidings and suspicions. If any other emotions were excited, my objection to the marriage would not have existed. It was agreeable, however, to my conceptions of duty, to act and to speak thus. I think I foresee all the consequences of my actions, and as this foresight has not shaken my purpose, these consequences, whatever they may be, will not molest my tranquility."

It is impossible to describe the emotions which were produced by these words. A secret conscience whispered me that Sidney was right; that I was, indeed, that versatile, romantic, and ambiguous being which he had described; that the passion I had fostered for my cousin was built on inadequate foundations, was unsupported by congeniality of character, was more allied to the impulses of sense and to the instigations of vanity, than to any better principle. This whispering conscience, however, was scarcely heard, and its intimations were neglected. I viewed the subject not through so cold a medium. My desires, though ambiguous in their origin, and, perhaps, transient and mutable, were vehement, and acquired new strength from

this unexpected opposition. These desires dictated my opinions and my language. The interference of Sidney, in a transaction in which he had no direct concern, his attempt to controul his friend in a choice where her happiness alone was to be consulted, appeared to me audacious and presumptuous. I was likewise sufficiently disposed to question the purity of his motives, to impute his conduct to mean jealousy and rivalship. I did not hide these thoughts, and was, by no means, sparing of surmises and reproaches.

He listened to me with unaltered features. At first I was inclined to suppose that my reproaches had possessed some influence, but when I gave him opportunity to speak, he declared that the light in which his interference had been viewed by me, and the resentment which it had excited, fully agreed with his expectations. My reproaches argued all that impetuosity of temper which he had already, in the secret of his own thoughts, ascribed to me. It added, if possible, new force to his objections against any union between me and his friend. "Your errors," continued he, "are of no rare or prodigious kind. They are incident to persons of your immature age, and contracted experience, and secluded education. They entitle you to sympathy and succour from those wiser and older than yourself. I am your senior by a few years, and if I possess any superiority over you, am indebted for it to wiser instructors and larger observation.

"I have made no secret of the love which I once felt for your cousin. That love was founded on proofs of her excellence, which time has multiplied instead of lessening. That love, therefore, has not been diminished, but enhanced by time; but the happiness to flow from her union with me, must mutually exist, or it cannot exist at all. If undesirable, if unproductive of felicity to her, it must cease to be desirable, cease to be productive of happiness to me.

"You imagine that my opposition has its root in selfish considerations, that I labour to prolong her single state, in hopes that time and assiduities will win her favour to myself. Even while you utter these surmises, you are doubtful of their truth, and you fully expect that I will earnestly assert the purity of my

motives. These expectations will be disappointed. I am far from supposing myself raised above the frailties of my nature, that my conduct is exempt from all sinister and selfish biasses. I know that they sway us in a thousand imperceptible ways, that they secretly pervert those resolutions, and vitiate those reasonings, which, to our hasty view, appear the most enlightened and benevolent. I claim no merit but that of honestly, and strenuously labouring to discover and exterminate the suggestions of self-interest. I know very well that I am far from constantly succeeding, and the detection of my own mistakes, is the irksome, but inevitable fruit of every new meditation.

"It is true that I love this woman; that no man on earth estimates so justly, and admires so fervently her virtuous qualities; that no one is so qualified to make her happy, provided love was not wanting on her side. I know that this love may, on some future occasion, start into being. Need I say that I desire this event? That I regard, with aversion, any obstacle to its occurrence?

"It is true that she loves another, that her heart is devoted to you. I am grieved that her heart is thus devoted. I would willingly free her from this inauspicious passion, and restore her to that indifference which I desire that she should relinquish only for my sake. I repine at her choice, because I am not the object of it, but I should be guilty of falsehood and injustice if I allowed you to suppose that this was the only cause of my repining, and that hence only arose my opposition to your marriage. No; it is founded on accurate examination of your character, and proof which, to me, is incontestible, that the misery of your cousin, and your own misery, would flow from your alliance.

"You will imagine that prejudice and selfishness create, to my view, those disadvantageous qualities which I impute to you. I will not deny it. It is possible that I mistake your character. Hence the diligence of my scrutiny into your deportment, and into my own motives, has been redoubled. Hence my decision has been protracted, and my interposition been delayed to the present hour. Hence I have not, as you seem to think, advised your cousin to dissolve all connection with you,

but merely to postpone her marriage for a few years, during which that steadfastness of views and principles in which you are now wanting, may be acquired by intercourse with the world, and exposure to its temptations and vicissitudes.

"You have hitherto dreamed away your life in solitude. You have no practical acquaintance with yourself, or with the nature of the beings who surround you. You have nothing but distorted and crude conceptions, and passions lawless and undisciplined. You are governed by the present impulse, rebel against all restraints, shrink from all privations, and refer nothing to futurity. Your attachments spring from vanity and physical incitements; they are transient as the hour, and variable with every variation in the objects which surround you. To link Louisa Calvert, by ties that cannot be unloosed, to such an one, would be devoting one being, whom I love beyond all mankind, and another, for whom, in spite of his defects, I have considerable esteem, to bitter regrets and incurable calamity. I cannot think of it."

These representations, urged with the utmost pathos and simplicity, produced a temporary effect upon my feelings. Without being convinced, I was at a loss for an answer. After a pause of some minutes, I left the house; and, returning to my lodgings, employed myself in revolving the topics which Sidney had urged.

The impression which his last words had made upon me, speedily vanished. The more I brooded on the subject, the more equivocal his motives, and fallacious his reasonings appeared. I began to see nothing in his conduct but the stratagems of a selfish competitor, and called up all my courage to the contest with him. To compel him to recal his prohibitions, was not possible. To betake myself to solicitations and intreaties, was sordid and dastardly. My genuine province was to change my cousin's resolutions by intreaties or arguments. In this task, I imagined that little difficulty would occur; and relied, for success, on my own talents, and on the warmth of her affection.

Shortly I obtained another interview. Her deportment was no longer the same. Instead of the cheerfulness, and even

gaiety, by which she had been formerly distinguished, and manners flowing from the union of affection and candour, she was melancholy and full of solicitude, which she was at no pains to conceal. She eyed me with visible dejection and apprehension.

My discontents were sufficiently apparent, and augmented that anxiety which her conduct betrayed. A look, cast upon Mrs. Wallace, indicated her desire of conversing with me apart. Her friend seemed acquainted with the new embarrassments which had arisen between us, and left us to ourselves.

As soon as we were left alone, my cousin placed her chair close to mine, and pressing my hand between her's, said, in broken accents, "you have been with Sidney. He has talked to you, but not convinced you. He has repeated your discourse, and I see, too clearly, the inefficacy of his reasonings. O! my friend! would to heaven you could think with him and with me! and imitate that self-denial which duty imposes on me."

You mistake, said I, impatiently: duty would prescribe a very different conduct. Should you listen to that, a lesson would be taught you very different from the suggestions of envy and jealousy.

At these words, her countenance changed into some expression of resentment. She withdrew her hand from mine. This resentment, however, passed away in a moment, and resuming looks of kindness, she replied, "I can bear injustice when committed against myself. I can also bear it even when committed against my friend. You misapprehend the character of Sidney, and I ascribe that misapprehension to causes that do not make you culpable. You have not enjoyed the means of knowing him, and your equity is blinded by passion. The time will come when that blindness will be removed, and your confidence in his integrity be equal to my own.

"On this subject I desire not to reason with you; for reasoning will make no conquest of your opinions, but will expose my own resolutions to be shaken, and lessen my tranquility. And yet I fondly cling to the hope that reflection will convince you of the rectitude of my scheme."

Your scheme! I know not your scheme. What scheme have you adopted?

"I have mentioned it once already. Spare me the anguish of repeating it."

You have uttered doubts and surmises, but I know not what it is that you finally intend. I have, indeed, talked with Sidney, but I will not suffer him to be your representative, and the announcer of my fate. What is it that you determine with regard to me? These words were uttered in a tone that excited the consternation of my cousin. She looked at me with streaming eyes, but without speaking.

What is it, continued I, you mean? To reject me? To banish me? What have I done to merit the treatment of an enemy? Have I failed in any point of respect to you, or to my mother? Have I violated any law? Have I offended, in any instance, against virtue or decorum? Has a single day brought forth such damning proofs of my depravity? What is the crime? Let me know it, and let me be confronted with my accuser. Save me from the odious necessity of imputing fickleness and hypocrisy to the object of my devotion.

"You have talked with Sidney, and must, therefore, know my resolution, and the grounds on which it is built."

I know nothing from him but that I am a sensual, selfish, and hypocritical slave. That alliance with me will be, to Louisa Calvert, degrading and calamitous; that, instead of affection and esteem, I merit only to be detested and shunned. This, then, is the sentence you pronounce on me. He whom yesterday you loved beyond all mankind, in whose character you found no inexpiable blemish, and to whom you were willing to consecrate all your feelings and wishes, has, to day, become a being hateful or terrible. Make haste, I beseech you, to inform my mother of this change in your opinions. Show her the extent of her error in imagining her son worthy of your esteem. Persuade her to despise me, to relinquish the hopes which she had formed of seeing my happiness and virtue established by union with you.

"Felix! this is too much from you. You have deceived my expectations. I had more confidence in your moderation and your justice. It is impossible that Sidney should have spoken thus. Heaven knows that my love for you has no wise

diminished, that I esteem you as much as ever, but I deem it necessary to postpone an event which cannot be recalled, and to stay till your character is matured by that age and experience in which you are now deficient. And what, if your love be virtuous and sincere, what objection can be reasonably made to the delay of a few years? Your absence will improve your understanding, your morals, and your fortune, and will not bereave us of the advantages of a pure and ardent friendship. Communication, as frequent and copious as we please, may subsist between us. Mutual sympathy and counsel may be imparted; and, by the practice of self-denial, we shall insure our claim to future happiness."

These reasonings were but little suited to appease my discontents. I endeavoured to demonstrate the visionary folly of her scheme, and dwelt upon the pangs of that disappointment which she would inflict, not only upon me, but upon my mother. You can scarcely expect, I said, the approbation of my mother, whose fondest hopes, with regard to her son, have been fixed upon this alliance, and who will charge you with caprice and levity.

"Indeed," she answered, "I fear her censure; but I confide in the candour of my deportment to prove to her, at least, the purity of my motives, though my arguments may fail to make any impression on her understanding. I will explain myself fully to her, and if I should be so unfortunate as to have offended her beyond forgiveness, it will, indeed, be a painful aggravation of my calamity, though it ought not to change a determination built upon such grounds as mine."

My vanity, as well as my passion, led me to imagine that my cousin's objections would easily be overcome. Her scheme appeared so wild and absurd, that I could scarcely argue with her patiently. It was modelling conduct by such artificial refinements and preposterous considerations, that it was more the topic of ridicule than ratiocination. Her purpose was so new, so remote from all her previous views, and so adverse to that scheme of happiness which she had formerly adopted with undoubting confidence, that I was prone to regard it as a kind of phrenzy, which might maintain its hold for a time, but which

would speedily fall away of itself, if it were not removed by argument.

At present, little more was said on either side. I shortly after withdrew to ruminate on this strange revolution. The more thought I bestowed upon it, the more impatient and uneasy I became. My indignation and aversion, with regard to Sidney, increased. I began to suspect not only the disinterestedness of his conduct, but even that of my cousin herself. The change that had been effected, flowed, I imagined, from some unexplained cause, some cause which the parties were ashamed to avow.

This imagination was confused and wavering, but it gave birth to complaints and insinuations, which were heard with grief, and repelled or confuted with calmness and steadfastness. They were recounted in my presence to Sidney, on whom they appeared to excite no resentment, and whose deportment was unaltered by my reproaches. I was not studious of concealing from him my opinion of his interference. Finding his power over my cousin's sentiments was absolute, I laboured to convince him of his error; and, when arguments failed, resorted to the most pathetic intreaties. These, however, availed nothing, and our interviews always terminated in anger and upbraidings upon my side.

These obstacles added new fuel to the flame which consumed me. If my affections had been cold or neutral, previously to these transactions, their nature was now changed. The danger of losing this prize appeared to open my eyes to its true value. The thought of postponing our union for years, was equivalent to losing her forever. Nay, I derived more torment from these delays and suspences, arising, as I conceived, from perverseness or caprice, than from our total and everlasting separation. My vehement temper pushed me forward irresistably to the goal of my wishes. I would not believe but that the attainment of this good was within my power. I would not believe that, should all my efforts be frustrated, I could endure to live.

The ardour of Louisa's sensibility was the advocate on whose assistance I relied. Nothing but perseverance in her new scheme created a doubt of the sincerity of her love. I had in-

numerable proofs of her tenderness, and, therefore, was confident of vanquishing her scruples.

No wonder, that, with an heart full of softness, compassion, and rectitude as her's, she should sometimes hesitate. My impetuosity overbore all resistance. While she listened to my pleadings, she was ready to yield. Frequently I imagined my success complete, and exulted in my happiness; but the scruples which disappeared in my presence were sure to be reinspired by a single conversation with Sidney. On repeating my visit, when every obstacle was supposed to have been annihilated, I was always fated to discover them anew.

These incessant disappointments took away my hopes. I had exhausted every expedient and argument in vain. Every new day showed me that Sidney's power was not to be shaken. My confidence in my efforts languished and expired. I resigned myself to gloomy suspicions, sullenness, and utter dejection. My vivacity and smiling prospects were flown. I regarded myself as one unjustly treated and betrayed. I found a mournful satisfaction in secretly upbraiding the perfidy of Sidney, and the inhumanity and ficklenes of my cousin. My visits to the Wallaces became less frequent; they were shorter, and passed without any conversation from me. They produced nothing but pain, and were willingly postponed or exchanged for the solitude of my chamber or the fields. I seldom failed to meet Sidney at his sister's; and the tranquility of his deportment, and affectionate manner in which he continued to be treated by my cousin, I construed into insults upon myself. These mortifications I endeavoured to avoid by shunning the house.

My deportment, it was easy to see, was by no means regarded with indifference by Louisa. She eyed me, when present, with an air of ineffable solicitude. She could not escape the infection of my sadness. Her attention was alive, as formerly, to all my looks and words; but the vivacity which they formerly inspired, was now changed into grief. When we chanced to be alone together, she expressed her tenderness and her regrets without reserve. On such occasions she renewed her declarations of confidence in the propriety of her deportment, and endeavoured to win my concurrence.

These interviews and these contests, by always affording new proof that her determination was irrevocable, became irksome. I ceased to contend with her objections, but listened, in a silent and sullen mood, to all she could urge. If an answer was extorted by her intreaties, my words were dictated by resentment. They charged her with unfeeling obstinacy and infatuation, with treachery to me, and ingratitude to my mother.

The last topic had always produced a more powerful effect upon her feelings than any other. She frequently confessed that her decision would be greatly, if not irresistably, influenced by my mother's choice. She was inexpressibly anxious with regard to the light in which her conduct would be viewed by my mother. She had written a copious letter to her friend, in which she had explained the reasons of her conduct with the utmost simplicity, and endeavoured to prepossess her in favour of her scheme; insinuating, at the same time, that my mother's authority would be of more weight with her than that of any other human being; and that the imputation of error or ingratitude from this quarter, would be avoided by any sacrifice, and at any price.

The sentence which was so much dreaded by Louisa, was not, in the same proportion, desirable to me. I had other passions besides love, and these lessened, though they did not annihilate the value of a gift, conferred, not from submission to reason or affection, but merely from deference to authority, and for the sake of avoiding unreasonable imputations. In truth, these imputations were not to be expected from my mother. After an intimation that her authority would prevail where her arguments failed, she would be anxious to maintain a neutrality. It was far from certain, that with a mind dispassionate, sobered by age, and prone to refer all events to their remotest consequences, she would not side with her niece, and fortify her present resolutions. Hence no hope was founded on my mother's interference.

This state, so fertile of calamity to me, could not long be endured. After musing on the same detestable impressions, and growing hourly more weary of their uniformity, my mind betook itself to the contemplation of that scheme which had for-

merly occurred to me with powerful recommendations, but which my engagements with Louisa had suspended. In the scene around me, there was nothing but provocations to melancholy. Every object reminded me of the blessing which an untoward destiny had ravished away, and contributed to deepen my gloom. I, therefore, determined to resume my ancient design of visiting Europe.

This design was strongly recommended by Sidney. It will appear to you by no means incompatible with the continuance of affection, and even of one kind of intercourse, between Louisa and I. To me, however, my departure was the extinction of all my hopes. Three thousand miles constituted an interval like death, and the absence of years was equivalent to eternity.

This design had been vaguely suggested by my friend, but she had, by no means, insisted upon it. She seemed contented that marriage should be postponed, but regarded my voyage to Europe with a reluctance she was unable to conceal. On this head, indeed, Sidney's arguments had not produced the same conviction as on others. She could not see but that my present situation abounded with sufficient motives to virtue, and trials of fortitude. That on the busy theatre of Europe, I should forget both her and my country, was not improbable; and this change was likely to banish all ancient impressions without reflecting any great degree of guilt upon me. This dread was confirmed by my own representation, which confounded the postponement with the dissolution of the contract, and my assertions that if I left my country, it would be with no design of ever returning. Her knowledge of my mother's views, who was, for various reasons, an enemy to this design, augmented the reluctance which she felt to concur in it.

Her aversion to my voyage, operated, in some degree, as an argument in its favour. I conceived that though she had resisted every other plea, it was possible that she would revoke her determination, if that alone would detain me. At all events, residence in my native country was grown intolerably irksome, and I resolved to stay on no condition but that of her immediate compliance with my wishes.

The arrangements necessary to my departure were easily made. Having fixed the day of my sailing, and made suitable preparation, I determined to pay my cousin a last visit, and exert all the powers of which I was possessed, to vanquish her scruples. I resolved to recapitulate and enforce every argument which had hitherto been urged, and to offer her the alternative of accepting me, or of seeing and hearing from me no more.

It happened, seasonably for my purpose, that, about this time, Louisa had gone a few miles from the city, on a visit to a venerable lady, who usually passed her time without company or any species of amusement. Louisa proposed to spend two or three days with this person, during which no other visitant was likely to intrude. Sidney, too, was called by some engagement, to a distance, and would not, therefore, be at hand to counteract my efforts. I designed to go to this house, in the evening, and taking my cousin apart, make a final and vigorous effort in the cause of my happiness.

For some days previous to this interview, my thoughts were full of tumult and impatience. I was fully aware of the importance of my undertaking. On the success of this interview depended the condition of my future life. According to the event which should then take place, I should either be blessed with the possession of this woman, I should continue in my present abode, in the discharge of dutiful offices to my mother, in the enjoyment of conjugal felicity, and the improvement of my patrimony, or I should wander, homeless and unattended, through the world. I should separate myself forever from my family, my friends, and my country, and should seek, in a distant land, a new society, new enjoyments, and new motives. My sanguine temper led me to anticipate success rather than failure. When I reviewed the proofs of tenderness which I had received from my cousin, of the reluctance with which she admitted the possibility of my voyage, and the intrinsic force of the reasons which I should be able to alledge in favour of wedlock, and the favourable circumstances, the lonely and solemn season when our interview should take place, and especially the absence of Sidney and Mrs. Wallace, who had hitherto been strenuous

adversaries of my cause, and without whom none of these impediments would ever have subsisted, I trusted that I should extort from her some avowal or some promise, which she should be unable to recal.

The day, so momentous to my happiness, at length arrived. I was not sorry to find it dark and inclement. Storms would increase the probability of finding her alone, and add to the solemnity of our meeting. I designed to wait till night-fall, and then repair to her dwelling, whence, if my attempt should not succeed, I would hurry to New-Castle, where lay the vessel in which I intended to embark.

On how slender threads does the destiny of human beings frequently depend! The caprice of a moment, an inexplicable and transitory impulse, in consequence of which our steps move one inch forward or on one side, will sometimes ascertain the tenor of our whole life, will influence the happiness and govern the activity of one man, and through him, controul the destiny of nations and the world.

Throughout this day, my mind was but ill suited to any social occupation. I was too deeply absorbed in weighing the consequences of the impending interview, to spare much reflection to the claims and interests of others; but this theme became, by degrees, painful. My impatience was heightened into agony, and before noon had arrived, I resolved to hasten the meeting with my cousin, and set out immediately upon my visit.

While equipping myself and my horse for this purpose, some untoward chance called to my remembrance a person who lived near my ancient abode at Burlington, and with whom I had maintained a cordial intercourse from an early age. He had lately assigned me a commission which my abode in the city made it easy to perform, and which it was of some importance to him to have speedily and faithfully performed. It was merely to call on a kinsman who resided in the city, and inform him, in three words, that a certain person had returned to Burlington, who had formerly absconded, in consequence of debt. This person was in debt to my friend's kinsman, and as he had resumed his place in society, with a seeming confidence and fear-

lessness, it was to be hoped that he might be compelled, by legal means, to fulfil his former engagements.

This affair might be dispatched in ten minutes, and to have neglected it would have been wholly inexcusable. I set out, without delay, for this end. I had walked about three squares, when turning a corner, suddenly my attention was slightly attracted by a sound, issuing, as it seemed, from the upper windows of an house, near at hand. It was a faint shriek, uttered, apparently, by female organs. It was a feeble effort of the voice, and followed by deep silence. It was too indistinct to inform me whence it came. I could merely guess that it came from above, and from within some dwelling hard by, but from which of the houses in sight, and whether it denoted grief, or pain, or surprise, or affright, I was wholly unable to determine. I checked my steps an instant, and looked upward and around, but saw nothing to confirm or assist my conjectures, and therefore quietly resumed my way, and re-entered on the meditations which had been suspended by this incident. The circumstance could not be perceived to possess any relation to me. Its true nature was not likely to be discovered by any inquiries which were possible to one in my condition, and possessed no claim upon my curiosity.

Such is the indifference and heedlessness of one who spies the flash of a musket in the thicket, but is unapprised of the existence of an enemy. He imagines it a glow-worm or a meteor, and rests in supine security. Instead of headlong flight, he loiters till the lurking foe has refurnished the pan, and a second attempt urges the fatal bullet to his heart.

I found the person of whom I was in search, and imparted the tidings which I brought. He expressed much gratitude for this service, and inquired if I had any purpose of writing to his kinsman. I answered, that there was, at present, no urgent demand for a letter; that my engagements would lead me a different way in a few hours, and I had not designed to write to him during several weeks, or perhaps months.

He apologised for making this inquiry, by saying that an unlucky wound in his right hand, had, during some time, disabled him from writing; that no one was at hand to perform for him

the office of an amanuensis; that the present affair was of a very urgent and momentous nature; that his future welfare and subsistence depended on the recovery of the sum which was owing by this fugitive; and that the slightest delay might preclude him from this recovery. If I had designed to write to my friend, it would have been an extraordinary favour to him to perform that office immediately, and to insert in my letter some directions with regard to the measures to be taken on this exigence.

To comply with this request, made diffidently, but with great earnestness, would, in a very slight degree, encroach upon my plans. It would fill an hour, and enable me, with more patience, to wait the coming of the period which I had originally fixed upon as most proper for a meeting with my cousin; I therefore consented to write immediately; and having received such information as he chose to give, returned home to compose my letter.

The letter being written, it was necessary to put it on board a vessel going to Burlington. I went in quest of the vessel, and, having deposited the script in suitable hands, returned home, designing to set out forthwith on my projected visit. It was a fortune equally untoward that made me re-enter my lodgings, instead of mounting my horse, which stood ready for my use at some distance. Knowing that my absence might last for ever, I felt reluctance to depart, without leaving affectionate adieus with the good lady at whose house I lived.

Having entered the house, I was informed that a messenger had been in search of me, and had waited for my return some time; but being weary, at length, or in haste, had gone, leaving, however, a billet, which was put into my hand. This billet, containing compliments to Felix Calvert, and a request that he would call at the corner of Front and —— streets, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

On inquiry I was told that the bearer of this billet was a young female, of a foreign countenance and garb, and with an air and demeanour that seemed to prove her a waiting maid or upper servant. She had expressed much impatience and anxiety to see me, and had left the most earnest request that

they would not fail to deliver me the billet. This impatience was visibly increased by the information that I was preparing to set out upon a journey, from which the period of my return was wholly uncertain. She repeated that the receipt of this billet, and compliance with the request contained in it, were of the highest importance, and that no consideration must induce them to neglect delivering it.

The surprise which this circumstance was adapted to produce, was heightened by observing that the corner of Front and —— streets was the very spot at which the shriek just mentioned had excited my attention. A vague suspicion was suggested that some connection subsisted between the invitation just received and that mysterious voice. My acquaintance in the city lay in quarters distant from this, and there was no circumstance within my memory, or observation, enabling me to guess at the character or situation of the tenants of this house. It was spacious and magnificent, was probably inhabited by persons of the better class, and the messenger belonged to a female, since none but a female was likely to charge a waiting maid with a commission of this kind.

This new incident exercised a strange dominion over my thoughts. My attention, burning as it was with eagerness and impatience respecting my cousin's deportment, was diverted into a new channel. I did not hesitate in resolving to comply with this summons. An hour had been mentioned sufficiently early to permit the performance of my previous engagement. Between three o'clock and dusk, the interval was long enough for many an interview, and the dusk of evening was the period most suitable for my visit to Louisa.

My anxiety to gain some basis for conjecture as to the character and views of my inviter, led me to reflect upon the possibility of making some inquiries on that head previous to my visit. I now remembered that, some weeks before this, I had stopped at a shop nearly opposite to this mansion, to purchase some trifles, for which I had just received a commission from my mother. The seller, by name Mrs. Rivers, was a little, talkative, courteous woman, who was likely to have dealt as much in the history of her neighbours, as in the prices of laces

and ribbons. The money I expended with her gave me a title to respect, and much lively discourse had passed between us, not strictly connected with the quality and cost of her wares. She was quick, communicative, affable, and made any laborious advances to acquaintance superfluous. Her I resolved to visit, and, by duly managing the conversation, endeavour to extract from her all the knowledge of her neighbour she possessed.

I went forthwith to the shop. Salutations were exchanged. The price of this and that was required and given. Gloves and hose were spread upon the compter. One article was pretty and another cheap. She had sold this for two-pence more than she now asked, and that being the last pair remaining, she would let go for a shilling under her customary price. While her tongue was thus employed, I was meditating on the best means of leading the discourse to the desirable object.

Meanwhile, there entered the shop, a young woman, who asked for something, for which she paid, and immediately withdrew, yet not till Mrs. Rivers had uttered a score of interrogatories, such as "how d'ye do, Jenny? How is Miss Neville this morning? Does she never go out now-a-days? Why don't she call? When does she leave town? Don't she leave town this summer? How can she bear to stay? Has she got shet of her cold? Was the *cruel* of the right colour? Does she want any more of it?" and so forth. These inquiries were made without intermission, and apparently with no view to be answered. The girl, however, stammered out yes or no, and showed a sort of consciousness and trepidation that attracted my notice.

While viewing her, I noticed her garb, aspect, and general demeanour to be nearly such as had been described as belonging to the bearer of the billet. A suspicion arose that this was the same person. This suspicion was changed into certainty when I saw her trip across the street, and enter a gate belonging to the corner house.

Pray, said I, to my companion, pointing to the house in question, who lives there?

"Don't you know? You look as if you knew. I'll warrant you, you know, but ask ——."

Why? why should I ask if I knew already?

"I cant't tell, but if you really don't know, I'll tell you.

"'Tis a young lady who came not long ago from England. Her aunt or mother (I am not sure which, I confess, for my part, I doubt, but they commonly think her aunt) came first. Mrs. Keith, a good lady, give her her due, and an excellent customer to me. Many a penny has she put into my pocket. Poor lady! I was quite inconsolable at her death. She began to droop just after the young lady's arrival, and died eight months ago."

Was Mrs. Keith a foreigner?

"Yes; no. She was partly one and partly 'tother. She was born in Jersey, and married, early, in this town. Mr. Keith was of an ancient and rich family, and a lawyer. He made a great deal of money by the law, and went home* to enjoy it. Poor man! he died just after he got ashore. This is several years ago, but Mrs. Keith returned, to lay her bones, as she said, in her native country; and, poor woman, she did, in a short time, the very thing which she came to do. She died, and left that house, and a very handsome property, to her niece, Clelia; Clelia Neville."

Is this lady married, or likely to be so?

"Not that I know of. She is quite young and handsome, but goes out but little, and sees scarcely any company. The death of her aunt was a severe stroke. She has been melancholy ever since. Jenny tells me, that from one month's end to another, she never goes out of her chamber and her garden, and sees not a living soul besides her own family. She dresses and lives very genteel. She is quite the lady. A mighty reader, Jenny says, writes much, paints landscapes, and plays very tastily upon the—something—it is an hard, outlandish name. This is all she does. She never does an hand's-turn at any kind of work. Not for want of knowing how to do it neither, but because she thinks it vulgar, or because she likes reading and playing better.

* Before the revolution, Europe, and especially Britain, was universally called, by the American colonists, home.

"She lives a very strange life. To tell you the truth, I am half a mind to think, that there's something like a sweet-heart at bottom; some disappointment of that sort, in England, that made her come out here. Her aunt did not know of her coming. It was very unexpected, and not at all liked by the old lady. The first time they met, Mrs. Keith was quite ill, and the young lady did not behave like one who had found a welcome reception. There was abundance of tears and of sad looks between them, then, and a good while after. Something, for certain, more than the death of her aunt, who was quite old and might look to die soon, is the matter with her now, but what it is, I can only guess.

"Jenny knows; I am sure she knows, but she is prim and close-mouthed about it. I could never get a hint of any thing from her. This is quite a topping dame. She reads and paints as well as her mistress, and won't stoop to be familiar with servants or any body. She often comes here to buy any thing, in my way, that the family wants; and talks about her mistress, but very cautiously. She is no tattler, that's the truth, and I know little but what I pick up myself (our houses, you see, are opposite) and from the neighbours, but still ——."

Mrs. Rivers's loquacity was here diverted by the entrance of a new customer. Three o'clock had nearly arrived, and I imagined that my informant had nearly exhausted her stores of knowledge. I wanted an opportunity of reflecting on what I had already heard, and, therefore, putting my purchases in my pocket, I took my leave. I made a circuit of half a mile before I reached Miss Neville's door.

I was young, romantic, and without experience. There was somewhat in this adventure, wonderfully fitted to excite my curiosity and rouse my hopes. The slight portrait that had been drawn by Mrs. Rivers, exhibited a captivating person, elegant accomplishments, dignity of birth, and opulence, and, in a sufficient degree, an unblemished reputation. What motive could induce such an one to demand a visit from me, was a theme of perplexing, but no undelightful, inquiry.

These inquiries were, at length, terminated by my arrival at her door. I had been summoned hither, but the summons was

anonymous, and the cause was unexplained. I was somewhat at a loss, therefore, in what manner to demean myself, for whom to inquire, or what motive t alledge for my visit. This perplexity hindered me not from knocking. The signal was speedily obeyed. The girl I had seen at Mrs. Rivers's, appeared at the door, and, before I had time to open my lips, desired me to walk in, and ushered me into a drawing room, on the second story.

Here I walked to and fro, for some minutes, alone. All the misgivings of youth, the timidities of inexperience, and the indefinable hopes and fears congenial with my visionary and enthusiastic temper, took possession of me. I looked at one door, and at the other, and listened. I mistook a casual sound for that of approaching footsteps. These fallacious omens, were, after some time, succeeded by unquestionable ones. The door from an inner chamber, opened, and there entered, in a sort of hurry, and with various tokens of embarrassment, a lovely female, arrayed in mourning.

I made my obeisance with an ill grace, and, on being requested, in a tremulous and soft voice, to sit down, with difficulty found a seat. She seated herself near me, and, after a short pause, said,

"I am not so fortunate, sir, as to be known to you, and scarcely know how to apologise for the liberty which I have taken in requesting this visit. I am conscious that it may bear a strange and disadvantageous appearance, but my heart acquits me of any impropriety. My motive has been gratitude, for the greatest service which it is possible for one person to perform for another. You have saved my life, at the imminent hazard of your own, and I could not forbear seeking this opportunity of presenting you my thanks. The obligation can, indeed, be never discharged; but your benevolence and intrepidity entitle you, at least, to know that she whom you have rescued from the worst of deaths, is not ungrateful for the benefit."

At this address, I lifted my eyes and fixed them on the speaker. The blood thrilled at my heart in recognising, in this person, the form and features of her whom I had borne in my

arms from an house in flames, and whom I had seen as for a moment, and whose image, impressed in such vivid hues upon my fancy, I had supposed to have been indebted for its charms to the illusion of my senses. Every line of that portrait was now visible. My surprise was equal to my delight; and these strong emotions overpowered, for a while, my timidity and awkwardness. I started, involuntarily, on my feet, and expressed my pleasure at this meeting, with an eloquence and fervour that were new to me.

She listened with emotions which I was unable, at that time, to interpret. Her eyes were downcast, her cheeks glowed, sorrow appeared to contend in her features, with joy, and confidence with doubt. Her tongue faultered in expressing her sentiments, and every gesture betokened a confusion of feelings, inexplicable, but bewitching.

This perplexity and reserve gradually lessened, and our conversation reverted to the events that brought about this interview. I mentioned the mistake in which I had been hitherto involved, as to the person I had saved, inquired into the situation of the ladies whose roof it was, and by what means she became exposed to the danger.

"I was merely a visitant of these ladies," she replied. "I spent the day with them, and they prevailed upon me to remain during the night. One of them was indisposed, and there was some reason to dread the increase of her indisposition. Hence I was more willing to stay.

"On fully recovering my senses, I found myself in the arms of an hospitable lady of the neighbourhood. I was not hurt, and the terror was quickly removed. I procured myself to be removed hither to my own house, as expeditiously as possible. I did not distinctly see my deliverer, and some time elapsed before the newspapers acquainted me with his name. My servant procured, by some means, information of the place of your abode; and my eagerness to render you the thanks that are so justly due, has made me overlook forms."

Let me thank you, said I, in my turn, for this negligence of forms. The mistake into which I was led, at the beginning, respecting your person, made me remiss in profiting by so fa-

vourable an opportunity of knowing you. I hope you will allow me to repair my error and authorise me to see you frequently.

She admitted my request with looks of the utmost benignity and satisfaction. The discourse passed to topics of a general and speculative kind. The transition was not effected by me. She led the way, almost imperceptibly, into new tracks, and glided from one theme to another, with dexterity and gracefulness inimitable.

Very far was my companion from forward and loquacious. She was merely earnest and full of thought. She spoke much, and with mellifluent volubility; but this arose from organs, flexible beyond any that I had ever known, and from a mind incessantly versatile and active, drawing with a facility, almost sportive, from inexhaustible stores of sentiment and language.

Our topics tended but little to throw light upon the real incidents of her condition. There was the fullest display of her opinions. There were details of her intellectual education and the progress of her understanding. Transactions were related or alluded to, in which she had been a witness, and some in which she had been an actor; but these exhibited her modes of judging on abstract subjects, and threw very faint and reflected light upon her principles of conduct.

Books came, at length, to be mentioned. She appeared to be no unimpassioned votary of reading. She had, at almost an infantile age, imbibed an invincible attachment to books. She had read, for a long time, with indiscriminating appetite. Amusing and frivolous productions occupied her attention for a while, but her taste gradually acquired refinement. She distinguished between faults and beauties, between substance and show. Her facility of approbation, and her eagerness for novelty, abated. While some performances lost all or much of her esteem, others acquired stronger claims to admiration. The habit of inquiring into the reasons of her choice, of pausing and sending forth her mind upon discovery, of calling up and expatiating among the ideas linked with the suggestions of the writer, became vigorous and permanent. From seeing and

feeling, she had long since proceeded to investigate, select, and arrange.

To me this spectacle was wholly new. I had met with persons of extensive knowledge, but their minds were not pliant and elastic. Their discourse was jejune, disjointed, and obscure. Their mind gave out its stores, if I may so express myself, with difficulty and reluctance. Their expressions were meagre and coarse, inadequate and vague. Their tone was an insipid sing-song, or a monotonous uniformity. Their utterance was stammering through precipitation, or drawling through sluggishness. Their stock of words was too small to allow them to select suitable expressions with the requisite speed. They erred through perverse habits, or a vitiated taste.

The picture now before me was a dazzling reverse of these imperfections. Nature, accident, or education, had given her so large a store, and such absolute command of language, that she had nothing to do but to adjust her pause, her accent, and her emphasis. The stream was spontaneously and ever flowing. All her care consisted in leading it through proper channels, and giving melody and meaning to its cadencies.

My conceptions of the dignity and beauty of eloquence, of that power of utterance which bestows the utmost grace and force upon our own conceptions, or on those of others, were, probably, carried beyond the due bound. My education, in this respect, had made me a mere Roman. From much converse with ancient orators and rhetoricians, I had been taught to regard speech as the faculty of greatest value and power. Excellence in this, was most worthy of generous ambition, and to this the power of retaining and arranging ideas was subordinate and secondary.

Our modes are very different from those of the Latins. We have not lived long enough in a warm sun to acquire the vivacities of utterance and gesture which distinguish the Italians. Our northern extraction makes us sober and dispassionate, and our government raises a wholesome mound against popular tides and billows. The perfections of speech have scope only on private occasions. There is no scene of deliberation where thousands are convened, where every auditor is qualified, by

education, to comprehend and relish the refinements of speech. Eloquence, in the Roman sense of that term, is driven from among men. It expired when the forum, from a theatre of government, sunk into a market-place, and advocates and statesmen were supplanted by butchers and herb-women.

But there is another sense in which its value and its efficacy are as great as ever. Persuasion and instruction are employments of as frequent recurrence, and as great moment now, as at any former period. The instrument is no less powerful to charm the eyes and ears, to sway the reason and affections of one or a few. Hence, the rhetoric of conversation awakened, in the highest degree, my juvenile enthusiasm. I prized myself more highly on account of my attainments in this art, than for any other accomplishment; and no excellence in others, gained more fervent veneration, than their skill in conversation, their power to adapt their theme to all persons and occasions, without sinking into levity or indecorum, of guiding and bending attention at pleasure, of joining sagacity to promptitude, and correctness to fluency. Hence, in listening to my new acquaintance, I derived pleasure beyond what I had ever experienced from the exhibition of intellectual excellence.

In the midst of our discourse, the evening overtook us. Four hours had passed away with imperceptible speed. I looked up and recalled my previous engagement to remembrance, but it appeared with the dubiousness and faintness of a dream. It threw me into a temporary perplexity, and being aware that my visit had been longer than decorum usually prescribed, I took my leave.

I should in vain attempt to describe the state of my mind after this interview. A deep and thorough revolution had been wrought in it; of the full extent of which, however, I was not yet aware. The image of Miss Neville, clothed with nymph-like and fascinating graces, hovered in my view; a tumult of delicious feelings was awakened, which I cherished with diligence, and, during some time, avoided every act or meditation tending to divert my thoughts into a different and customary channel.

Gradually this tumult subsided, and allowed me calmly to survey my real situation, and to figure to myself the consequences which this incident must produce. Irresolution and despondency took place of my rapture. I thought of all that had passed between Louisa Calvert and myself, of the earnestness with which I had sought her hand, of the obstacles which had occurred to my hopes, of the toil which I had undergone to overcome these obstacles, and of the measures which my recent despair had dictated.

The first sentiment which now rose in my heart, was that of self-upbraiding. I had acted with the blind impetuosity of a lunatic. The dupe of deceitful rumour. I had stifled that emotion which the image of the rescued lady had excited. I had laboriously shunned the smooth and forthright path, and bent all my infatuated zeal to accomplish my destruction and that of my cousin; but my error was now not to be retrieved. I had gone too far to return, to stop, or even to linger.

What! had I then ceased to love Louisa Calvert? Was a short interview with this stranger, in which nothing but the specious surfaces were visible, sufficient to change into indifference or aversion, that headlong zeal, which, an hour before, had burned in my heart, had urged me to the brink of despair, had made me determine to abandon my mother, my friends, and my country! How fully had I justified the censures and precautions of Sidney! What a monument of mutability and caprice should I make myself, should I now relinquish my pursuit, and devote to another those wishes and affections which had so lately belonged to my cousin! This would be ignominious and disgraceful beyond any guilt which my nature could incur.

And yet, had not Louisa rejected me? Had she not determined to postpone our union to a remote and indefinite period? Was not our betrothment utterly dissolved? Were not my happiness, my safety, my life, voluntarily offered as a sacrifice to the prejudices of another? I had persisted in contesting with her determination, long after the prospect of success had vanished. I meditated flight and exile, the sorrow of my mother, the neglect of my patrimony, the desertion of my friends; why? because this woman had chosen to reject my vows, to preserve,

unimpaired, her haughty independence; had refused to place trust in my rectitude and constancy; had loaded me with scorn.

Of this folly it was surely time to repent. It was time to discontinue my base and servile supplications, to leave her to consult the wisdom of Sidney, and to cultivate her own means of dignity and happiness. Let me claim to myself the same privilege. Let me seek happiness from one more able and more willing to confer it; who is governed by sentiments and principles harmonious and congenial with mine; who is not the slave of the ambiguous and cold-blooded scruples of another. Why should I decline my intended visit? Why not seek my cousin, and afford her the satisfaction of my acquiescence in her schemes?

She was right. Sidney's knowledge of my character was more accurate than my own. I have been too precipitate. There are points of difference between Louisa and myself, incompatible with conjugal felicity, and which no time would probably annihilate. Parting will be best. Let me hasten to her presence; let me assure her of my full conviction of the propriety of her schemes. It will afford her the purest and most rapturous joy. Her sympathetic heart has long been agonised at the sight of my sufferings, and her ear been wounded by the murmurings of my injustice. It is time to dissipate her griefs, and restore her to complacency and cheerfulness.

Such were my reflections; in consequence of which I pursued my way to my cousin's habitation. These sentiments were not inequitable. They diffused a serenity and calmness through my bosom, to which I had long been a stranger. It did not occur to me to note the abruptness of this change, and to mark how little I had been indebted for it to the force of reason. Before my interview with Clelia Neville, these considerations were overlooked. The voice of equity was then too low to be heard, but now I had suddenly started up into a dispassionate and rational being. I could perceive and acknowledge the justice of her conduct, and acquitted her of all malignity and folly. Such is the imposture which men practice on themselves. Such are the folds under which selfishness and passion hide themselves, and so easily are their boastful and ar-

rogant pretensions to disinterestedness and magnanimity admitted by their fond slave.

These reflections were succeeded by others relative to my new friend. I pursued, with intenseness, the comparison between the virtues and accomplishments of these women. I dwelt with delight upon the personal attractions, the polished understanding, the affluent and musical eloquence, the studious and seclusive habits of Miss Neville. I dwelt upon the propitious omens that attended the beginnings of our intercourse, the fervency of that gratitude which so eminent a service as that of saving her life, at the almost inevitable hazard of my own, was suited to produce, and which, the extraordinary mode adopted by her, to convey her thanks, sufficiently testified. I was her only visitant. She had given, even in so brief an interview, indubitable proofs of being highly pleased with my demeanour. She had accepted, with eagerness, my offers of continuing and advancing our acquaintance. She was a stranger in a foreign land, unfettered by obligations, springing from kindred or marriage, or poverty; unamused by varieties of company, and the shifting scenes of dissipation; fond of loneliness and books, and musing. Was it possible for invention to assemble more charms in one form, and more auspicious incidents together? Was she not the unknown type, after which my fancy, in the solitude of Burlington, had delighted to fashion the images of friend, mistress, wife?

But what was my cousin? No music in her utterance, no vigour or grace in her elocution, no symmetry, no lustre, no bewitching hues, no radiance in her glances. She is an object of esteem. Her virtues are divine: but they, alone, cannot give birth to that ineffable passion which blends two beings into one. And yet, is virtue nothing in the balance of him who meditates wedlock? Is it nothing that Louisa loves with tenderness and constancy, that her character is fully known, and is void of blemish? Are integrity, and moral sensibility, and rare genius, so easily outweighed by mere external qualities, whose intoxications are sure to disappear in nuptial familiarity, and to sink to the level of their opposites? What know I of this stranger that is inconsistent with innumerable foibles and frailties? She

is plausible and smooth; but may she not conceal, under this delusive mask, a thousand weaknesses or prejudices?

It is true that she may be no less excellent in mind than in person. There is nothing destructive of each other in the perfections of form and of mind. This alliance, however, is yet to be proved. It remains to be discovered whether there do not secretly exist insuperable impediments to the wishes that I have formed. What are the means of this discovery? How does it become me to demean myself? not, surely, in such a manner as will terminate every hope with regard to my cousin. Does she merit to be made unhappy by a full disclosure of my feelings? What if further and more intimate acquaintance with Miss Neville should prove my first impressions to be false?

Should I then declare to my cousin not only my change of opinions with regard to her, but my new-born preference of another? What will that be but to give her torment, which the failure of my expectations, and my wishes, with regard to Clelia Neville, may prove to be wantonly and needlessly inflicted? What will that be but to rob myself of the power of reverting to my ancient path, and loosing totally my hold of my cousin's affections? Far am I yet from loving this stranger: farther still may our future intercourse place me from loving her. This new occurrence has only shown me the possibility of happiness without my cousin.

What then is incumbent on me? Let me hasten the intended interview. Let me yield to her remonstrances and projects; consent to consider our betrothment as dissolved, maintain with her, henceforth, the intercourse of friendship, and meanwhile cultivate the society of the stranger. Study her character, endeavour to comprehend her situation. If in those there be no impediments to a more intimate and sacred union, endeavour to effect that union. If there be such obstacles, then may I adopt some new scheme of happiness, and either revive my claim to Louisa Calvert, or bid an eternal adieu to these shores.

These principles appeared to me just. They argued, perhaps, a kind of sensibility, less ardent or less permanent than is commonly found in upright and ingenuous youth; but the speculative maxims that countenanced and sanctioned my deport-

ment were not immoral. It is easily seen, however, what perils and temptations I was going to multiply around me. How hard I should find it to avoid, in adhering to this plan, falsehood and duplicity. The sequel will show how little qualified I was to resist these temptations.

Late in the evening I visited my cousin. I found her alone. Her friend had retired to her chamber earlier than usual, and left her to pursue her reveries without interruption. She was sitting, with a paper open in her lap, her arms folded, and her eyes moist with tears.

She endeavoured to assume a cheerful air at my approach, but her sadness was imperfectly concealed. My curiosity was naturally excited by these appearances. On questioning her as to the cause of her apparent discomposure, she gave me the letter.

"From your mother," said she. "I have just received it; you may read it."

I accordingly perused it, hastily. It was a copious epistle, written in answer to one received from my cousin, in which the reasons of her treatment of me had been explained. It was dictated by maternal candour and affection. My cousin was applauded for her fortitude, the sacrifice of inclination to reason. She was exhorted to continue under the guidance of the same principle, and was gently chidden for laying stress in questions so immediately pertaining to her own happiness and duty, on the assertion or authority of others. This rebuke related not to my cousin's deference to the councils of Sidney, but merely to her appeal to my mother's wishes, and her declaration that my mother's reason or will should be the rule of her conduct. This submission was earnestly rejected. She was exhorted to act with single views to her own felicity, that being the object of supreme regard to my mother, and that being incompatible with wedlock contracted without the utmost independence of choice, and the entire acquiescence of the understanding.

She then proceeded to state her reasons for dissenting from Louisa. She dwelt upon the flexibility and ductility of the youthful character, how much it depends upon the incidents

befalling it, and how delicate those contingencies are by which the ultimate rank and condition of men are governed.

She acknowledged that her son's principles were yet unformed, but she believed his biases and propensities to be good, and that no circumstance could be imagined more favourable to the growth and stability of my virtue, than marriage with one of my cousin's excellence.

She had not failed to study my character. She trembled on perceiving my susceptibility of new impressions. Her zeal for my welfare had made her anxious to screen me from the contagion of bad example; to avert all temptations incident to my age; to the possession of opulence; and to freedom from restraint. She had particularly deprecated my voyage to Europe, where my appetites would be provoked, and my prejudices fostered in that sphere of nobility and luxury in which my birth would inevitably place me. The surest and only anchor of my felicity and her's, was marriage with a virtuous woman, together with abode in my native country, and conformity to its simplicity and rectitude of manners. One of these advantages she knew was inseparably connected with another. Nothing but success with my cousin, would prevent my departure. This event was more irreconcilable with her maternal feelings than any other, but she trusted that her fortitude was not unequal to the trial.

These considerations were urged with pathetical simplicity, and with a candour which insured their success. Having finished the perusal, and laid down the paper, I said, and what effect has this letter produced.

"You may easily guess at its effect. It has plunged me into perplexity and grief. I cannot endure to offend your mother and mine. That, indeed, I need not dread. She knows the goodness of my motives, and will pardon me; but I cannot endure to make her unhappy, or even to put her happiness to hazard. Your voyage is dreaded no less by me than by her. As her reason and her love are equally averse to it, so are mine. Should you persist in this resolution, I shall not condemn you. The impetuosity of your feelings makes you unhappy in the sight of that good, which, in your apprehension, is unreasonably

withholden from you. You want to fly from sorrow and to put an end to fruitless hopes, by flying from your country and from me. You descry no danger in your path, and are therefore fearless and rash. I imagine that I see those dangers, that your youth will not escape them; but am unable to communicate my feelings to you, and to reconcile you to the practice of a salutary self-denial. Should you go, according to your late intimations, should any evil befal you in your way, or should our fears for your integrity be realized, what will be your mother's anguish? What will be mine? I see, too clearly, that life would be insupportable." These words were accompanied with flowing tears, and every muscle of her face swelled with grief.

My nature could not make me insensible to these tokens of a generous and disinterested affection. Their tendency had hitherto been thwarted by those excruciating regrets, which these very tokens, by adding new strength to my passion, were adapted to produce. Those fears for my safety, those proofs of her virtue and her love, gave new edge to my desire, and made her conduct, respecting me, appear still more to argue infatuation and folly. The difficulty of embracing her conditions, of acquiescing in merely amicable intercourse, and my resolution to end the fruitless contest by eternal separation, were augmented in proportion to her aversion to my voyage. I likewise was careful to remember that this ground might insure my victory, and hoped that marriage would be chosen by her in preference to absence.

The last opinion was enforced by the circumstances of our present interview. It was plain, that by assailing her constancy in this failing moment, I should triumph over her scruples; but the late occurrences had secretly modified and given new direction to my thoughts. My abode in America was no longer a source of unsatisfied craving and despondency. My visions of happiness were no longer collected round this point. I could now endure to think of my cousin as a sister or a friend, and to exchange courtesies with her without the poison of resentment and of jealousy. Agreeably to this change of sentiments, I now said to her:

I designed, on this visit, to leave with you my last farewell. I am hopeless of subduing your scruples, which my heart and my reason condemn as injurious to yourself and to me. I have, therefore, made every suitable preparation for my voyage; my clothes are packed, my trunks prepared, and my passage bespoken. The ship lies at Newcastle, ready to profit by the next favourable wind, and I designed to have reached the ship this evening.

My companion turned pale, her limbs trembled, and she seemed ready to swoon. This weakness was counteracted by a powerful effort, and she continued, with apparent composure, to listen.

This resolution, continued I, will not create surprise; will not be wondered at; will not be condemned by you. It is true, that I have no fears for my integrity. I see not more numerous or more powerful temptations in that scene than in this; on the contrary, my abode in Europe would make me happier and wiser. My own interest, separately considered, would be in every respect promoted by it; but I cannot, and ought not, to have an interest separate from my mother's and from your's. My resolution, ardent and strenuous as it was, is now changed. I will not go.

This unexpected and abrupt conclusion, excited in my friend as much surprise as joy. She looked at me with an air of doubt; "what!" said she, hesitating, "how is this change?"

Are there not sufficient motives for it? Is not the sacrifice of my inclination, in this point, fully due to my mother and to yourself?

"Alas! there is nothing due to me. My scruples appear to you groundless and absurd. My conduct argues, in your opinion, an heart callous, and cold, and indifferent to your welfare. With such sentiments, and such is my unfortunate condition, that my conduct cannot fail to give birth to such sentiments, you cannot conceive any sacrifice due to me."

You have a very contemptuous opinion of my understanding and my heart. Hitherto I have deserved that opinion, but not now. I still deplore the error into which a phantastic prudence and an unwise counsellor have led you, and would willingly

root it out. To do this, I have tried in vain; and I now give up my scheme in despair: but I am no longer blind to the purity of your motives; I acknowledge and revere them, though I owe to them my misery.

At these words, a serene pleasure lighted up those eyes which had, for a long time past, betokened nothing but melancholy. "And is it so, my beloved friend? Now, indeed, shall I find my resolution in danger of yielding. I have grieved at perceiving your injustice towards me; for, not to have seen the goodness of my intentions from the beginning, was to be guilty of injustice. My affection has, in some degree, been lessened with my esteem; but this precious acknowledgment has restored you to your former dignity; to your first place in my affections, and has made me happier than words can express.

"But you know my wishes with regard to you. They are not limited to merely your staying among us. There are other conditions, which, perhaps (I am inclined to hope every thing from your magnanimity) you will consent to, and consent to cheerfully."

Let me know them.

"Do not you know them? You must give me very much of your society. I must see you and hear from you continually; there must be no limits to your confidence; but, for some years to come——Recollect your youth, your unformed sentiments, your mutable affections; the influence of time, and observation, and experience to new-mould the character: for some years to come, you must be only my friend."

I do not mean, said I, after a pause, to make an incomplete and partial sacrifice. What you wish, I will be.

This promise was accepted with eagerness and gratitude. She gave a thousand artless proofs of her joy, her tenderness, and her confidence in my integrity. The feelings which this deportment excited in me were far from joyous or tranquil. I could not but reflect on the causes of this change in my resolutions. I saw that I deserved not the eulogies and thanks of my cousin; that she ascribed magnanimity to me to which I was a stranger; that the present state of my thoughts demonstrated the wisdom of her conduct, since they proved me to be as

capricious, fickle, and prejudiced, as her friend had represented it as possible for me to become.

But while her praises inspired me with nothing but humiliation and compunction, my false shame hindered me from confessing the true state of my feelings, and unveiling the genuine motives of my actions. I betook myself to searching for apologies and arguments in favour of my dissimulation. I endeavoured to persuade myself that concealment was but justice to my cousin, whom the disclosure of my thoughts would render needlessly unhappy, and whose estimate of human conduct was superfluously rigid. I flattered myself that time would speedily determine my destiny with regard to Miss Neville; that if my love for her was frustrated or immatured, it was equitable, on the whole, to conceal from my cousin that it ever existed; but that, if it were conducted to a prosperous issue, it might be disclosed without injury or difficulty. I should be without guilt in the eyes of my cousin, since she had voluntarily loosened the bonds of our betrothment, and had denied me the name, privileges, and expectations of a lover.

These sophistries quieted, for a time, my self-upbraidings; but they were sure to be awakened anew, and every proof of her affection and confidence in me was a sting, goading into new sensibility my slumbering conscience. The anxiety and fluctuation that hence arose, were to be stifled and stilled by new arguments and subtleties, whose influence was, in like manner, merely temporary. This disquiet did not escape the piercing eye of my friend. Being void of suspicion, she was inclined to impute these appearances to my hopes, respecting herself, assuming occasional dominion. When her demeanour was most affectionate, tender, and confiding, my compunctions were always most acute, and the discomposure of my thoughts most apparent. It was at such times, that had my conduct been truly disinterested, those regrets which her candour ascribed to me, would naturally have arisen and acquired new strength; and thus was she unavoidably confirmed in her error.

The emotions which, on these occasions, her looks testified, were of a very complex and mixed kind. Those tokens of unhappiness in me, conjoined with the cause whence she imagined

it to flow, and with that magnanimity which enabled me to withhold all crimination and complaint, and, in a short time, to regain my usual composure, excited her admiration, her pity, and her love. Her ingenuous manners always betrayed the sentiments of her heart; but sometimes she expressed these sentiments in words, and employed terms which, while they were designed to fortify my resolution and restore my tranquility, only gave new edge to my remorse, and rendered my self-condemnations more bitter.

Every day made the disclosure of the truth more difficult, for every day added to the number of my artifices and subterfuges; and, by increasing my guilt, augmented the humiliation of confession. I saw the nature of her error, but could not rectify it without unlimited disclosure. I was frequently compelled to answer her interrogatories, or comment on her remarks. I was frequently denied the middle and equivocal path of silence, and was obliged to countenance her error, not only by ambiguous looks, but by false assertions. She did not allow me to pass over my interviews with Clelia Neville in silence; but having rendered to me, at each meeting, a full account of her own transactions, she always proceeded to demand from me a similar account of the disposal of my time. I foresaw the consequences of even mentioning the name of Clelia Neville. Curiosity would immediately exert itself to know her character, her situation, the circumstances leading to our acquaintance, and accompanying every interview. Surprise and suspicion would be awakened by the concealment which I had hitherto practised. Painful, elaborate, and, perhaps, inefficacious artifices and fictions must be, thenceforth, employed to divert or elude her conjectures. She would immediately procure an introduction to the stranger, and that union of sagacity and frankness which she so eminently possessed, would speedily unravel the maze. Wholly to suppress her name, therefore, and to pretend a different employment of those hours that were devoted to her, were unavoidable. This task was rendered less difficult by the removal of Mrs. Wallace's family to a villa, at a small distance from the city. At this season, it being midsummer, they maintained as little intercourse with the town and its

inhabitants, as possible; and were seldom visited by those who could molest their benign repose by tales of slander. Sidney's engagements continued to detain him abroad.

Meanwhile, my first visit to Miss Neville was followed by many succeeding ones. The second visit was paid agreeably to her invitation. This passed away without producing any new impression. General topics of morality or literature were discussed with complacency and eloquence, and the admiration at first excited by her talents, was no wise diminished.

The interval between this and a succeeding interview was occupied by one set of ideas. My mind pondered incessantly upon her features, accents, and words. Having been reviewed and dismissed, they returned anon, and were once more mused upon and scrutinised. All other occupations were tedious and impertinent. I lay upon my bed, or strolled in the fields, beset and haunted by this image from morning to night. I looked forward to the hour when decorum would permit me to go to her house with impatience, and with a thousand perplexities and misgivings as to the seasonableness of my visits. These perplexities were always dispelled by the manner in which I was received. It was always with the blushes of agreeable surprise, and the smiles of a fervent welcome.

The hour, thus devoted, was generally in the evening. I insensibly preferred its friendly obscurity to the garish eye of day. At this time, I hoped to find her more disengaged from social and domestic occupations than at others. In this respect, I quickly found that all hours were nearly alike. She had no intimate companions of her own age, no unceremonious and familiar visitants. She enjoyed the protection of a few respectable families, relatives or friends of Mrs. Keith, and as much of their society as she chose to exact; but there being much dissimilitude in age, taste, and especially in religious opinions, between them, the intercourse was rare and brief. At this time, likewise, two of these families with whom she had been most intimately connected, had withdrawn from the city's sultry precincts to the country.

She was almost constantly alone. She chid me for adhering to the formality of knocking at the door, which I, thenceforth,

omitted; and, entering always without ceremony, found her seated in a garb of elegant negligence, either in her drawing room, or, if the air permitted, in the summer-house, placed at the farther end of an extensive garden. This latticed building was embowered by a vine, originally brought from the Canaries, whose purple clusters were plucked by her waiting maid, and presented to us on a china plate, accompanied with nectarines or peaches, produced in the same garden, and with lemonade or sherbet. Except at these times, our interviews were wholly unmolested by the presence or the fear of intruders.

You must permit me to dwell somewhat longer on the incidents of that period. I now look back upon them as on the tissue of some golden dream. Their bewitching influence on my juvenile feelings, was enforced by their novelty, by the suddenness and abruptness with which they succeeded to the homely enjoyments and clownish occupations of my previous years, and by their agreement with those fictions of fancy with which a romantic education had made me enamoured, and which I had pursued with an utter hopelessness of their ever being realised. Were it not for that endless series of disasters and calamities that originated here, I should be disposed to confound the circumstances of these interviews with those of the dreams which haunted my seclusion at Burlington.

There was, indeed, nothing wanting to complete the enchantments of that scene. All the refinements of a polished education, the luxuriances of youth, and the attractions of beauty, were possessed by my friend; but she joined music to her elocution, and taste to her knowledge. Her favourite instrument was a viol d'amour, from which she extracted the most soothing and voluptuous tones, and to which she was wont to add a voice of boundless compass and inimitable flexibility. These filled up the intervals of conversation, and spread such a hue of fanciful delight and romantic dignity over the accompanying circumstances of moonlight, solitude, a garden, and a bower, that they can never be remembered without tremulous emotions of wonder and pleasure.

In the course of our interviews, I was naturally inquisitive as to the genuine condition of Miss Neville. I was anxious, like

wise, for the establishment of confidence between us. I wanted to know every thing concerning herself, and was not unwilling to impart, in my turn, most of the particulars of my own history. My notions of politeness hindered me from accomplishing either of these ends by simple and direct means, by bluntly inquiring into her history, and unceremoniously unfolding my own. I conceived that some curiosity was necessary to be betrayed on her part, before I could justly be explicit. Some opening or invitation, either tacit or expressed, which might gracefully lead to questioning on one hand, or confession on the other.

These invitations or openings never occurred. I frequently introduced such topics as were favourable to my purposes. I talked of Europe and Britain, of emigration to America, of the motives which usually lead to emigration. I imagined and related the adventures of emigrants, and painted innumerable motives which were possible to incite to emigration. I made these imaginary circumstances approach more or less to a resemblance with her own, or what I guessed to be her own. Her own sex, age, single state, her relationship to Mrs. Keith, and such incidents as the talkative shop-keeper had communicated, were adroitly interwoven with my narrative, and the effect of these resemblances on her countenance and demeanour diligently noticed.

All these ingenious stratagems were useless. They served no purpose but to diffuse over my companion an air of thoughtfulness and melancholy. I believed that I saw in her features, the workings of her mind. I saw her busy at one time in reviewing her past condition; I marked that she shrunk from the remembrance with aversion and grief, or with sundry tokens of embarrassment and trepidation; that she solicitously started other topics; and that ease and cheerfulness returned merely in proportion as we lost ourselves in general and literary speculation.

These appearances, while they baffled my contrivances and slackened my efforts, gave new edge to my curiosity. Every resolution which I formed in solitude, to trample upon forms, was defeated by my awkwardness and diffidence, and by the

unseasonable return of those scruples which forbade me to extort from another what that other was apparently unwilling to communicate.

The same motives made me no less unwilling to expatiate upon my own private history. I imagined that there was want of dignity in discussing the particulars of our household and our revenue, or in anticipating curiosity by dwelling on one's birth and parentage. I was aware that the mention of my mother and my cousin might lead to expectations or requests of being introduced to them, or to surmises and conclusions respecting the condition of my heart, unfavourable to the end which I proposed in cultivating her society. I was studious to describe myself as one standing, in a considerable degree, alone; as having few or no connections in my present situation; as having lately arrived; and as being merely a sojourner and guest in the city where I dwelt. I endeavoured, particularly, to inspire the belief that my hand and my heart were unappropriated by any foreign or previous engagement; and my manners tended to evince a state of mind, if not actually enamoured of herself, yet unfortified against, and liable to such impressions.

One motive of curiosity, in relation to herself, was weakened by her manners. It was obvious to suspect or imagine obstacles to the success of my views, arising from her former or actual situation. This suspicion was quickly removed by a kindness in her manners, that approached, at certain seasons, to tenderness; by glowing hues and downcast eyes, when certain topics were discussed, and certain situations experienced; by a yielding sensibility, which made tones and glances more eloquent and more expressive than any words.

On these occasions, intelligence between hearts is communicated long before the proffer and formal acceptance of vows; verbal confessions are, indeed, necessary to our happiness, but merely to dissipate that uncertainty created by the magnitude of the good which is sought. By augmenting our desire, it enhances our anxiety, impatience, and doubt.

To this crisis, however, which my impetuosity continually brought near, my diffidences made it long before my actual arrival. An half score times have I gone to her with a full reso-

lution to explain my feelings; but the nearer I approached the eventful moment, the more significant and more nearly bordering on sincerity was the topic of our conversation; the more commodious, protracted, and conscious were the pauses of our general discourse; the more turbulent were my sensations, and the more invincible my incapacity to speak. There was, at those times, a physical obstruction to speech; my utterance was palsied, and, to articulate a syllable was no less impossible than to lift a mill-stone. To lay my hand on her's, though almost courted to do so, was no less impracticable. The will was strong, but its command over my muscles, whencesoever it arose, was annihilated.

It was impossible for things to remain long in this state. Feverish circulation, ardent musing, incessant watchfulness, and repeated disappointments, were rapidly injurious to my health. My vivacity in Clelia's presence, the earnestness of my discourse, was sensibly diminished. Her company was sought with more fondness than ever; but I grew despondent, useful, prone to silence, and inquietude was deeply written on my cheek.

These tokens did not escape her notice. They were not fully understood by her, but they added new pathos to her features, and tenderness to her accents, and they finally produced these measures on her side, without which my silence would never have been broken.

The constitution of man is compounded and modified with endless variety. The wisest and soberest of human beings is, in some respects, a madman; that is, he acts against his better reason, and his feet stand still, or go south, when every motive is busy in impelling him north. He cannot infer from his conduct, on one occasion, how he shall act when the same or a similar occasion hereafter occurs. It is vulgarly imagined, and perhaps truly, that the sexes are eternally distinguished by their conduct when under the influence of love; that nature has unalterably assigned to woman the passive or retreating, and to man the active province; that lovers, confident of their success, are bold, forward, and more abundant, and impassioned, and impetuous in their rhetoric, than at any other time. This

maxim was realised in my deportment to my cousin: there I was precipitate and bold; I hearkened to no scruples, and brooked no delays; but now, my feelings and demeanour were totally reversed. I was not doubtful of success. I believed that as much felicity would be imparted as received by my confessions, and yet was I dumb.

One evening, when seated in Miss Neville's drawing room, the conversation had been carried on with less vivacity than usual. As the moment of parting approached, my inexplicable despondency increased. At length, just as I was preparing to leave my seat, and the last good night was ready to fall from my lips, my friend placed herself beside me, without formality, apology, or invitation. Hitherto she had given me no proof of equal familiarity. My blood flowed with new swiftness, and the flame that burnt at my heart, spread over my countenance a new crimson. She spoke, not without some faultering, but in a tone of exquisite tenderness.

"Stay a little longer. You must not go yet. You have first a small account to settle with me."

Indeed! said I, much alarmed and half suffocated with emotion.

"Be not frightened," resumed she with a smile; "it is true, you have offended, but I shall not be extremely rigid in exacting the penalty."

Offence? Have I, indeed, offended you? Nothing was farther from my purpose. The hand that injured you, I would cut off; the heart that fostered a single thought to your prejudice, I would tear from my bosom.

"Your hand has not offended me. It is your heart that has been criminal, and I take you at your word. Yet, you need not do violence to your heart, but only to the feelings which have so long been harboured in it. Put me in possession of these feelings. Lay them open before me, and drop, at length, that veil of odious and unfriendly secrecy which has shrouded all your sentiments and feelings. Think you I have not noticed your inquietudes? that I have not shared in them? that I have not longed for an opportunity to lessen or remove them? Indeed you mistake. I have caught from you all your sadness,

have mourned over your unknown misfortunes, but have more bitterly wept at seeing that you deem me unworthy of partaking your sorrow. I have endured your silence and injustice long enough, and am now determined to wrest from you that confidence which is my due."

. Is it not strange, that even this address had no tendency but to make motion and utterance more difficult? After a pause, she resumed: "how have I deserved to be treated as your enemy? Has any thing been wanting to convince you how dearly I prize your happiness? What farther proof is needed? There is none which I will refuse."

Half dubious and reluctant, she now put her hand in mine, and continued: "you are an invincible man. You are cruel and unjust. You refuse to confide in me, and will not enable me to give that proof of my claim to your confidence which you think necessary. Whatever proof you demand, I will give. I will withhold nothing."

Nothing?

"Nothing. What do you ask?"

Your love.

"It is yours."

Of all moments in the life of an human being, surely this is most pregnant with felicity. One like me, ardent with youth, inattentive to futurity, unchastised by reason, unsobered by experience, it was calculated to bewilder and intoxicate. Those lips, whose sweetness and whose music had hitherto charmed me at a distance, were now near enough for the softest whisper to be heard. They were now opened only to enchant me with the oft repeated assurance, "it is yours: long, very long, has it been yours." They were shut only to confirm the vow by testimonies still more tender. The spell once dissolved, the scruples that had so greatly tormented me, vanished in a moment, and left me in a state in which moderation and forbearance became lessons as necessary to be taught, and as difficult to practise, as confidence and self-reliance had been before.

That night was spent in a tumult and elation of thought approaching to delirium. The image of my cousin rarely intruded. It was only when some sleep had been obtained, and a

new day arose, that the transactions of the preceding evening began to assume a more tranquil aspect, and I had leisure to inquire, what is now to be done? Speedy and auspicious beyond the painting of my most daring hope, has been the terminating scene of this drama. Only five weeks are past since, lying in this very chamber, I was mournfully ruminating on the incidents of a voyage on which I was the next day to enter, and which was to bear me forever from my native soil. How should I have held that folly in derision which should then have teazed the ears of my despair with a tale of such events as have since occurred, and have endeavoured to illumine my benighted soul by persuading me that such was the destiny reserved for me!

But what must be my future conduct? Has not the period arrived when dissimulation and concealment must be laid aside with regard to my cousin? I love another, and my passion is accepted and returned. That which she wantonly, or arrogantly, or rashly cast away, has been found, and is cherished as an inestimable good by another. I must go to her this very day, and tell her that my hand and heart must never be her's.

Unhappy girl! How little will such tidings accord with thy fond hopes! Thy eyes, whenever I meet thee, beam with benignity and pleasure. If thy vivacity be sometimes tinged with a shade of sadness, it is from observation of that melancholy which my deportment has hitherto betokened, and which thou fondly ascribest to the struggle between my devotion to thee, and my reverence for virtue. Thou imaginest that, however hard the conflict, the victory has ultimately fallen to the side of magnanimity and duty, and congratulatest thyself on these proofs of constancy and worth in him whom thou lovest with a passion the purest and most ardent that ever glowed in the female bosom.

How wilt thou be astonished on discovering the truth, at finding that this tissue of appearances was merely the garb of hypocrisy! How bitterly wilt thou deplore, not merely the sudden ruin of that structure of happiness to which thy heart was devoted, but this defection from sincerity, this revolt from grati-

tude, this trampling upon duty, of which I shall appear to be guilty!

But why should I thus haste to make her miserable? Do I build my confidence on sufficient grounds? Have I not had bitter expetience of the instability of human resolutions? the frailty of schemes composed of the elements of hope and fear? Clelia loves me: of that she has afforded me sufficient proof; but, in spite of the illusions of passion, I cannot hide from myself my ignorance of her real situation and her character. What untoward events may not arise to postpone, or forever to preclude that blissful consummation which wedlock bestows? Ought I not, at least, to ascertain her acquiescence in the desirableness of marriage? Ought I not, at least, to gain her consent to ratify irrevocable vows at some definite, however distant period? Having accomplished this, the disclosure of my situation to Louisa will then be seasonable and proper. Before, it will be but hazarding my reputation and my safety on a fluctuating and deceitful sea. This night shall she be persuaded to fix the nuptial day.

Full of these turbulent feelings, I hastened, at the usual hour in the evening, to Miss Neville. She was alone, and afforded me a welcome more fervent than usual, and fraught with that tenderness which became our present situation. After some cursory topics, she glided into a description of those surmises and conjectures which led her to adopt the conduct of last evening, the considerations of decorum, which had long deterred her from pursuing any means for extorting from me my feelings, and inquired into the reasons of so singular a backwardness on my part to claim that friendship from her, which I could not but have discovered in her a perfect readiness to bestow.

This inquiry was made with symptoms of anxiety in my companion which I could not fail to notice, and which I thought disproportioned to the occasion. It seemed as if her fancy pictured to itself some cause of a formidable nature. Whether this cause related to myself or to her, whether her apprehensions sprang from the belief of my knowing some particular in her own condition, or from surmises respecting my mother and my cousin, it was impossible to conjecture.

These reflections were suspended while I laid before her the truth.

Sheer bashfulness! said I. I loved you, but my tongue refused the office of interpreting my sentiments. I believed that my passion was not unanswered, but this emboldened me not. It is strange. I am unable to explain it. My timidity had no basis in reasoning. It existed only in your presence, and in spite of resolutions formed in solitude.

She looked at me with a scrutinising and anxious glance. "Is that possible?" she emphatically exclaimed.

Why not? What other cause could exist? I am confident of your integrity; I am conscious of my own. Situated as you and I are, what bar could arise to obstruct the declaration of our feelings? They are innocent and laudable; and, to obey them, forfeits no fame, and violates no duty.

She cast down her eyes at these words; yet her perplexity, though not removed, was lessened. A secret witness, in my own heart, whispered a censure which made me fully share in her uneasiness. The possibility that my betrothment to my cousin, and the mistakes under which she laboured, had, by some untoward chance, been made known to my new friend; the unfavourable judgment she might pass upon my conduct, and the embarrassments or obstacles to my felicity which might thence be created, overpowered me with terror. I repeated more earnestly, is not our affection innocent and laudable? Know you aught of me that would make it otherwise? Tell me, I beseech you.

"No," she replied, "I know nothing of you but what redounds to your glory, and places you among the first of men. I know you better than you at this time imagine. Long have I known you, and can bear witness to that unparalleled magnanimity which makes you worthy of the devotion of a pure heart."

These encomiums were strange and unexpected. She knew more of me than I imagined! and for a longer time! My conduct has been disinterested and wise! Had she exerted indirect means to obtain this knowledge? Had she been deceived and misinformed, or was her judgment such as to bestow approbation upon that which my own conscience had condemn-

ed? These words, however, had confuted my first conjecture. I had no longer to fear the effects of a morality too scrupulous, or a sagacity too eagle-eyed.

Yet, whence then could flow a perturbation so visible? Was it from reflections on her own misconduct?

This image was of too awful and portentuous a kind not to make me shake off my puerile embarrassments. After a considerable pause, I addressed her thus:

Clelia Neville! we are now arrived at a critical moment in our destiny. It becomes us to walk erect, with a thorough knowledge of our path, and with no possibility of being entangled by suspicion or overtaken by repentance. There are marks in your countenance of apprehension and distrust. You have ascribed my former diffidence to some cause unknown to me. Doubt and fear have found harbour in your thoughts. Whence do they proceed? What is the meaning of those solicitudes which I now witness? You have acquitted me of any guilt. As you value our mutual happiness, be explicit and sincere, and tell me whether there be any thing in your own conduct that should lessen you in my opinion, and bereave you of that love which I have proffered to you.

"No," she replied with some degree of sadness, "there is nothing. I have had the faults of inexperience and youth, but my intentions have been free from malignity. My heart is pure, and is as worthy of you as the heart of woman can be."

I believe thee, said I, folding her in my arms, and let me on these lips seal my vows of everlasting honour. Thus do I devote my life to the cause of thy felicity. Now my soul knows no wish but one; a wish in which thine, if thy assertions be sincere, will as eagerly participate. There are ties without which our union, and of consequence our happiness, is incomplete. I can know no rest till these ties are formed. When shall that event take place? When shall a solemn rite make Clelia Neville my wife?

Instead of that blushful and tremulous rapture which I expected this intimation to produce, a sudden shock pervaded the frame of my companion; she uttered a shriek of terror and

surprise, and shrinking from my embrace, threw herself on a sofa in an agony unspeakable.

The effects of this scene upon my sensations, may be easily imagined. The first momentary dread that some fatal stroke of disease had fallen on her, was supplanted by different forebodings. Their object was terrible, indeed, but vague, misty, and obscure. They menaced nothing less than extinction to my new-born and darling hopes.

I seated myself by her side; I took her hand and pressed it to my lips; I dared not lift my eyes or utter a word. She did not withdraw from my kindness, but leaning her face on my bosom, poured forth incessant tears. I struggled, after the first burst of passion was exhausted, to obtain words.

You do not answer me. Have I vaunted of my happiness in vain? Have I, in seeking your love, done no more than pull ruin upon my head? Speak, I conjure you. Will you not be mine?

She answered only by new grief.

Torture me not with suspense: whatever be my doom, let me, at least, have the consolation to know it. To-morrow, to-night, this very hour, will not Clelia Neville consent to be my wife?

Still I could obtain no answer but tears and the deepest sighs. I had too much reason to infer a denial from these appearances; but my happiness was too deeply involved in this discovery to make me satisfied with vague surmises. I urged my question with augmented vehemence.

At length, she with difficulty articulated: "Alas! not now; it must be postponed."

Postponed! Blast not my ears with that accursed word. Recal that sentence if you wish me to live.

She shook her head. I continued: Postponed! God grant me patience! For how long? For months? For weeks? Let me have the foresight, at least, of respite to my misery; of end to my pangs. How long must marriage be postponed?

"I cannot tell. An overruling fate must decide. Perhaps for years, perhaps for ever."

At these words, my equanimity wholly forsook me. My mind was plunged into the gloomiest despair. I fixed my eyes upon the floor; and, forbearing to notice my companion, pursued the disastrous tenour of my own thoughts. This reverse was as fatal in its influence on my happiness as the events preceding it had been auspicious. I could not trust to my senses that informed me of this reverse. They had deceived me. Comforted with this reflection, I started from my dream and turned my eyes on my companion. In her features I read the confirmation of the tidings. Flowing tears, and sighs rising from the bottom of her heart, were tokens of their truth.

But what was the obstacle to my felicity? Was it such a groundless scruple as had actuated my perverse cousin? Might I not hope to remove or rise above it? Was the character of this woman made up of the same refractory materials? Would not her aversion be subdued by intreaties or by arguments? Somewhat revived by these hopes, I again addressed my weeping companion.

"You tell me that our union must be deferred. The period is uncertain. Whence arises this uncertainty? Whence comes this obstacle? It must, it shall be disregarded or surmounted.

"It cannot be."

Cannot be! Let me judge of its insurmountable nature. Tell me what it is.

She was silent. She had no power to answer.

Will you banish me forever from your presence? Will you discard me from your love? And shall I not know in what I have offended? Shall I not join with you, and trample down impediments with which your single strength cannot cope?

"Alas! No earthly power can remove them. Slight obstacles, superable by human force, I should set at naught, but this ——"

Shall be set at naught. Thou art mine. It will be vain to refuse or hesitate. Whatever rite, divine or human, is necessary to cement, to ratify our vows, shall be made. I hearken not to scruples. Denials I will not hear. No power of others or yourself, shall stop my way to the possession of your hand.

In this resolution I will no longer repine. I will argue or supplicate no more, for thou shalt be mine.

"Alas! good youth! thy confidence is vain, thy efforts will be fruitless. I cannot be thy wife, for I am—*a wife already*!"

A wife! Clelia Neville a wife! She belongs to another! The obstacle, indeed, is not to be surmounted. My happiness is gone; my trust in the sincerity of others, in the blandishments of fortune, in the fictions of probability, in the suggestions of my own discernment, in the consolatory accents of hope, is gone.

A wife! That little word was sufficient wholly to reverse my sensations; to throw me from my pinacle of joyous confidence, and leave me whelmed in the utter darkness of despair. I can scarcely tell what were my first gestures, or what were the words I uttered after my senses had been struck by this fatal intelligence. My heart swelled with horror, indignation, and grief; with indignation at that hypocrisy which I imagined to have been exercised to entice me to the verge of this precipice; horror at the guilt to the commission of which I seemed to have been rushing; grief at the closing of my prospects; at the fruitlessness of all my efforts after happiness; of all those humiliations and artifices which I had employed to prolong the ignorance and elude the suspicions of my cousin. Thus had the wiles of the deceiver thrown back upon himself the well-earned penalty of disgrace, disappointment, and despair.

I broke from her presence in a mood half made up of sullenness and rage. I shut myself up in solitude. I avenged myself by curses on my evil fortune; by muttering to the unconscious walls my abhorrence of her dissimulation and concealment; by half-formed vows of abjuring the society of mankind; of flying from my hated country; of withdrawing from life.

From upbraiding Clelia, my infatuation passed to wreaking my impotent resentment on my cousin, whose perverseness, by driving me to search elsewhere for happiness, exposed me to this misery and ignominy. Sidney was likewise detested as the primitive cause of my misfortunes; as the great dispenser of ill, whose malignant agency would never fail to blast my most auspicious and best concerted projects, and from whose wanton

persecution I could only hope to escape by placing oceans and continents between us.

This fit of passion gradually remitted its violence. After some hours, spent in a kind of phrenzy which only wanted duration to be as ferocious and destructive as any that receives the name, my thoughts began to flow in a more equable course. Time hushes every storm, and when the hurricane has ended its career, every flowing of the billows is less impetuous than the last; till, at length, the tranquilising power "summa placidum caput extulit unda." Thus it is in the tempests of the mind. Hope breaks through the cloud which hung over us and shut out the day, and brings back serenity and radiance.

Insensibly my mind reverted to the contemplation of those events which preceded my first meeting with Miss Neville. I called back my ancient feelings with regard to my cousin. From regreting the artifices and concealments of which I had been guilty, I began to regard them as having been prudent and wise. I blessed myself for having thus long delayed the disclosure of my intercourse with this foreigner; and determined, henceforth, to act as if she had never been known to me; to resume my visits to my cousin; and find, in her ingenuous confidence, her artless affection, and the effusions of her pure and upright mind, a recompense for my recent disappointments.

You will ask if my passion for Clelia was thus easily annihilated; if the lapse of a single day or week was sufficient to free me from shackles which are usually the strongest which nature has imposed upon youthful hearts; if the extinction of desire thus rapidly followed the extinction of hope. This inference would be very wide of the truth, yet it was the inference which was drawn, at that time, by myself. My state was like that of a person who had rashly entangled himself in a fen, and, after panic fears and vehement struggles, has safely reached the firm ground. Exhausted by my efforts, I stood still to retrieve my composure and strength, and found a nameless delight in comparing my present safety with my past danger.

Such is the nature of passion; and, especially, of this passion. Our views of things are perpetually varying; and our feelings, conforming themselves to the change, are tranquil or stormy,

torn by regrets or soaring into tranquility. The first belief that succeeded to the rage of disappointment, was that of being free from the enchantments which had hitherto seduced me. I imagined that my love for Clelia was at an end; though my new emotions, with respect to my cousin, were merely those of brotherly esteem, and such as to enable me, with sincerity and cheerfulness, to conform to those conditions which she imposed on our intercourse.

In this state of fleeting and delusive calm, I resolved to visit my cousin. Almost a fortnight had passed since I had seen her last. By indirect expressions, I had given her reason to suppose that this interval would be passed at Calverton. She had remonstrated against so long an absence; but my state of mind made my interviews with her irksome and embarrassing, and I readily seized any means of avoiding them. I pleaded some necessity for staying at this farm, and, in truth, the intervals between my visits to Miss Neville had been chiefly spent in that retreat. Sidney was still abroad, and Louisa was still with her friends on the bank of Schuylkill; and to her, on the approach of evening, I repaired.

I found her pensively walking in an embowered alley of the garden. At my approach, pleasure took place of all other emotions, and she stretched out her hand; "have you come at last, my dear cousin! Let me first bid you welcome, and then demand from you the cause of this unfriendly absence."

I stammered out some poor apology, and promised more attention for the future.

"Nay," she replied, "let your inclination guide you. Much as I love your company, its value must depend upon being cheerfully and willingly bestowed." "And yet," continued she, checking herself, and after a moment's pause, "what a foolish saying was that! What a criminal effusion of selfishness and pride! I want your company much, and will solicit it, and claim it, even should you be averse or reluctant. It becomes me to vanquish that aversion and contend with that reluctance. I have wished for you, and looked for you every evening this week. I have thought of you very much, and longed to com-

municate my thoughts. Go, sit down upon that bench, and I will tell you all that I have been thinking."

Being seated, she took up a book that lay upon the bench, "see here, what I have been reading this afternoon. How hard beset will you think me, to find it necessary to resort to Mademoiselle Scuderi for entertainment. I found the volume in a garret. It was new to me. I never heard of it, or saw it before, and my curiosity, I promise you, was highly gratified by the first score or two of pages. Look at it."

I took the book, and the first words I met with were Statira, Lysimachus, Perdiccas. I closed the volume with a deep sigh.

She darted piercing eyes at me, and said "Why that sorrowful air? Do you know the book?"

Full well, I answered. If I ever grow old and reflect upon the events that formed my character, I shall mark out this book as the most powerful of all the agents who made me what I am. If I am fickle and fantastic, not a moral or rational, or political being, but a thing of mere sex, this it was that fashioned me. I almost predict that I shall owe an ignominious life, and a shameful end, to this book.

I again opened the volume, carelessly. A letter appeared between the leaves. It was superscribed "Louisa Calvert," and the hand writing was Sidney's. Something like jealousy and envy just then twitched me at the heart.

"Ah!" said she, "that is what I want you to read. It talks a great deal about you, and has told me something that has furnished its chief employment to my mind for these several days. It is that which has made me so impatient for your coming."

At these words my heart misgave me. Is it possible, thought I, that this audacious intermedler has betrayed me? But it cannot be. He is too far off to be acquainted with my movements.

I unfolded and read with some hurry and trepidation. All the while, the eyes of my companion were fixed upon me. They were usually languid and inexpressive, but now they had a strange and fascinating power. Full of conscious purity and benevolent meaning, she seemed prepared to read my inmost

soul, and yet, not as a censor or accuser, but as forgiving and compassionate.

Angel of a woman! Methinks I see thee at this moment! Thy virtue was sufficient to irradiate even thy homely features! But I must not call thee thus vividly to my remembrance. I must forget that cruel fate that made me the engine to destroy thee. All is now past; and my story will benefit others, though it plunges me again into anguish and repining. That persuasion shall support me in relating it; in exhibiting my guilt and folly in their genuine colours, and in doing justice to thy memory.

The first part of this letter related to himself, his own situation and employments; but presently he proceeded to a new topic, and continued in these words.

"You tell me that your time is chiefly spent without visitants; that Felix himself has deserted you; that he finds full occupation for his time at Calverton; and yet, you add, that you wonder what entertainment he can find in that unsightly and unwholesome spot, surrounded by black faces, parched fields, and long grass.

"Your wonder is very natural; but in this case it proceeds from your ignorance: Calverton, in truth, has no charms for your cousin. Few of his hours are spent there. They are much more agreeably devoted to a new acquaintance in the city. This is some lovely female from abroad, on whom our young friend has already bestowed his heart. What is the exact nature of their intercourse I am not informed, but it is intimate and frequent. I greatly fear that the impetuosity of Calvert, has carried him forward with too much speed, or with too little circumspection. I shall very shortly return and counsel him as a friend; meanwhile, I would have you procure a meeting with him, extort from him some hints respecting his genuine situation, and be that guardian of his virtue and happiness for which your good sense, and your affection for him, so eminently qualify you."

During the perusal of this, my confusion was inexpressible. Shame, at this detection of my imposture, and rage against the author of it, filled my heart almost to bursting. I threw the

paper on the ground, and felt myself prompted to rush out of the garden. I turned my eyes from my cousin, and wished that some power would suddenly strike me deaf, that I might be screened from her reproaches. I expected nothing but the keenest rebukes, or the most contemptuous raillery. A pause of some minutes ensued. At length my cousin spoke.

"Why, my friend, are you thus disturbed? Have you been unfortunate? Is any disaster connected with your intercourse with the person here alluded to? Let me comfort you; let me counsel you. Tell me who she is, and what has passed between you; perhaps I may assist you. If your happiness requires it, I will be your intercessor, and your advocate."

Good Heaven! Do you not then upbraid me? Do you not scorn me, drive me from your presence as a villain and betrayer?

She shuddered at these words. She looked at me with eyes of terror and pity, and clasping her hands, "have you, indeed, betrayed her? Have you debased yourself? Have you acted vilely by a woman and a stranger?"

I saw the nature of her error, and made haste to remove it. No, no. She has received no injury from me. Her character, her innocence, are pure as they ever were. I have not betrayed or deceived her.

"Do you speak true? I beseech you, I conjure you, tell me the truth. Have you not injured her?"

I averred my innocence once more.

"Why then charge yourself with villainy, with deceit? Whom have you deceived?"

These words involved me in new perplexity. Was she not aware of my imposture with regard to herself? Had I not encouraged her fallacious inferences as to the state of my mind, and allowed her to ascribe appearances, which flowed from my affection for another; from fear and remorse, to emotions connected with my former pretensions to herself?

Observing my silence, she continued: "have you been guilty of deceit? Whom have you deceived, and on what account could you persuade yourself to act so base a part?"

Have I not concealed from you even the existence of Clelia Neville?

"Alas! You did not deem me worthy of your confidence. The interest that I take in your welfare, you rated too lightly. I have not succeeded in convincing you that I am worthy of your trust. You impute to me indifference, or selfishness, or envy, and hence have arisen your concealments. You imagined, perhaps, that I should be weak enough to derive unhappiness from your attachment to another, though I had, of my own accord, and against your inclination, unloosed all the ties that bound you to me; though I had voluntarily given up my claim to your heart, or wicked enough to hinder your success. You were reluctant, therefore, to make me unhappy, or to raise obstacles in the way of your wishes. Ought I then to blame you for concealment? Ought I not rather to regret the failure of my own efforts, to evince the consistency and rectitude of my sentiments, and to be more diligent for the future?

"Let me, then, persuade you to lay aside disguise, and to confide in me. Depend upon my council and aid in any good cause. Who is the woman that Sidney speaks of? Do you love her? Is she worthy? What wishes or views do you form respecting her? How arose your acquaintance, and whither does it tend? Pr'ythee tell me the whole. Without scruple or evasion tell it me, my more than brother, my friend!"

Was it possible to resist this bewitching frankness? To listen to such accents and not be brought a penitent confessor, to her feet? The motives of my former conduct had indeed been various and mixed. Those which she just ascribed to me, had some part in swaying me to secrecy; but these were not the whole, nor the chief. I feared the imputation of caprice; my doubts of the ultimate decision of Clelia made me hold fast my former claim upon my cousin; a claim which my frank avowals, I imagined, would weaken or wholly take away. But these were impulses of which her generous mind was not aware. She was prone to find in others, and especially me, a purity and self-oblivion like her own.

Should I now disclose to her the full extent of my versatile and sordid temper? Should I give her the pain of knowing the

depth and number of transgressions, of which I sincerely repented, and of which, with the usual temerity of inexperience, I ardently vowed never more to be guilty? Equally humiliating to me, and useless to her, would be such confessions. If hitherto I had not merited her good opinion, hereafter I would do nothing to invalidate my claim.

In this state of mind, I adventured to recount to her my introduction to Miss Neville, and the incidents that had since occurred. My narrative was somewhat different from that which I have just related to you. Incidents were truly related, but falsehood almost spontaneously and insensibly insinuated itself into the statement of my motives. The picture was incomplete, inasmuch as certain lineaments and shades were left out, but no spurious addition was admitted; no positive, though untrue assertion was made. How subtly modified are self-delineations, by vanity, or shame, or misjudging interest! How invisibly faint are the boundaries of truth and falsehood!

She listened with great earnestness. When I brought my story to a close, with the confession of Clelia, that she was already a wife, my cousin started and shuddered. A pause of deep abstraction and silence ensued; at length, she said:

"A wife! So long concealed her marriage from you! To mark the tendency of such intercourse, the progress of your feelings to love! To hear the confessions of that love without reluctance or sorrow! To sanction them, to meet them with corresponding confessions! To grant you those proofs of tenderness, which, in a wife, are surely unwarranted and culpable! Strange deportment!

"To the accents of love, she listened with complacency. By offers of marriage, she was terrified. Surprise was the master-passion for a time. Why should she be surprised? Did she imagine you acquainted with her true state? And could she cheerfully receive offices of tenderness from one whom she knew to be apprised of her marriage? What rashness! What blindness to consequences!

"You say that she followed her aunt to America; that her coming was unexpected and unwelcome. It must, then, have been criminal, or, at least, indiscreet and rash. Could she have

fled from her husband? Perilous, indeed, my brother, has been your situation. Let this event contribute to inspire you with caution. Be grateful to that succouring Providence which has saved you from ruin; and be, for the future, less prone to confide in the illusions of beauty, and the flattery of first impressions. What have you resolved to do? I hope this has been the last interview."

I assured her that it was so, and that I had unalterably determined never to see the foreigner again. She expressed the utmost satisfaction at this promise, and urged various considerations to strengthen my adherence to it. That evening was spent in her company, and I did not return to the city till next day.

When I retired to rest, my meditations were active and vivid. The events of this evening had given a new soul to my frame. I caught the sweet whispers of self-approbation, and had a glimpse of that felicity which is a stranger to foreboding and remorse. I admired the means by which this transition was effected, and contemplated my cousin's conduct with astonishment and reverence. Judging of others by myself, I had not preconceived the possibility of such sentiments and such deportment. It seemed to be a different person to whom I had been introduced; and my earliest impressions, with regard to her, those which existed before our first meeting, and which arose, were generated by fancy upon rumour, seemed to be revived. My cousin's homely features and diminutive form gave place to symmetry and dignity, and I wondered at myself for having so long overlooked her loveliness.

Next day, after promising to repeat my visit very speedily, I parted from her, and returned to my lodgings in the city. For a time, I was sensible of no decay of my newly acquired zeal. I reviewed late incidents with satisfaction and tranquility. My fancy was engrossed by the looks and words of my cousin. Gradually, however, my attention reverted to the topics of our late conversation; and these recalled to my view, Clelia and her train of charms.

I mused upon the progress of our acquaintance; the delight which she seemed to receive from my discourse, and the fatal disclosure of her marriage now occurred to me, attended with

all the indications of grief which were visible on that occasion. From an object of indignation, she insensibly appeared before me as entitled to compassion. That she had eloped from her husband, was sufficiently apparent; but it did not appear that she had fled with a seducer: on the contrary, she had sought protection in the arms of an affectionate and virtuous aunt, whose grief might have been excited, not by the crimes, but by the misfortunes of her niece; and who had, surely, afforded some proof of her parental confidence and love, by bequeathing to her so large a property. Besides, what reprehensible or suspicious, had been discovered in the conduct of Clelia since her arrival on these shores? The friends of Mrs. Keith were her friends. Her mode of life was a chaste seclusion, unapproached by any whose intercourse might contaminate her purity. She was free, not from actual degradation merely, but from slander and suspicion. Were not these circumstances of some weight in the scale?

True it is, that she is married; yet she has confessed her love for me, and is that so heinous an offence? If it may claim to be forgiven, surely that claim may be made with most reason on him who is the object of her love. Persecution and resentment, from any quarter, may be undeserved; but from him to whom her heart is devoted, and for whose sake her guilt, if any guilt has been contracted, would be, in an uncommon degree, barbarous and perverse. The motives of her flight may possibly have been such as to be excused, if not justified by a candid arbiter; and why should I decide upon these motives, and on the equity of her conduct, before I am acquainted with them?

I had withdrawn from our last interview in rage. Was this the treatment she had merited? What was her crime in suppressing the mention of that which possibly she imagined to be known to me already? My conduct was precipitate and cruel, but it cannot now be repaired. I have vowed never to see her more. My promise to Louisa is sacred, and must be preserved.

With these reasonings passing through my mind, I reached home. I had scarcely entered the house, when a letter was presented to me by my landlord. I started when I saw that the

superscription was in the same hand with that in which the billet formerly received, was written. So! said I, a letter from Clelia herself! This is an evil omen. I hastily opened, and read as follows:

"To Felix Calvert. You left me in anger and contempt. What has happened to lessen me in your esteem? I deserve nothing but your pity. I demand your pity.

"Your proposal astonished and grieved me. It astonished me because I had good reason to believe you acquainted with my situation, and because it was inconsistent with those opinions you had previously avowed. You taught me to believe that you could love me with the same passion with which you could love a friend of your own sex.

"I am grieved to find you a stranger to my real condition. Had I supposed that ignorance, I should long ago have hastened to remove it. I beseech you, afford me the opportunity of justifying my conduct. You know me merely as a fugitive from my husband and my country, and you impute to me all that is criminal and odious; but the true reasons of my actions will show you that I am not without excuse. I request one last interview, that I may lay before you these reasons.

"I invite you not to a renewal of intercourse. Neither my happiness nor yours will permit that. I would see you once more, that I may convince my benefactor that I am not altogether as unworthy as he thinks me; but, thenceforth, we must part for ever.

"I will expect you at the customary hour this evening.

C. N."

Was this summons to be obeyed? Compliance was but just. An invitation to a single interview, for a purpose like this, was innocent and laudable. What but good could flow from compliance? I had promised my cousin not to visit Miss Neville (for so I will continue to call her;) but she, herself, would readily absolve me from this promise, were she apprised of the purpose of the desired interview. I will go.

My conjecture had been right. She supposed me acquainted with her marriage; yet, how could that knowledge have been

obtained? Perhaps from her aunt's friends, with whom I might be naturally imagined to have some intercourse.

I paid my visit at the appointed hour. I found her as usual when the evening was serene, in the garden. She received me with some marks of confusion and distress. As I approached the house, my placidness and courage began to yield place to dejection and restlessness. These increased on entering the alcove, where so many pleasurable moments had passed; and the sight of her pale hues and downcast eyes, completed the subversion of my fortitude. My sensations on leaving her, at the former interview, returned upon me with scarcely less force.

I did not speak. I did not seat myself beside her, but opposite. I folded my hands upon my breast, and waited, mournfully, for what communications she should please to make. After some pause, she said, in a tremulous tone:

"I have invited you hither, without knowing whether you had any desire for the interview. I have offered to communicate the knowledge of events, which, perhaps, are to you indifferent. What I tell you, may only, in a slight degree, lessen your disapprobation; but I would fain restore myself to the esteem of one who has saved my life. I would elude the charge of having seduced your affections, by appearances of being willing to accept them, without the violation of my duty.

"It is true, alas! that I am married; but the man who claims my person, has no claim upon my esteem and my love. I have fled from his house, because it was a scene of depravity and tyranny. I have exercised no other liberty than that of forbearing intercourse with a wretch, polluted by the blackest guilt. To withdraw from his power, to regard him with aversion instead of love, was no crime. To feel gratitude for real services; to give esteem, confidence, and love to another who deserves it, is consistent with every duty to my husband; and I have fostered these emotions towards you without remorse.

"My father was a banker of Dublin. My mother died a few hours after my birth, and left me, the only consolation of my father. My early years were spent without any remarkable occurrence. At the age of fourteen I was permitted to take up my abode with my father's sister, Mrs. Keith, who, at

that period, came from America, and was left lonely and disconsolate, by the death of her husband. She adopted, and treated me as her own, and I was not wanting in filial affection and gratitude.

"I had passed my eighteenth year, not without many suitors. None of them were such as obtained, at once, my own approbation, and that of my two parents: and their concurrence, as well as that of my own heart, was an indispensable condition of success. I was an only child, and the heiress of both my father and his sister, and both were deemed rich. Hence there was no want of amorous protestors, and disinterested wooers; but I erected a standard, by which to judge of their sincerity, that none of them could endure.

"At length one was introduced to me, by name Belgrave. His family was ancient, and much superior in dignity to mine. He was possessed of great fortunes, which he spent with magnificence, but without visible profusion. He was in the bloom of youth, graceful, elegant, insinuating. He had received the usual education, and spent the usual time in foreign countries, from which he had returned, with all that speciousness and gloss about him, which converse, on equal terms, with the great and the gay, are adapted to produce.

"He quickly selected me for the object of his devotion, and employed every means of gaining my esteem. He conformed to all my pursuits and opinions; applauded and condemned according to the example which I set him, and made himself, as nearly as possible, a copy of that model which my fancy had most delighted to contemplate.

"His efforts were in some degree successful. His manners, and his general conduct, were such as I readily and ardently approved. His external circumstances were liable to no exception; but still there was a nameless something in his countenance and carriage, which I could not prevail upon my heart to love. When called upon to state the grounds of my aversion, I could mention no strain of discourse, no mode of conduct which I disapproved. His tongue was fluent, and always prodigal of generous feelings, and heroic ardours, and his features were flexible and animated; and yet the look of true be-

nevolence, an eye, ingenious and benignant, were never to be found by me. Doubts, misgivings, proneness to shrink, to cover up my feelings, as from one incapable of sharing in them, always swayed me in his presence, and when my attention was fixed upon his face. They were instinctive, and inexplicable. I could not clearly define them to another, and produce in another the same emotions with regard to him.

"After a due period of assiduity he besought my hand. It was refused. His humiliation and grief were unaffected, but wrought no change in my resolutions. My aunt and my father were engaged as his advocates. I could convince neither of them of the propriety of my objections. In their eyes, my scruples appeared absurd and capricious. They were hearkened to with disgust, and censured with asperity. Solicitations and commands, menaces of separation and displeasure, were liberally employed to vanquish what was called my infatuation and my folly.

"Hitherto I had known little but happiness. My aunt's and my father's approbation and love, had amply compensated me for the few ills and privations which had fallen to my lot; but these consolations were now withdrawn. I reverenced their judgments; but their arguments, while they taught me to mistrust my own impressions, did not weaken these impressions, or prevent me from sinking into grief, at the prospect of becoming the wife of Belgrave.

"This state of fluctuation continued for several months. Belgrave was indefatigable in his importunities, in his appeals to my compassion, and my reason, in his vows of eternal gratitude, and boundless devotion; and my parents were no less urgent in contending with scruples, which they deemed fantastic, ridiculous and criminal.

"I will not dwell upon the feelings with which I endured this conflict. They cannot be described. They cannot be conceived but by one who loved with gratitude and fervour like mine, devoted to a revered parent, and idolising the penetration and generosity of my friend. Their rebukes became daily more severe, and my fainting courage became every day more unequal to resistance. My father, at length, disclosed obligations

under which Belgrave had laid him, and which, as they had saved him from bankruptcy, had preserved me from indigence. These demanded every grateful service; and my refusal to become Belgrave's wife, would offend my father and my aunt beyond forgiveness. Subdued, at length, I resigned myself to my fate.

"Too soon were the forebodings of my fears realised. Those appearances were laid aside, which he had deemed necessary for the attainment of his purposes. Cohabiting with him, I became acquainted with transactions and scenes, which, at a distance, could not possibly have been suspected. Under a veil of darkness, propensities were indulged by my husband, that have not a name which I can utter. They cannot be thought of without horror. They cannot be related.

"In the bosom of my aunt, I was unacquainted with the existence of half the vices and evils which infest mankind. For some enormities, which my subsequent experience brought within my observation, so far from knowing them by name, they had never occurred to me as possible. In brooding over my suspicions with respect to Belgrave, I fashioned, as I imagined, the most horrid images of voluptuousness and insensibility; but far different, far more flagrant was the guilt, far more savage the pollutions to which he was habituated.

"My detection of the truth was gradual. Quickly did indifference and inattention succeed to insinuation and warmth; but these slowly gave way to peevishness, impatience, and, at length, to undisguised disgust. Momentary returns to kindness became fewer. Bursts of contempt and resentment became more frequent. Hasty intimations that my pride and my obstinacy, in so long resisting his entreaties, merited punishment, and that his perseverance was dictated by a desire of revenge, sometimes escaped him.

"This vengeance he proceeded to inflict, by treating me with rudeness and contempt; by thwarting all my most trifling wishes; by forbidding his servants to bear my messages, or execute my orders; by affronting my friends and visitants; by interrupting me in my favourite employments of music and reading, or depriving me of the means of pursuing them. My father

was shortly taken away by a sudden death, and his property, of course, devolved upon Belgrave. This property enlarged his gratifications, but contributed, in no degree, to my comfort or my deliverance from mistreatment; nor did he strive to conceal from me that my wealth had been the great inducement in applying for my favour, and that the pecuniary assistance which he had given to my father, was merely designed to benefit himself, and to preserve, unimpaired, that fortune which he expected would one day come into his own hands.

"These evils were endured with some degree of fortitude. There were, indeed, moments of agony, of hopeless distress, and of complaint; but my complaints were poured into no ears but those of my aunt. She mingled her tears with mine. She expressed her regrets at her former importunity, but endeavoured to console me by pointing out the path of duty, and showing me the consequences of adhering to it in the approbation of my conscience and the smiles of a protecting God.

"At length, various circumstances set the depravity of my husband in a new light. For a long time I was blind to the obvious inferences which a person, much acquainted with the world, could not fail to have drawn from appearances. My husband's negligence of me I naturally ascribed to his attachment to some other woman. I could not readily believe what yet appeared to be true, that his associates were wholly of his own sex; and I gave him credit for a rectitude of conduct, in one respect, which was little in unison with other parts of his deportment.

"This illusion came, at length, to an end. Belgrave's contempt and hatred of me exceeded even his regard for his own reputation, and to his own safety, from the animadversions of the law. So open, so shameless was his conduct, that, at length, my own eyes were allowed to witness——.

"I cannot utter it: I was frozen with horror. I doubted whether hideous phantoms, produced by my own imagination, had not deceived me; till my memory, putting past incidents together, convinced me that they were real.

"My husband's presence, his house, became loathsome and intolerable. I flew to my only comforter, my aunt. I related

what I had seen, and declared my desperate resolution never more to return to his house; to brave the contumelies of the world, which would never believe the wrongs which I had endured, and which, indeed, would never know the most odious of these wrongs.

"She contended with my despair. She joined with me in my abhorrence of Belgrave, but she endeavoured to reconcile me to my fate; to wean me from reliance on the world's opinion and the world's goods; to seek, in religion, a balm to my wounded spirit, and a basis for hope which the depravity of those around me could never shake.

"My aunt's exhortations were always earnest and pathetic to a degree that never failed to conquer my despair, at least, for a time. Her lessons instilled into me patience, at least, to sustain the miseries of my condition. I consented to return to an habitation polluted by abominable crimes; to hush my murmurs, and to meet the wretch who called himself my husband, without invectives.

"My aunt, shortly after, thought it necessary to return to America. She was the only friend which, in spite of the tyranny and malice of Belgrave, I had preserved. It was she only whose accents had any power to inspire me with fortitude. Her counsels and admonitions were perpetually necessary, and in her bosom I poured my sorrows, and found comfort. She was now going to desert me. She would pass into a distant world, from which she designed never to return. All useful intercourse between us would be cut off.

"I endeavoured to persuade her to relinquish her scheme, and urged the necessity of her presence to prevent me from committing some fatal act of despair or resentment. She resisted my intreaties, and showed me the weakness of dependence on a fellow creature, whom so many accidents might snatch away from this state of existence. She urged anew the duty of seeking strength from an higher source; and, after many efforts on my side, and many arguments on her's, I consented, with a bleeding heart, to her departure, and to the loss of the only comfort that remained to me.

"I will not dwell upon the incidents that ensued her departure. My husband's conduct became more atrocious than ever. My life became more burthensome. My customary source of fortitude was withdrawn. I was overwhelmed with a consciousness of solitude and wretchedness. I endeavoured, in vain, to practise the lessons of resignation and devotion which my aunt had taught me. I looked after my beloved friend with unspeakable longings. My fancy accompanied her across the inhospitable ocean, and took up its abode with her on the shores of this new world. This employment possessed a strange power of delighting and tormenting me. I pursued it incessantly by night and by day. I loved to sleep, for my dreams were sure to unite me with my absent friend, and to annihilate that dreary interval by which we were severed from each other. I awoke to sorrow; to sorrow, that the scene was visionary and fleeting.

"By perpetually musing on the forlornness of my condition, the inquiry was gradually suggested, is it without remedy? Has my friend gone whither it is impossible to follow her? The ocean is passable by me as well as by her. What should hinder me from pursuing the same track? From seeking deliverance from the tyranny under which I now suffer, by flying to a distant land.

"This thought had not now occurred for the first time. When my aunt's voyage had first been mentioned, my heart involuntarily exclaimed, O! that I could be her companion; that I could fly from my country forever, from the power of my bitterest enemy, and the most profligate of men, and hide my head in a remote land of tranquility and innocence! This desire I never dared to utter, and made haste to stifle so flattering a gratification.

"To a scheme like that, I knew that my aunt would never consent; that to know that it was harboured for a moment in my bosom, would give her exquisite pain, by showing her the futility of all her efforts to convince me of my sacred duty and irrevocable obligations. Now this scheme was anew suggested to my thoughts with more attractions than ever. The more I revolved it, the more practicable and eligible it appeared.

"What," said I, "are the impediments that hinder me? Cannot I withdraw from this habitation and this city, without exciting my husband's opposition? He little suspects that my despair could prompt me to an action like this. He will, therefore, employ no precautions against it. If I conceal my name, assume a different and plainer garb, and retire to some obscure sea-port in the north, I may embark for America without molestation, and my place of refuge will never be suspected by those whom I leave behind.

"My flight will be regarded with pleasure by Belgrave, more than with anger. He will not know whither I have fled. He will suppose me lost in obscurity and indigence, and his savage heart will derive satisfaction from reflecting on the humiliations and embarrassments to which he may imagine me subjected. Instead of diligently pursuing my footsteps, and reclaiming possession of my person, he will be contented with my property, and rejoice at being freed from that restraint which my presence could not fail, in some degree, to produce.

"He may propagate some tale injurious to my honour, and my reputation may be blasted; but, free as I am from reproach, and notorious as my husband's vices have at length become, what have I to fear from his aspersions? On what ground has my conduct afforded him the possibility of building slanderous insinuations? And will he not be deterred by the uncertainty of my condition, and the likelihood, therefore, that I live to confute his falsehoods, and to avenge my injuries, by unfolding to the world those enormities which would not only cover him with infamy, but expose to danger his liberty, and even his life.

"My friend will be grieved at my conduct; but, surely, if it cannot be justified, it is yet not without excuse. Her wisdom will reconcile her to an event which cannot be recalled, and she will not refuse me her protection and her love.

"This scheme, after many difficulties and delays, was carried into execution. I escaped from Dublin without warning any human creature of my design, and without leaving behind me any traces of my flight. After a tempestuous voyage, I arrived in this city. Having found my aunt's habitation, I burst

into her presence, and, throwing myself into her arms, poured forth tears of joy and shame.

"My maternal friend easily forgave the errors of her child, when it was no longer in her power to prevent them; but her wisdom could not reconcile her to an act which she deemed a violation of the most sacred duty. Long have I wept over her grave, and my grief has been embittered by the thought that my misconduct contributed to cloud the evening of her life, and, perhaps, to hasten that event which has robbed me of a guide, a protector, and a parent.

"I have no correspondence with my native country. I know not the condition of Belgrave, or the effects which my disappearance has produced upon him or upon others. I have had no desire but to live unmolested and in privacy; in the indulgence of mournful recollections, and in the moderate use of that liberty and those enjoyments which are within my reach, and which are innocent."

Here the narrator paused. I had listened with the deepest interest. I continued to listen. I readily acquitted her of all blame for leaving her country; but how were these events likely to be known to me, when it had probably been her earnest wish to hide them from all mankind, and when, indeed, her own silence, on the subject of her own adventures, had never been broken?

I did not conceal from her these thoughts. Her countenance betrayed embarrassment and perplexity. She hesitated to answer me, and, at length, said:

"It is true. I imagined you to be acquainted with my condition. I found in you one whom I wish to call my friend, because my unhappy situation will not allow any nearer claim. I am content to be the object of your fraternal love: but this is not sufficient for your happiness. I must, therefore, consent to lose the pleasures and advantages of your society; but I thought it due to myself to explain the reasons of a conduct which to you might appear culpable.

"I have suppressed the mention of my own misfortunes, at first, because the subject is painful in remembrance; because suitable occasions for the mention of them never occurred; be-

cause your curiosity never appeared to be awakened with regard to them; and you never, even indirectly, and at our most confidential moments, questioned me as to my former or actual condition."

But that deportment, replied I, eyeing her steadfastly, might arise from diffidence or false delicacy; from a thousand causes different from my knowledge of your true condition. Besides, how was I to obtain that knowledge? Who was there, beyond these walls, able to communicate it, and from whom I was likely, in my present situation, to obtain it? I have told you that I am nearly a stranger in this city; that there is none of its inhabitants but you with whom I have frequent or friendly intercourse.

Her embarrassment was increased by the steadfastness of my scrutiny. She answered, "I thought you knew it. It was vague conjecture, and fallacious, as the event has now proved. Perhaps I may have found such place in your esteem that you will credit my assertion without knowing the grounds of my opinion. I will not hide from you the existence of such grounds, which, at the same time, I cannot now disclose to you. The time will, perhaps, come, when the disclosure may be possible. Now it is not."

I renewed my questions, but she repelled them in the same manner. To tell her reasons for supposing me more knowing, in relation to her, than I was, was not fit for this time. The consequences of this error were not more to be lamented for my sake than for her's. It had deprived her of a friend.

Why do you speak thus? Why must this discovery raise an insuperable bar between us? Why should we not interchange our feelings and ideas as formerly?

She cast at me looks of surprise, mingled with affection, "have I not betrayed you? Have I not misled you by false pretences, by appearances which did not correspond with truth? Is not this the light by which I am regarded by you?"

Not if I confide in your assertions that you meant not to deceive me; that you imagined me aware of that obstacle which forbade any intercourse but that of friendship between us?

Her eyes sparkled with delight at these words. "And do you trust me? Do you confide in me? Will you still be my friend? Will you add another and a greater benefit to that which you bestowed on me in saving my life, by allowing me the affections, the caresses, and the counsels of a brother?"

Such looks and tones accompanied these words, that I yielded my assent, not coldly or reluctantly, but with undisguised and immeasurable fervency.

"I am a forlorn girl," she resumed. "I am an exile and a recluse. I have been the victim of imposture and cruelty. I desire not to mix with the world, or to disclose my condition. I have resumed my father's name, and disown the condition of a wife. What expedient the malice of Belgrave may employ to hurt my reputation, or regain his power over my person, I know not; but I know that my safety depends upon his ignorance of my retreat. My heart is formed for all the tender sympathies of nature. My soul melts when the images of wife and mother occur strongly to my fancy; and I sink into repining at the hardness of my destiny which has cut me off from all these duties and enjoyments.

"Since I have known you, my regrets are less painful. I love to paint myself as owing life and all its enjoyments to your hand. I love that boundless gratitude which swells my heart at the sight of you, and which your estimable qualities have converted into affection and esteem. My love for you is tender; but that love demands nothing but your affection, your society, and your happiness. On my own account, I scarcely regret those bars which hinder you from standing in any nearer relation to me. How happy shall I be, if there be no reason to regret it upon your account; if you can cheerfully consent to be my friend: Can you consent? Cheerfully?"

At that moment, and while listening to such accents, it was impossible not to repeat my concurrence. For some hours, my cousin was forgotten. My indignation was dismissed. My horror at the name of wife, my aversion to restraint, was no longer felt. I regarded my companion as a martyr to an ill-fated marriage. Her misfortunes, her desolate condition, her dependence upon me for happiness, and the obstacles to our

union not arising, as in my cousin's case, from her own perverseness, but from causes whose existence was as deeply deplored by herself as by me, added to the enchantments of her features and the graces of her demeanour, made me willingly renew my homage at this shrine.

When the interview was at an end, I began to review these incidents with more sobriety. I was struck with wonder at the difference between the consequences of this meeting and those which I had previously imagined would flow from it; at the rapid transitions which my feelings had undergone from indignation and horror, to complacency, and even rapture. Is there a human heart, said I, fashioned like mine; susceptible of such extremes; shifting guises and forms with such celerity, and delivering itself up to such opposite emotions within the same short period? And what is now to be done?

I promised my cousin never to repeat my visit to Miss Neville. Ten hours have scarcely passed since the promise was made, yet I have paid this interdicted visit, and have promised to be more assiduous in my attentions than ever! Will this disobedience be excused by my cousin? Shall I not disclose all that has passed? And will not Clelia be regarded by her as worthy of affection and pity?

I acquiesced in this resolution; yet I was not in haste to execute it. My hours of leisure I felt most disposed to devote to Miss Neville. The distance from my lodgings was less, and the attractions of her company far more powerful. I will see my cousin, I said, shortly, but not to-night. To-morrow will be time enough. When the morrow arrived, my visit was again postponed. I readily admitted a stormy atmosphere to plead my excuse; and even the likelihood of rain was sufficient to reconcile me to delay. Thus day, after day occurred; new impediments arose in my way to the Wallace's, and apology for absence became, at once, more necessary and more difficult.

My intercourse with Clelia was such as to intoxicate my juvenile feelings, and to shut out all foreign images. No pair of tongues were ever more voluble when they were set at liberty; and yet, on my part, I never made my own history the theme of my discourse. I loved to paint my visions of fancy; the

images collected from books; but, chiefly, I was fond of questioning my friend in relation to her past life, and to the formation and the progress of her sentiments. On this subject she delighted to dwell. Her memory appeared to retain all the impressions of the past. The terms of every interesting dialogue; the looks, gestures, and minutest incidents accompanying it; every hue of the quickest and most mutable feeling, were exhibited with all the graces of a lucid elocution.

These topics were not of an exhaustible kind. They were more acceptable to me than any other. Others were excluded, not so much from any antipathy conceived against them, as because the time was more delightfully engrossed by these.

One evening, entering with my usual carelessness, I discovered Miss Neville in her drawing-room, earnestly contemplating some object which she held in her hand. Her attention was so much absorbed by this object, that she did not notice me till I touched her elbow. She started, thrust something into her bosom, and averted from my eyes a face suffused with the deepest crimson.

What, said I, have I caught you? Why is that something so hastily thrust out of sight?

She stammered out the usual evasions of "nothing; nothing at all; a matter of no consequence," and made strong efforts to regain her composure.

I grew importunate. A sort of vague suspicion darted through my mind, and whispered me that this was a picture: a picture which was not to be shewn to me, though proper to be gazed at when alone. I ceased to importune. I allowed her to change the conversation; but disquietude rankled in my heart, and I suffered the discourse to languish.

She quickly perceived the cloud upon my brow, and asked, tenderly, the cause.

What is that, I answered, which you put into your bosom? Her confusion returned, and my anxieties increased. She refused to produce it. She was too honest to mislead me by direct assertions, but she besought me to excuse her.

Readily, said I, gravely, I excuse you from performing what will give you pain.

She again attempted to engage me in sprightly talk, but my heart was pained. The gloom upon my countenance became more deep. I even made a motion as if I would go away.

"My friend, what is the matter with you? Why this sedateness, this reserve?"

It is your reserve that occasions mine. You will not tell me what you put into your bosom.

"Must you know?"

If it be not disclosed, I shall go away less happy than when I came.

After visible embarrassment and struggle, she drew it forth. It was, indeed, a picture. My heart sunk still lower. I had scarcely courage to examine it. What was my surprise and pleasure when, on glancing at it, I beheld—my own image.

And what need was there of concealing this? said I. How could I fail to derive pleasure from this proof of your attachment?

By this time she had recovered her tranquility. "It was mere folly, I own. I am a wayward creature; but your kindness will forgive me. In time, I shall become more reasonable and consistent. I have just been altering it."

Altering it?

"Yes: when first taken, I committed some egregious mistakes. How I could fall into them, is incomprehensible. I thought I had obtained a perfect image; but, on closer scrutiny, I found I had strayed wide from the true proportions. Your hair is a shade darker than at first sight, and your eyes, instead of being of an heavenly blue, are of an hazel cast."

Strange mistakes, indeed, said I. But why did you not order me to sit while you copied my real face?

"There is reason for that," she replied, casting down her eyes and blushing with bewitching significance.

Certainly; but what was the reason?

Half sportively, "I will not tell you. That is still to be a secret. The time will be, I hope, when that and many other kindred mysteries will show themselves without disguise. Let it content you that the face is your's, and that I wear it here,

within all these folds, and have worn it. Do you know how I have been employed to-day ?"

No.

"I have been writing. An history. A secret history. Though I have prated so much about myself, I have not told you all. I cannot utter every thing, and what I cannot, I have consigned to the pen. You know nothing yet of my secret history. That will be a feast for you which I mean shortly to set before you."

Pr'ythee make haste, then, I shall have no rest while a secret remains. But who are the actors in these mysteries ?

"Myself, to be sure, and another."

What other ?

She cast most expressive looks at me, yet I could not satisfactorily interpret them : "cannot you guess ?"

I should hope that in a drama where two characters only are exhibited, and you were one, that I should be the other.

"You have guessed aright. And yet you know me not. I was masqued. But what am I doing ? You will rifle my box of secrets before I am aware. I am telling you what I meant you should read. O ! let me ask you how came that scar upon your left cheek ?"

In leaping from an hay-mow, I fell and struck my head against the edge of a mattock that lay concealed beneath a wisp of straw.

"When did that happen ?"

In my childhood.

She expressed much surprise. "In your childhood ? And has it always been thus ?"

Always since my tenth year.

She suddenly became thoughtful, but presently resumed her sprightliness : "This, likewise, was omitted in your first portrait, which is very strange. Methinks the mark is sufficiently conspicuous."

At our very first interview this scar was noticed by you, so that I conclude my portrait was taken before we met in this house.

This hint was followed by deep confusion; "talk no more of the portrait. I was an unskilful artist, it is true."

She now called away her own thoughts and mine to some other topic, and I did not muse on these occurrences till we had parted. It was then that her secret history, her masquerade, the portrait formed previous to my knowledge of her, and concealed from me with such solicitude, occurred to my thoughts. My reflections were unattended by pain. They set me to conjecturing what had passed between her escape from the house in flames, till our actual meeting. I had spent that interval chiefly in the city, and many occasions might be conceived on which a glimpse of me might have been afforded her. These surmises were flattering to my vanity, and showed the deep impression which gratitude had made upon her.

On my return home, I found a billet from my cousin, couched in these words:

"Why do you forget your promise? I want to see you. Come to me to-morrow morning, and make amends for this forgetfulness or negligence. I shall fully expect to see you, so that you must not disappoint me."

This billet threw me into some perplexity. I was conscious how culpable I had been, and was at a loss what apology to make. I could not, however, hesitate to comply, and went next morning to Wallace's. My cousin received me with her usual frankness and affection, and, after a few minutes' conversation, in which her friend bore a part, she invited me to walk with her. The air with which this invitation was made, convinced me that something extraordinary engrossed her thoughts. This belief increased my embarrassments.

After a few turns in the garden, and when we appeared at a sufficient distance from interruption, she spoke with great earnestness; and, looking at me steadfastly, "Sidney returned home last week, and spent yesterday here. He tells me that you visit Clelia Neville frequently. You told me, when I saw you last, that you designed to have no more intercourse with that person. What has happened to change this resolution?"

I was silent. She noticed my embarrassment, and resumed, in a tone of irresistible tenderness, "let not my brother deem

me selfish and impertinent. My inquiries are dictated by regard for your welfare. That welfare I believe to be, in some danger. Forgive me, then, for taking you thus to task. You have overlooked your promise to me, but that promise was exacted not merely or chiefly to gratify myself, but to screen you from the most formidable danger which can assail your youth. Far am I from intending to upbraid you for any negligence of me. I have, of my own accord, given up my claims upon your faith; and cannot wonder that beauty, gracefulness, intelligence, and sensibility, far superior to what I possess, have enchanted you in another. For this you are not to blame. You are not to blame for any thing; least of all for withholding your confidence from me, and declining to seek my advice. As soon as I can thoroughly convince you that my regard for you is void of selfishness and jealousy, this reserve will disappear, and I will convince you of it.

"You are the son of my mother. She who saved me from indigence and suffering, who took me to her home and her bosom, and gave me all the happiness that I possess, lives in your form, in your features, in your voice. When you are present, she is always before me. You are the pride and the hope of her life. Shall I not love you, then, for her sake?

"But that love is small in proportion to that which I bear you for your own sake. My woman's heart is yours. My very soul reposes in your bosom. I know no happiness but as you are happy. Are the transports of a wife and a mother not to be found in your arms? Are your affections to be given to another? It is well. I unmurmuringly acquiesce. I adopt that other for my substitute. I am anxious, only, that she merits your devotion. To see you betrayed, connected with a specious impostor, with a faithless wanton, would break my heart; indeed it would.

"You are mine," she continued, putting her arm round my neck, and in a tone of new sweetness, "you are mine, and I will not part with you but to one that well deserves the precious gift. Beloved Felix! Clelia Neville deserves you not."

What were my feelings during this address? My heart was fickle and inconstant, but not yet callous. Tears rushed to my

eyes. I was subdued. I was torn with remorse for my past insensibility to such excellence. I said, I have wronged you. Henceforth I put my fate in your hands. Direct me as you please. I will worship and obey you as my better angel.

"That is a good youth; but be not prodigal of promises. Show your sincerity by disclosing your feelings and motives. Give me a just account of what has happened during your absence. Why, on the evening of the very day we parted, did you go to Miss Neville? Why have so many evenings since been spent with her? From twilight to ten, twelve, and even two o'clock? And why, on leaving this enchantress, instead of seeking your repose, have you rambled to Schuylkill, and descried the dawn from the verge of Quarry-hill?"

I started. How came you acquainted with these incidents?

"They came to me from Sidney, who gained them from a friend who lives not far from Miss Neville's."

Sidney and his friend, thought I, are officious, and had better be employed about their own concerns. I suppressed these thoughts, and produced the letter which I had received from Clelia. There, said I, was my inducement to renew my visits.

She perused the letter. I then recounted the substance of Clelia's narrative. I mentioned the compassion which this story had excited, and my readiness to maintain a friendly intercourse with her. Nothing had since passed unsuitable to those duties which were incumbent on her as a wife. I regarded her as such, and was not ashamed to confess that I delighted in her company. I saw nothing in this intercourse that ought to offend the most scrupulous.

My cousin's eye was full of suspicion and uneasiness. After a pause she said, "she once confessed that she loved you?"

She did.

"Has she retracted that confession?"

Heaven forbid!

"She repeats still that she loves you?"

She does not deny it.

"She is not particularly circumspect? Reserved?"

Certainly she is; as much as she ought to be.

"More so than before the discovery of her marriage? Than when she demeaned herself as lovers are used to do?"

Not more so. In that respect, I see no difference.

"When you offer—she does not decline; she does not shrink from your caresses? She does not manifest displeasure?"

No; she is as affectionate in her deportment as you are.

"But I am your sister. I am more than your sister. I am not—a wife. Has she never wept at those ties which oblige her to treat you merely as a friend? Has she never painted the felicity attendant on indissoluble union with you, and maligned the power which forbids it?"

I could not deny that she had.

"Have you never concurred with her wishes and her tears? Have you never sought relief from impatience and dejection in reflecting that every man must die? That Belgrave's vices will probably expedite his death, and that then you may seek the hand of this woman without a crime?"

It is true.

"Do not these fits of impatience increase in frequency and obstinacy?"

I cannot tell. They are more easily removed at one time than at another.

"At moments when your feelings are most active, does not a momentary doubt insinuate itself as to the validity of that bond which inthralls your Clelia to another? It was not strong enough to bind her affections and person to a ruffian. It hinders her not from imbibing and avowing an attachment to one more worthy, and whose heart gives her all its treasures in return. Why, then, (do you not sometimes ask) should it hinder her from giving the natural proofs of that attachment? Conjugal duty, it seems, has not prevented her withdrawing from Belgrave her love, her confidence, and her society. It has not hindered her from bestowing all these upon another. Having given thus much, the seal surely is broken, and duty will permit her to give all. Have not such reveries as these sometimes, however rarely, fluctuated in your thoughts, and rendered you insensible to midnight damps?"

I was silent.

"Have not soliloquies escaped you, at moments when memory was most full of the blandishments and graces of this friend, in which an hearer would distinguish such sounds as 'Unnatural restraints! Arbitrary institutions! Capricious scruples!' tell me, honestly, Felix."

I could not speak.

"But these were merely creatures of a fancy, which, in being ever busy in creation, and always hovering round the image of this girl, must be expected to produce every shape, and to sport with every possible phantom. These images are fleeting. They are chastised and banished by wiser thoughts, which show you that the effusions of the heart, the interchange of sentiments, and the acceptance and return of chaste caresses, are all that is of lasting value, even in wedlock. With these you resolve to be content, and to wait till circumstances arise that will sanction a closer intimacy."

There, said I, with eagerness, you do me justice.

"And yet, how often does that officious phrase 'and yet,' interfere to break this equable tenor, to call up a regretful sigh? 'And yet, it is a pity. Life is wasted in delays. Belgrave may survive an half-century.' How often, at the conclusion of an interview, has a contempt of remote consequences, a faith in concealment, indignation at imaginary restraints, and the unjust obloquy of mankind, insensibly gained the upper place in your mind! How often have you noted the repose of nature, the security of solitude, and whispered in her ear, 'why must we part? Why should we be separated an hour; and why should this hour sever us?' And do you not still hear that sweet voice, which sighingly and whisperingly answers, alas! it must be so!"

I was overpowered with confusion. I shuddered as if a witness had really been present at our interviews. I was astonished and abashed at so faithful a picture.

"I forgive your silence," resumed my monitress. "You need not answer me. I see that my conjectures are true. Such must ever be the reveries of one young as you, with principles versatile, ungrounded in religion, or on that morality

which is the growth of experience. And the tendency of these things, if not to undermine your virtue, to make you dissolute and callous to reproach, yet, to unnerve your courage, to enfeeble all your energies, to divert your attention from useful knowledge, the service of your friends and your country, you do not see!

"Clelia has hitherto been, in your opinion, blameless. She has been the victim of treachery and cruelty. She fled from the mistreatment of a monster. She stands in need, and she is deserving of a friend. Are not these your opinions?"

They are.

"And on what evidence are they built?"

I was disconcerted, and at a loss for an answer. At length I said, I have no evidence but her own assertion. I have told you the story which I heard from her.

"And is that evidence sufficient? How numberless and irresistible are the inducements to conceal what, if known, would redound to our shame? How easy to disguise the real motives of our conduct! Belgrave may have been the inhuman and depraved wretch which he is said to be. Aversion to his features, and impatience of his tyranny, may have existed; but were these the only motives to object to marriage and to abandon her country? Might not her abhorrence of Belgrave partly have arisen from an unauthorised attachment to another? Might not his cruelty partly proceed from reasonable jealousy? And might not that attachment have been one of the inducements to elopement?"

These insinuations startled me. I had no time to weigh their truth. These being admitted by one of my cousin's candour and discernment, intitled them to some regard from me. I besought her to be more explicit. Were these her suspicions? On what grounds were they built?

"You know that she has friends and associates in this country. You know that there are many who have constant intercourse with Dublin. Have you made inquiries among these respecting your friend? Possibly some one might be able to corroborate or confute her story."

I confessed that I had made use of no such expedients.

"But ought they not to have been used? Would they not have naturally occurred to a cautious temper?"

I answered, that my recent arrival in the city, hindered me from forming acquaintanceships with many persons; that, however strong my doubts might have been, and my desire of foreign information, I was wholly at a loss to whom to apply for this end.

"Say rather, my friend, that your devotion to this girl absorbed every thought, and all that time that might have been employed in enlarging the number of your friends, and in supplying you with materials of observation and reflection. You were a stranger to suspicion, and, therefore, reflected not that Mrs. Keith had been much known and respected in this city; that persons existed who had been serviceable to her in the management and disposal of her property; that her will, by which she made this girl her successor, must have had executors, and witnesses, who, probably, knew the character and condition of Miss Neville, and to whom one like you might easily have found access. Ought not your caution to have suggested these expedients?"

I could not but acknowledge it.

"And these expedients which you ought to have pursued, would naturally be pursued by those who love you. Would they not?"

And have they been pursued?

"Sidney has obtained, from authentic sources, some information respecting this woman, which has just been communicated to me."

I was anxious to receive this information. I entreated her not to withhold from me what she had heard.

"Alas! my friend, this woman, thus amiable, thus studious, thus unfortunate, is—a profligate. Her husband had some reason for his persecution. His character is wholly opposite to that which she has described. His reputation has fewer blemishes than are incident to most men of the same riches and rank. Before marriage, she bestowed her heart and her person upon a young man, insinuating and elegant, but, unprincipled and dishonest. He was her father's clerk. Her attachment to

this youth was shameless, and overstepped all bounds of decorum. It has, indeed, been proved, that the first overtures to an illicit intercourse came from her. This intercourse continued after marriage, and she, finally, to secure his company, eloped with him.

"These truths are notorious in her native city, and have been circumstantially related to Mr. L***, whose probity you well know," in a letter from an Irish friend, whose integrity and means of knowing the truth, are unquestionable. Mr. L***'s modes of thinking are singular. He had much respect for Mrs. Keith and his widow, and is named trustee in the will of the latter. During her abode here, the young lady's conduct has been free from reproach. She has shunned almost all intercourse with the world, since the decease of her aunt, probably from a consciousness of her guilt, and of the danger of detection. Mr. L*** has disclosed his knowledge to no one, but has kept a vigilant eye over her. He is unwilling to destroy her reputation, as long as she acts with circumspection.

"You know Mr. L***'s friendship for Sidney. A meeting took place between them a few days ago. Clelia was mentioned by the former, and the assiduity of your visits; some connection being known to subsist between Sidney and you was likewise mentioned. Sidney was desired to exert his influence to induce you to break off so dangerous an intercourse. For some time the true character of Miss Neville was concealed, notwithstanding Sidney's endeavours to extort from him his knowledge; but, at length, these facts were stated, and the letter containing them were shown, on condition that the discreetest and most sparing use should be made of them. They were communicated to me, that I might guard you against consequences so much to be dreaded from the uncommon fascinations of this woman.

"How very slender must be those talents which will not enable their possessor to frame a plausible tale; and how easily may looks of innocence and candour be assumed by a guilty heart?

"This woman is eminently lovely: her attractions and accomplishments are dazzling, but she is sensual and fickle. No

doubt she is susceptible of gratitude. No doubt your mind and person have enchanted her. She loves you as one like her is capable of loving, with impetuosity. Marriage is no bar and no requisite to the gratification of her passion, and her deportment to you has hitherto been such as no heart of true delicacy and chastity would ever have adopted. It has been skilfully adapted to your constitution and temper, and, if you do not instantly change your course, will lead you to ruin. I shudder to think how near you have already been to the verge of guilt. That you have not fallen, was owing not to her virtue, but to yours.

"She has artfully spread her wiles for you. She has chosen scenes and hours for your intercourse, most favourable to the oblivion of conscience and foresight. The songs which she adapts, according to your own account, to her magic instrument, tend to move the soul to love, and inculcate contempt of the future, and forgetfulness of virtuous restraints. Thank Heaven! in spite of her enchantments, your integrity is yet safe. Are you not, at length, convinced of your past danger, and determined to exercise more caution for the future?"

What could I say? These tidings sunk me into grief. The evidence thus produced, appeared to me incontestible. Clelia then was an adulteress, and a profligate? With such an one, it was impossible to hold converse. That love, to which I confided my hopes of happiness, could never lodge in the bosom of a sensualist and hypocrite. Her passion for me might lead to extravagance and phrenzy; but without the ornament of chastity, or a basis in integrity, it was to be shunned and abhorred.

My courage wholly deserted me. I melted into tears. I became, to my cousin, an object of commiseration. I became flexible and pliant to all her wishes, and readily consented to avoid this unfortunate girl in future.

My grief at this discovery, after the first burst of conviction was past, and when solitude afforded me leisure to think, led me to investigate Sidney's evidence more closely. I said, is it right thus hastily to condemn a being, whose situation necessarily exposes her to calumny and misapprehension? Am I sure that the whole is not a wicked artifice of Sidney's, to thwart my

projects of happiness? That L*** has not invented this tale to blast the character of Clelia? That L***'s correspondent has not been a deceiver, or been himself misled?

She has given me proofs of tenderness; but, admitting them to be incautious, they are not, in themselves, criminal, and may surely be excused by her youth—her ardent feelings, and her confidence in me. Where is this lover with whom she is said to have eloped? Her conduct, since her coming hither, has been allowed to be proper, and what human creature may not repent of his misdeeds, and grow wiser by experience? What should hinder but that her past errors are now regarded with detestation and remorse? That she has admitted a pure love into her heart, and will henceforth conform to its dictates? It was not I that, in spite of her concealment, detected her marriage. She spontaneously disclosed it. To this hour it might have been a secret, for she is not aware that her true situation is known to any one on this side of the ocean.

She had dwelt with the most picturesque, and, apparently, the most ingenuous minuteness on the incidents of her life, and especially those subsequent to marriage with Belgrave. She had related all the steps taken to effect her escape; all the events of the voyage; the name, character, and situation of the captain. Had she been accompanied by a lover, this narrative was vitiated not merely by omissions, but by falsehoods. All the difficulties and distresses which she painted, necessarily implied the want of a friend or protector. Was it possible that nothing in her tones or looks, nothing in a story so abundant in particulars, would have betrayed her falsehood? By affording me the means of inquiring of the captain, and her fellow passengers, one of whom was a resident in this city, did she not afford sufficient proof of her sincerity?

And what if she be calumniated? If Belgrave, by inhuman falsehoods, has blasted her good name, and thus perpetuated the mischiefs, which his vengeance had already inflicted, and from which, flight into another world has not been able to screen her, his enmity to her, and even his regard for himself, would naturally lead him to employ this engine to ruin her. Hypocrisy and artifice are easy, and she who might counter-

work or unmask the betrayer, was unconscious of his machinations. She lived, in the vain security that her name and her existence were forgotten, and that her reputation, at least, among the beings who surrounded her, was free from stain.

No, I will not desert her. I will not hastily believe her wicked, and will spare no pains to ascertain the truth. I will go to Sidney. I will make him introduce me to his friend. I will see this letter with my own eyes. I will scrupulously weigh its claims to belief. I will make inquiries of others, and even of herself. I will charge her with imposture in terms so direct, and with a watchfulness so close, that the truth shall not escape me.

With these sentiments I returned to the city, and hasted to Sidney's lodgings. He received me with that placid brow, and cordial familiarity which always distinguished him. Cursory topics were quickly dismissed, and I called his attention to my cousin and Miss Neville. I related what had just been told me, and required him to deny or confirm it.

"Your cousin has faithfully repeatedly my intelligence. All that is true."

All that, I quickly replied, is false. There is some deception, some stratagem to ruin this unhappy woman, and to ruin me.

He lifted his eyes, but looked forward with undiminished benignity, and spoke mildly—"Would you say that I have invented that tale?"

Forgive me. That insinuation was rash.

"Nay," said he, "it was suitable and proper. You ought to listen to such tales with reluctance, and not admit them on slight evidence. I ask you not to credit me on my assertion. Nothing should content you but the sight of the letter, which I will procure for you, and, so far from wishing you to believe before you see it, I exhort you to suspend your belief. Meanwhile, here is a copy, which you may peruse, and may compare with the original."

I took the paper and read it. It contained all that my cousin had reported. Sidney's character; the absence of all motives to deceit, on this occasion, since his interest as the lover of Louisa, and as my competitor, would necessarily induce him to favour, rather than to counteract, my pursuit of another, showed me the folly of casting suspicions upon him. There could not be a doubt that this letter, at least, was genuine. I laid down the paper and was silent.

"Perhaps," said Sidney, "your knowledge of this woman has supplied you with proof of the falsehood of this story. Perhaps you have indubitable evidence that she is not a wife? That she did not quit Ireland clandestinely?"

Both these, said I mournfully, are true.

"Indeed! How did that appear?"

By her own confession.

"What then are the facts which she denies, or which you disbelieve?"

She fled, but her fidelity to her husband has been inviolate. She fled, not to enjoy the company of a seducer, but to shun the cruelty of a tyrant.

Sidney shook his head, in token of incredulity; but, for a short interval, said nothing. At length he resumed:

"Nothing is more frequent than calumny. Nothing is more easy than to belie the actions and motives of a human being. Appearances against this woman are strong. Yet her innocence is not impossible. For her own sake, as well as for yours, I have resolved to ascertain the truth. She ought not to be kept in ignorance of what is believed respecting her. She ought, at least, to have an opportunity of avowing her integrity. After reading this letter, in the hands of Mr. L***, I determined to visit her, and lay before her the contents."

I started. And did you go? Did you tell her this?

My perturbations attracted his notice. They partly arose from surprise, at the abrupt mention of a project so singular and unexpected, and partly from inexplicable fears lest he might prejudice her mind against me.

"Be not alarmed," he replied, "I did not go. There was no need to go. My uncertainty was removed by different means.

Are you then convinced of her innocence?

"No. The proofs which I allude to had an opposite tendency. They convince me of her guilt."

My heart drooped at these unwelcome sounds. I had scarcely courage enough to inquire into the nature of these proofs.

"They inform me that the paramour, with whom Clelia dishonoured herself before marriage, and whom the claims of an husband could not prevail on her to discard, is now in this city. That their illicit intercourse is still continued, her nights being spent in his company."

Horror at this news was quickly lessened by incredulity. I remembered that four evenings in the week were spent with me. That I went to her early, and left her late. The existence of a rival was impossible, for what motive could induce her to bestow tenderness and confidence on me. To suppose her affections thus equally divided; thus daily changeable; to suppose her, with regard to me, a dissembler, was, to the last degree, absurd! Why should she devote her time to any other besides him who possessed her affections? Why solicit and encourage visits, when those visits would merely interfere with, and tend to the detection of her intercourse with one whose society must be infinitely preferred. I saw her not at stated hours, or concerted intervals. Half the evenings of the week were devoted to her, but they were not pre-appointed. My approach was hailed with delight, and my departure witnessed with reluctance. No; this was a manifest calumny. I did not disclose all my reasons for denying my faith to this story, but I did not conceal my disbelief, and inquired what were the proofs?

"My evidence I cannot produce. The information was given on condition that the authors were concealed. I promised concealment more readily, because, if the intelligence were true, its truth might easily be ascertained. I, for my part, entertain no doubts. The evidence was such as not to be resisted: I am convinced of her depravity. Without this evidence, I neither desire nor expect you to believe it, but it must always be in your power to ascertain its truth by other means."

Be good enough to tell me how.

"The path is obvious. By charging her directly with this misconduct, she will hardly fail of tacitly confirming it. Besides, you know whether she has any acknowledged visitants besides yourself."

She has none; none, at least, but of her own sex.

"If she denies herself to him, in the presence of another, she must often deny herself to you. So much of her time must be shared with him, that your visits must be very unfrequent not to interfere with his."

My visits, said I, are not unfrequent, and they take place at seasons utterly inconsistent with the existence of such a connection.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sidney, in a tone of surprise and disapprobation, "it grieves me to hear that. If this woman be criminal, it matters little whether it be with you or with another."

I was disconcerted and abashed at the inference thus drawn from my words. The inference was false, but such as a mind fastidious in its maxims of decorum, might easily draw from the frequency, the loneliness, and protraction of our interviews. I was unwilling to state the truth, in this respect, for fear of creating one suspicion, by the means employed for removing another. Meanwhile anxiety was strongly painted in my friend's looks. He resumed:

"Your visits must, indeed, be frequent and unseasonable if they interfered with his. Such intercourse loves to hide itself beneath the veil of darkness. It is awake and active when the rest of the world are asleep. Sufficient caution is, indeed, employed to prevent intrusion in the present instance. Should you call at the hours devoted to him, you would be turned away with 'she is indisposed;' 'she is not at home;' 'she is engaged.' Doors and windows are closed and fastened, and the porter is commissioned to exclude every comer."

And pray, you, what are those seasons?

"They begin at eight or nine, and end—before morning."

My heart now misgave me. Such were the periods of my own visits, but I saw her only thrice or four times in the week. The intervals, indeed, were regular, though that regularity had

been accidental. Could those nights when I was absent be thus devoted? And what were my claims? I was no more than her friend. My pretensions interfere not with those of such a one as this. To me she gave her confidence and esteem, on another she bestowed her love.

How often, said I, does this intercourse take place?

"Not every night, but thrice a week at least."

This tended to confirm my fears. Indignation began to rise with my grief. I will burst upon her, said I, when she expects me not. I will detect her in the very arms of her seducer. This will be ample proof, and this proof is in my power.

Sidney marked the disquietude which these thoughts produced. He regarded me with looks of compassion. "Come," said he, cheerily, "things shall all be set right. You and I, Felix, shall know each other better. Your cousin shall join us in a scheme from which we will contrive to extract pleasure as well as benefit. If you will spend this evening with me, I will disclose my plan."

I am in no mood, said I, to adopt new schemes. This unhappy mystery must be cleared up before I can take repose.

"Whence does this interest in a stranger arise?" said he. "Is it a disinterested zeal for the honour of a female, who, in consequence of being a wife, is culpable for maintaining intimacy with any one but her husband? But this mystery is easily removed. It might have been removed last evening."

How?

"If, instead of pushing pieces of wood over a chequered table, you had applied at her door for admission——."

What then?

"You would have been dismissed with a false, or evasive answer."

Last evening? Was this profligate in her company last evening? For how long?

"From ten o'clock till one, at least."

These few words instantly revived my fainting hopes. Evidence of the treachery employed against my friend could not be stronger than this. These hours were spent in my company. The grossness of the calumny was therefore apparent. My

features brightened with confidence and exultation. Your informer has assured you of this? Or is it a conjecture? Is it built upon the same authority with the rest of the story you have told?

"I have no better evidence for any thing respecting this woman."

Then you are deceived, cried I, vehemently. Your informer is a lying and perfidious wretch. It is some wicked agent of her tyrant, who has endeavoured to abuse your ears, and to blast the reputation of an helpless and unfortunate woman.

He still preserved an air of doubt and anxiety. "I fear that you pronounce too hastily," said he.

No. The falsehood of this assertion, at least, I have the means of discovering incontestibly.

"What means?"

Such as are more to be relied on than vague and anonymous insinuations. Nothing less than the testimony of my own senses.

He looked at me with new disquietude. "You talk in riddles. How could the testimony of your senses inform you in what manner, and with whom, this woman spent the last evening?"

Because I was neither blind nor deaf; because, at the very time you mention, from ten o'clock till one, at night, I was her companion. There was not an interval of ten seconds in which I did not see or hear her.

"You mistake me," said he; "I speak of *last* evening; of Saturday evening."

Certainly, returned I, and I rejoice that you do, otherwise I might have wanted so unerring proofs of the falsehood of the tale.

He rose from his seat, and fixing more steadfast looks upon me, repeated, "last evening, you tell me, was wholly spent by you with this woman."

It was.

He now turned away from me, and walked to and fro, with a troubled face. I imagined that I understood these tokens. He inferred an improper intercourse, from an interview thus

unseasonable. I was embarrassed in my turn. I was fearful of this inference, and therefore confessed thus much, with some faltering and reluctance, which inevitably tended to confirm his suspicions. Still the strongest emotion in my heart was delight, in discovering the falsehood of the charges made against Miss Neville.

"Felix," said Sidney, solemnly, and with a deep sigh, "I love you much. I think upon the danger which besets you, with pain, arising not only from the love that I bear you, but from my affection for your cousin, whose happiness is interwoven with yours. Till this moment I was not aware of all your danger; of the frailty, the fickleness, the pliancy of your mind." There he stopped.

Your fears, said I, on my account, are generous, but groundless. This woman is nothing to me, but a friend, from whose society I collect greater pleasure and instruction than any other source will supply. She is a sufferer whom it is my duty to cherish. She has been maligned and persecuted; and while I am convinced of the iniquity with which she has been treated, ought I to act as if my convictions were opposite? Ought I to shun the society of one whom I know to be innocent and excellent, or refuse her conversation and her confidence, on terms consistent with every duty?

He seemed to pay little regard to these words, but, advancing towards me, with new solemnity, said: "let me again ask you; let me conjure you to tell me the truth. How, and where did you spend last evening?"

Innocently, as I hope for mercy from a righteous and omniscient judge. I spent it innocently. Nothing passed between us; nothing has ever passed between us, inconsistent with her obligations as the wife of another; nothing but what a sister might laudably bestow.

"But how, and where was it spent? In the presence of the same righteous judge, tell me how, and where was it spent?"

I have already told you. It was in my own lodgings till nine o'clock; from that hour till one in the morning, in the house, and by the side of Clelia.

Surprise, indignation and grief were mingled in the features of Sidney. He could with difficulty articulate, "is it possible? So young, trained up in habits of sincerity and purity, and yet capable—under a tremendous sanction—thus deliberately capable! Felix, I dismiss my hopes of you. This instance of depravity and falsehood exceeds what my worst fears had painted."

Falsehood! Depravity! What words are these? How have I deserved the charge?

"Enough. Nothing need be said, unless it be to retract a falsehood so hateful! so audacious!——"

My blood began to boil. I have nothing to retract. I can only aver my truth and my innocence. If surmises and rumours, or fallacious inferences, are of more weight than my solemn declarations, I have, indeed, fallen low in your esteem. I disdain to expostulate with you. I shall make no efforts to retrieve your good opinion. If it can thus easily be lost, to gain it is impossible, and when gained, it is worthless.

What followed, tended only mutually to exasperate. We parted in anger.

My mind was full of vexation and uneasiness. I was oppressed with the proofs of Sidney's general integrity; persuaded of my own innocence; wounded by the charge of having basely lied, though conscious that the charge was unmerited; alternately consoled by the approbation of my own conscience, and afflicted by perceiving that I had lost the esteem of one whose discernment and integrity I had been accustomed to revere; and dubious of the grounds on which I stood, I was fearful that the evidence which swayed his belief was, in itself, sufficiently plausible and intricate to govern a dispassionate observer; fearful that the same evidence, and even the mere authority of Sidney, would undermine my reputation in the hearts of others; of the Wallaces; of my cousin; of my mother.

For the present, I felt no inclination to visit Clelia. I wanted some one in whose ear I might pour my whole soul; in whose bosom I might disburthen my heart of its vexations.

No one was more entitled to this confidence than my cousin, and to her I accordingly, on the next morning, repaired.

She received me without her usual smiles of affability. She had been weeping. She acceded to my wishes to walk in the garden, with half disguised reluctance. When alone together, she seemed disinclined to speak. I was chilled with a thousand different apprehensions. I already perceived that her mind was poisoned by what I deemed the artifices or malignities of Sidney. My courage forsook me at the thought of contending with an adversary so formidable.

At length I broke silence, and complained of her reserve.

"My reserve," she answered, "flows from my sorrow. What can I say to you? It is not my province to rebuke, or to censure you. Perhaps, if I once had acted differently, things would not have been thus. I acted, as I thought, for the best, but you will be of a different opinion. Your vices and your miseries you will not scruple to lay at the door of my pride and obstinacy. And how shall I repel the charge?"

Do you then believe me to be vicious?

"I cannot but believe it."

Good Heaven! What is the ground of your belief? You will not surely condemn me unheard?

"I have no doubts."

No doubt of my depravity?

"Alas! none."

Let me then take away from your sight, a wretch who is not even worthy to be heard in his own defence.

She wept, and sobbed. "Go, my once loved brother, the joy of my heart, leave me; your presence is a source of pain too exquisite to be borne. Go, and may your eyes be opened to the ruin which lies in your path soon enough to shun it!"

And is it come to this? Shall I not, at least, know my crime?

"Your crime cannot but be known to you. Would you have me blast my own ears by repeating it? To connect with the name of Felix Calvert the odious appellations of villain! liar! 'Tis too much! I beseech you leave me! never see me more!——"

This, said I, is the fatal treachery of Sidney. It is he who has shut your ears against the claims of justice.

"Speak not of Sidney thus. You misapprehend, you know him not. Would to heaven there was more affinity between you; that a portion of his noble and enlightened spirit had fallen on my brother. But to hope is vain! Such felicity is not reserved for the lost Louisa!"

And is the word of Sidney to condemn me to infamy and exile? As an human creature, is it impossible for him to fail in knowledge, or in virtue? May not some unhappy error have misled him?

"No: there is no alternative. Either you or he is a perjured villain. Can I believe that Sidney hates my brother; that he deliberately utters abhorred falsehoods? That I must believe, or suppose you to be guilty of the like. I cannot hesitate which to choose, which to condemn." Her grief was now mingled with impatience. She continued, "I will not hear you. I will not see you more. If you continue here, my heart will burst. Go, ill-starred youth! Go; the sight of thee reminds me of thy mother, and I cannot bear to think——."

My thoughts insensibly acquired firmness and consistency. Of those atrocious charges I was innocent. I knew not what these charges were. I cared not to know. If I were not worthy to be heard, to be informed of my offences, I would trample, in my turn, on such injustice; I would leave my vindication to time, to chance. It was enough that my own heart acquitted me of guilt.

After incoherently muttering these ideas, I left the garden, and the house, and once more set my horse's head towards the city.

What a state was mine? Sidney's indignation, my cousin's grief, all springing from imputed, but unreal offences of mine; all flowing from the disastrous influence of this stranger! What can I do, said I to shake off this evil?

Clelia is said to be criminally connected with another. This assuredly is false. By what illusions could the caution, the discernment, the benevolent reluctance to condemn, of Sidney,

have been thus grossly abused? Why did he charge me with deceit and treachery? I merely asserted that I passed last evening in her company, and this assertion he stigmatized as false!

Does a traitor lurke in Miss Neville's family? It is composed merely of a female negro, who once belonged to Calverton, whom I freed and recommended to my friend, and her servant Margarette, an Irish woman, whom her aunt met with here and took into her family, and whose good sense, modesty, and discretion, her young mistress had warmly commended. Peggy, alone, is capable or willing to disclose domestic secrets, and betray her lady.

I proceeded to recollect and revolve all that I had heard of Peggy. I had never directly talked with her. I had merely marked the circumspection, and propriety of her silent demeanour. I had questioned Clelia, more than once, as to her character and history, and had been told that she had been sometime in America before she had entered Mrs. Keith's service. That her parents, herself, and one brother, had been Irish emigrants; that the parents were dead, but that the brothers dwelt in this city, and pursued the trade of a carpenter.

This brother, whose name was Murphy, and who was a thrifty and honest young man, I was further told, was accustomed to spend his Sunday evenings with his sister in Miss Neville's kitchen, and this was the only associate or acquaintance which Peggy was known to have. Was it possible for surmises and for calumnies to find their way to Sidney's ear through this channel?

No conjecture had more plausibility than this. This man and woman were reported to be honest, but, in this respect, Miss Neville might mistake. Besides, what reason had my heart to rely upon any evidences of Clelia's honesty. I knew my temper to be sanguine, my ignorance and inexperience, to be great. How should I dissipate this ignorance and restore myself to certainty?

No better scheme occurred to me, none which might be immediately adopted, and my temper could not brook delays, than to seek out Murphy, and, by open or indirect means, endeavour to extort from him the truth. I was personally unknown to

him, and might therefore find him unware and unsuspicious. I might easily so adjust the topics of our discourse as to discover whether he and Sidney were known to, and had any communication with each other. I knew where he lived, and, putting up my horse, hastened towards his work-shop.

Scarcely had I got within sight of it, when I saw at a considerable distance, a person come forth from his house, in whom I instantly recognized Sidney himself. Ah, ha! said I, is not the author of the calumny now discovered? Is not this the channel through which Sidney has obtained his intelligence.

Sidney did not perceive me, and walked away in a different direction. I proceeded, but, on inquiring for Murphy, was informed that he spent the day some miles from town, having a job to execute for Mr. Somebody, who was building a country house on Delaware. With great reluctance I prepared to defer this desired interview till the evening.

Meanwhile, the impatience of my thoughts was somewhat lightened by indispensable attention to concerns of a general and indifferent nature. I could not but notice the salutary effects of occupation. A vacant mind, a mind that has nothing to divert it from the phantoms of hope and chimeras of fear, connected with the future, experiences a kind of insanity. The impulses of love, and freaks of jealousy, are the torments of idleness. They are dreams that affect us like realities, merely because realities are absent, and we are not able, by comparison, to estimate their shadowy nature.

My business being despatched before the decline of the sun, my impatience to clear up this mystery revived. Gradually it occurred to me, as the most feasible expedient, to visit Clelia. Was not Sidney right, said I, in thinking that the truth would be unavoidably extorted from Miss Neville by abrupt and unexpected questions? Should I lay before her, without preface or circuity, my knowledge, my doubts, and suspicions? Will she not be surprised into a disclosure of the truth?

This is earlier than I am accustomed to visit her. Should I go thus early, and enter her apartment unannounced and unbetokened? May not discoveries be made which no regular pro-

ceeding would reach? This paramour may not be merely ideal, and, at this moment, they may be together.

I was fired into inexpressible eagerness by this thought. Almost undesignedly I bent my way to the habitation of this girl. I opened the door without warning. As usual, the lower apartments and passages were deserted; and, as usual, I went up the stairs leading to the drawing-room, but, stimulated, almost without regular thought, by suspicion, I moved softly. I wished to enter her room without my approach being perceived.

I reached her door. I paused and listened. How was I confounded by distinctly overhearing two voices within, one of them a female's, doubtless Clelia's! the other wanting in feminine fluidity and sweetness, but not distinct enough for either its peculiar tones or words, to be heard.

I shuddered at the inference which I could not but draw from an incident like this! What was to be done? Should I enter, or would not the occasion justify me in hesitating and listening? In this, there was meanness and presumption. Perhaps, had leisure to reflect and compare been enjoyed, I should have seen its meanness and forborne it, but now curiosity and anger were impetuous. The voice of every foreign consideration was stifled. I bent my ear.

The guilt of the intention I was permitted to incur, but not the profit: for I had just time to discover, to my utter confusion, that the voice within was that of Sidney himself; when motion, as of rising from a chair, convinced me that he was preparing to come out. To be found in this situation would be productive of great and mutual embarrassment, from which I involuntarily shrunk. Yet how should I elude this consequence?

By hastening out of the house, I could scarcely elude it, for I could not withdraw with so much speed as not to be overheard, or to attract attention from some one below. At that moment, likewise, I heard footsteps in the passage below, and a voice humming an air. They were those of Peggy.

I hurried to the head of the stair, and, noticing a door a-jar near it, and leading into a room adjoining the drawing-room, I rushed into it. I had no time to look around me, or weigh the dangers that might attend my being found in a bed-chamber.

The persons within parted, and Sidney left the house, while Miss Neville returned to her drawing-room. Had a glimpse of my person been caught by Sidney as he left the drawing-room, had Peggy been busy in this chamber, or had Clelia entered it on parting with her guest, what misconstructions or embarrassments might not thence have arisen! My good fortune, however, had rescued me from this dilemma. I was now at liberty to pass into the hall, and enter the presence of my friend without the imputation or suspicion of having acted irregularly.

Now, however, new emotions succeeded to those of curiosity or jealousy. Sidney, wtth his usual unreserve, with his belief of my depravity, with his suspicions of Miss Neville, had sought and obtained a private interview. What effect must such an interview possess upon my happiness, upon her's, upon her good opinion of herself, and her confidence in me? How, in such circumstances, was it my duty, in the approaching interview with her, to demean myself?

No hasty reflection could enable me to judge rightly, and I entered her apartment in a mood made up of apprehension, doubt, and perplexity.

My friend was seated, thoughtfully, at a window. On my opening the door, she raised her eyes. They were full of trouble and disquiet. Never, hitherto, had she cast such looks upon me. Familiarity, tenderness, and joy had flown. Solemnity, reserve, fear, were now strangely but significantly blended in her countenance.

I was astonished and chilled by her demeanour. I had not sufficient courage, though it had been my custom, to salute her. I seated myself in silence.

She at length spoke, but her faultering voice evinced how deeply she was agitated. She frequently stopped, looked at me, at one time with earnestness, at another with shuddering and trepidation.

"Unfortunate was the hour that I was born: disastrous and humiliating has been my life, but I have scarcely known misery till now." There she stopped, and, after an interval of unspeakable distress, resumed:

"Calvert! *Felix* Calvert! I have questions to ask, to which I conjure you to render me faithful answers. Will you."

I will.

"My good God! that voice! those looks! how could it be—yet, surely——." She covered her face and continued:

"When did you—when—did you arrive on these—at this place?"

I mentioned the month and day.

"And whence did you come last?"

From Burlington.

"How long had you resided *there?*"

Ever since my infancy. All my life, till within the last half year, has been spent here and in Jersey.

Her surprise almost betrayed itself in a shriek. She conjured me to speak true, and repeated the question; to which I made the same answer.

She now, apparently convinced, sunk into silence. She covered her eyes with her hands; sighs struggled from the bottom of her heart. I was utterly unable to account for these appearances. I partook of her confusion and sorrow.

At length she recovered sufficient composure to request me to withdraw. She wished to be alone. My presence gave her pain.

I was resolute. I was motionless. She repeated, with augmented vehemence, her request that I would leave her. I ventured, at length, to solicit an explanation of this scene; to ask, whither her inquiries tended; in what I had offended her?

She answered me by repeating her injunctions to leave her. I had offended in nothing. *She* only was to blame. She had been guilty of negligence, and folly, and rashness, never to be forgiven. From that moment, compassion to herself, justice to me demanded our eternal separation. Never more must she see my face.

Still I lingered in her presence, and renewed my intreaties to know the cause of this deportment. Still she declined any explanation; renewed, with augmented vehemence, her assertions of the necessity of my leaving her; of my leaving her forever.

At length, in the midst of my interrogations and my disclaimings of any intentions to injure or displease her, she burst from me and shut herself up in her chamber.

I was astonished! thunderstruck! petrified! I had no power, for a time, to leave the room or the house. I strove to

awake from what I fondly deemed a fit of madness or an agonizing dream. Thus was I repulsed, cast off, banished, by two beings on whose good opinion my whole happiness reposed; whom I had, indeed, unknown to themselves, treated with meanness, rashness, and duplicity, but who had punished me, if for these offences, with far more severity than they deserved: but not for these offences had they punished me, but for guilt unreasonably imputed; for crimes which I never had committed.

And whence had Miss Neville's newly born antipathy flowed but from the presumptuous and detestable interference of Sidney? Had he not laid open to her the calumnies poured out against her? Had he not informed her of the existence, the excellencies, the expectations, and the rights of my cousin, and thus raised an insuperable impediment between us? Was not this the source of her alarm and her grief.

To wait for, or solicit an interview with, Clelia was in vain. She had seen me for the last time. My presence was an insupportable evil. It wounded more deeply than adder's tongue or the point of a sword. It became me, it was my indispensable duty to withdraw; and whither should I withdraw but to Sidney's, to wrest from him an explanation of this scene, and to avenge or upbraid him for his perfidy and inhumanity.

Sidney was at home, and readily admitted me. As I approached him, my eyes flashed indignation, but his sedateness and tranquility were invincible. I spoke in rage, and incoherently, but he readily comprehended the purpose of my coming and, seizing a pause afforded him by my exhausted breath, rather than by my abated anger, he said:

"I am glad you are come, Felix. So far from acting in fear of your knowledge, I would gladly, had I known where to meet with you, have disclosed to you my purpose of visiting this lady, and have gotten you to go along with me. I sought you at your lodgings and elsewhere, and found you not; but now permit me to tell you what has passed between us. Your approbation of my conduct, I fervently desire, but do not expect. I will be contented with my own, in which, when reflection and experience have opened your eyes, I doubt not of obtaining your concurrence.

"When admitted to her presence, I made my apology, and effected my introduction by simply stating the motives of my visit. These were to know and to communicate the truth. I painted your situation and your character, and those of your cousin. I recounted the intelligence gained from Mr. L*** and from other quarters respecting herself, and endeavoured by being thoroughly in earnest, and by boundless sincerity, to convince her of the rectitude of my motives in acting thus, and of the interest which I felt in her welfare, in your cousin's welfare, and in your's.

"I have reason to believe that she was convinced of my integrity, for she listened to me patiently. She upbraided me not. She flew not into anger. She was, indeed, deeply, variously, and, in some respects, mysteriously affected. She was visibly shocked by the imputations contained in the Irish letter."

Eagerly, I said, did she deny their truth.

"No. It was the emotion of surprise and horror, but I cannot say of conscious guilt, yet not of conscious innocence. It was, indeed, inexplicable. It left me power to infer nothing. I put no direct questions. I left her at liberty, by expressing my wishes that the charge should prove false, and by pausing to vindicate herself; but she did not speak. She trembled and wept, but said nothing to confirm or confute the story.

"Finding her in this mood, I rose to leave her, but first repeated what my compassion dictated. I know not, said I, how my conduct on this occasion may appear to you. Your silence and distress do not inform me whether I have been deceived or not, with respect to you. Of that, I must go away ignorant; but, on every supposition, I wish to be your friend. I wish to serve you; is there no way in which I can serve you?"

"Yes," said she, with vehemence, "You can serve me, but only in one way; by finding out Mr. Calvert, and acquainting him with my resolution never to see him more. By prevailing with him to desist from attempting, to desist from even wishing ever to see me again. That is the only good that you can render me; the only good that I can receive at your hands."

"And that," said I, "I will endeavour to do." "Saying this, I left her, and have since been looking for you, though

in vain. I see, by your manners, that you have had an interview with her, and that her behaviour at this interview has been such as she gave me reason to expect. For her sake, for both your sakes, I rejoice at it.

"You are angry with me for marring your visionary schemes of happiness. This happiness you have endeavoured to build upon falsehood and deception. So short-sighted were you, as not to see the incurable frailty, the tottering structure of such schemes. Whence you contracted this vice, this stupidity, is inconceivable to me. How could you derive content from being esteemed more highly than you were conscious of deserving; how you could acquiesce in being looked upon as something different from yourself; what views could induce you to conceal your history, the existence of your mother and your cousin, and, possibly, impose upon her a tale utterly false, is a subject of the most painful astonishment.

"To imagine that the time and the course of events would not betray you—how could you imagine it? How could you desire to postpone the discovery.

"Did I not know your past life, your education, and your friends, the character of your tutor and your mother, my surprise would be less. But the world is eternally producing what, to our precipitate judgment, are prodigies, anomalies, monsters. Innate, dastardly, sordid wickedness frequently springs up where genial temperature and wise culture had promised us the most heavenly products. The ruffian and sensualist are fashioned by the discipline intended, and, as the fond preceptor dreams, adapted to produce nothing but generous magnanimity and heroism."

These accents, solemnly and calmly uttered, chilled me to the soul. They carried instantaneous and humiliating conviction to my heart. The virtuous upbraiding of this man had a sympathetic influence. It changed me into as profound a wonderer, as immeasurable a contemner of my conduct, as himself. My anger melted into contrition. My confidence was changed to dismay. I hung my head and listened to his rebukes in silence.

He perceived these appearances, and went on in a tone of somewhat less severity: "Perhaps I have been too hasty and

censorious. I know not all your motives. I can judge very superficially concerning you. I have made myself the arbiter of your conduct, not from insolence or envy, but because I love your cousin, and am anxious for your happiness; but, in exercising this office, I may, in my turn, and in consequence of erroneous observation, have judged wrong. Will you trust me with your thoughts? Will you relate to me the motives of your conduct towards this woman? No crime has been committed, I persuade myself, which cannot be atoned for; no evil is incurred which cannot be removed."

I had no power to confess my misdeeds. I merely acknowledged the truth of his suspicions in general, and admitted that I had been very faulty, faulty to degree, for which, inexperience, and youth, and a sanguine temper, afforded no apology. Yet I averred the innocence, in one respect, of my intercourse with Miss Neville. I had entertained no infamous views. I had never sought to obtain favours which her matrimonial obligations forbade. I had no reason to imagine from any particulars in our exclusive intercourse, that insinuation or artifice, had they been exerted for this end, would have ever have been crowned with success.

I had, indeed, deceived both her and my cousin. I had studiously misled them as to my actual situation and the motives of my conduct. Not by silence and concealment merely, but by positive untruths had I misled them. My remorse extorted from me thus much, but I meant not to claim his forgiveness. I had deeply offended my cousin, as well as my friend, and neither expected nor sought my restoration to their good opinion. I would instantly retire to the country, to my mother, and prevail upon her to consent to my going to Europe. My conduct hitherto had been base and inglorious, indolent and visionary. Henceforth, I would play a different part; and shaking off these sordid fetters, be active, independent, and wise. I would leave these shores, and they shall never hear from me. I would never return till—till my virtue was established on the basis of knowledge and experience.

Sidney now assumed an air of sprightliness and benignity, and, taking my hand, said, "I partly commend your scheme,

Felix, but you need not overrate your offence. You have done nothing for which you may not be forgiven. To see the impropriety of your conduct in its true light, is a sufficient title to my esteem. It will be a valid claim to your cousin's. I highly approve of your design to go to Burlington, for your mother and your mother's affairs have wanted you too long, and retirement and reflection I hope will be of service to you; but, meanwhile, you must go with me to my sister Wallace's. We must see Louisa together, and if possible, establish affairs upon their old footing."

He quickly convinced me that he was thoroughly in earnest in this generous proposal, and I accompanied him with a strange revolution and turbulence of feelings. So much unexpectedness, such total novelty in my new circumstances, such quick transitions from one state of mind to another the most opposite, from fear to courage, from despondency to hope, from self-upbraiding to the whispering of applause, made me, in my own eyes, a paradox, a miracle, a subject of incessant curiosity and speculation. The present condition of my thoughts and feelings was not merely a variation or succession, but the utter reverse of the last. In the short minute I had passed in Sidney's company, I had emerged from agony to joy, from despair to exultation.

"I bring you," said Sidney to my cousin, as he approached her in a lonely spot in the garden, "a penitent; a youth, erring through precipitation and passion, and deserving to be pitied and pardoned. He promises to be cautious for the future, and I have no doubt of his amendment. Come, give him your hand to kiss, and make him once more your own."

She looked at each of us wistfully, by turns, and, at length, exclaimed, "And do *you* forgive him? Has he justified himself to *you*?"

"He has condemned himself to me. He has acknowledged his error, and that is sufficient. At present, we can ask no more. His conduct must confirm or confute his promises; and, on his sincerity, meanwhile, we must be contented to rely."

"That is, indeed, sufficient. If you think him deserving, joyfully shall I again admit him to my heart." Stretching her arms towards me, she allowed me to salute her with my former

tenderness. She admitted the propriety of my returning to Burlington, and, on that very day I set out, my cousin readily assenting to hold a correspondence with me.

In this tumult of passions and rapid succession of events, my mind knew no pause, my feelings no permanence. It was not till I passed the bounds of the city, and once more beheld the tranquil scenery and verdure, and noted the general repose of nature, that I was able to survey the late transactions with unmisty sight.

I was now going to the quiet mansion of my mother, with the feverish and motley images produced by the experience of the last three months, during which I had lived longer, if I may so speak, had admitted more ideas and more emotions, than during the whole period of my preceding life.

The theatre on which I had entered of a noisy and busy city was as opposite as possible to the little circuit of my juvenile existence, the grass-plot, and the tulip-bed. The condition of proprietor of spacious fields, and the master of a numerous household at Calverton, was equally new; but the new impulses of the heart, the new exertions of the intellect, and the new gratifications of curiosity, which my late situation had produced, were perplexing by their number and variety, and astounding by their magnitude.

The character and demeanour of Sidney, and my cousin, of the Wallaces, and particularly of Miss Neville, passed in review before me. I distributed them in my memory as if they had been arranged in a book, and turned to this or that leaf, pondered on this adventure or that dialogue, and caused, with additional hues and adjuncts, all my recent ideas to pass, and all my emotions to be felt again.

Fortunately, perhaps, for me, or at least as I then considered it, my mother had gone to pass a fortnight or more, at the residence of one of her friends, ten or twelve miles distant from Burlington. No one was at home but a female servant, and an old negro, who was family property, and who assisted me in the court and garden!

My mother's curiosity would have occasioned much embarrassment. She would have justly deemed herself entitled

to know more of my transactions during my absence, than I should have been willing to disclose. My behaviour would have been the subject of her anxious and constant scrutiny. A thousand misgivings and perpetual consciousness would have betrayed themselves to her vigilant eye. I was pleased that her absence took place at this time, and looked forward to my solitude, my wood-land walks, and my unfrequented garden, as particularly propitious to that intense musing to which I determined to devote myself.

Having returned home, and resumed my ordinary habits, I began, as I have just described, to ruminate on the past. In this employment, I found a plenteous source of humiliation and perplexity. Two incidents, particularly, at this time, arrested my attention. The first was the charge urged, with so much confidence against Miss Neville, by Sidney of nightly admitting the visits of a paramour, with whom she had intercourse in her native country. The next was the imputation of lying, which he had fixed upon me, in relation to the manner in which I had spent a certain evening.

I now remembered very mysterious words, which he had used on that occasion, and of which, in the hurry of my thoughts at the time, I had neglected to ask for further explanation. "Had you," said he, "been at her door, instead of *pushing pieces of wood over a checquered table*—" Then, on my affirming that I was, in reality, seated, at that very time, near her, he started, refused credit to my declaration; called me villain and deceiver! What was meant by this?

Sidney is not easy of faith, especially when the tale is injurious to the fame of another. His information, whether true or false, could not but have flowed from specious sources. Had I not nearly lighted on the source, and why did my infatuation forbear to prosecute the search still farther? I was within sight of the goal, when I allowed my attention to be drawn aside.

I was no player at chess. At draughts I had some skill, but had never played, nor even seen the game played by others during my absence from Burlington. My company had always been the Wallaces, Clelia, and my cousin, and my mind had always been too full of occupation, too busy in suspense, too

engrossed by passion, to endure the tameness and monotony of the *draught-board.*

Rage at my own negligence, impatience to repair its effects, began to grow in my bosom. "Shall I not," said I, "return this hour to the city, seek out Sidney, and obtain from him a full disclosure? Louisa, and extort from her the cause of her indignation and aversion, so disproportioned, as it now seems, to my offence; so abrupt; so enigmatical; and rush into the presence of Clelia, lay before her the aspersions of her enemies, and wrest from her, by impetuosity irresistible, the cause of her deportment to me at our last meeting? A few hours will bear me thither, and a few hours restore me again to my home."

This impatience was counteracted by other thoughts. At parting from my cousin, I had solemnly avowed my resolution to absent myself from the city during the ensuing month. Would not my return so abruptly and so adversely to expectation, give weight to the charge of fickleness or dissimulation, of disregard to promises, and trampling on my honour?

May not this end be partly accomplished by a letter in which my perplexities respecting the mysterious expressions of Sidney may be mentioned, and a solution of the enigma demanded? Pleased with this scheme, I wrote forthwith. Having taken up the pen, I did not feel disposed to be brief. My heart was pierced by remorse; by newborn sensibility of my cousin's excellencies; by gratitude for her affection. My pen was pregnant with the emotions of my heart, and a thousand things did I say, a thousand incidents relate in this letter, which, before I began it, I was far from designing or expecting to disclose.

I felt a sort of generous pride in self-censure, in even painting my behaviour in darker colours than it merited, in assigning worse motives than truth required, and omitting alleviating circumstances. I seemed to be fated never to hit the just mean, and to carry generosity to as culpable and mischievous an excess now, as vanity had ever been carried before.

The letter was sent. I could not sleep till the answer arrived. I had besought her to inform herself on the points in which I wished for information, and to forward her reply with speed. At any rate to reply without delay, since many topics of my

letter required no deliberation, and no time but that which pen-work required.

No answer came. The sun arose and went down, my customary avocations were neglected, my impatience threw me into tremours. I inquired at the usual despository for letters in vain. Four days passed and no letter had been sent, or what was sent had miscarried or been intercepted.

I wrote again, and importuned with new vehemence and much upbraiding, for an answer. In reply to this, after the tormenting delay of five days, the following letter was delivered:

"*To* FELIX CALVERT.

"I did not expect, Felix, to write to you. Your two letters I received in due time, and merely write, at present, to prevent you from sending a third. If you do, I shall tear it into pieces, or throw it into the fire unread.

"Unhappy Calvert! What smiling prospects were thine! How eager was I once to link mine with thy destiny! Yet, if my precipitation had not been benevolently thwarted and restrained, what misery for my future years should I have laid up in store!

"Write to me not; talk to me not; lay aside even the wish to see me again; it cannot be gratified without giving me more anguish than my worst enemy can wish to give me.

"While memory, while conscience is with you, you cannot be at a loss why I write thus. You cannot but know your own unworthiness. All this parade of sincerity! all these confessions! so seemingly minute! so apparently dictated by remorse! and yet false, cunning, deceitful! O! how my heart loathes, how it abhors a deceiver!

"And stupid as deceitful! Wandering into these crooked paths, when the forthright path is so smooth, conspicuous, and accessible! How deeply rooted must be that wickedness, how near to madness must be that folly, of which thy good name and my peace are the victims! Farewell, Felix.

"I take up the pen again to ask—for, possibly—yet, it cannot be. Nothing can I expect but asseverations, which add to thy guilt. Thou wilt not scruple to affirm what is false: thou wilt not scruple to swear.

"O! wretch! wretch!—But I will not upbraid you. I leave you to the stings of your own conscience. Again, farewell. L. CALVERT.

"Wretch! wretch!" indeed! here is an entangling net, spread by some secret and flagitious hand for my ruin. To burst its threads is the privilege of that innocence that never stooped from its sunny elevation, that never was enervated by conscious guilt.

What can be meant? Some new offence it must be. It cannot be the mere disclosure of the charge urged against me by Sidney. It cannot be some new aggravation of that charge; for, was not that included in the pardon so generously bestowed on me?

I have it. In my last letter, I pretended to disclose my whole guilt, and, in truth, I did disclose it. Nay, I exaggerated my transgressions, but I said nothing, since nothing could be said, to justify the imputations of Sidney in that mysterious interview. On the contrary, I mentioned them, not merely to express my innocence, but to importune for knowledge of their meaning. Fraught with conviction of my guilt in that instance, this importunity and this inquiry must have looked, to them, like proofs of the last and most profligate degree of impudence.

Shall I be still? Shall I suffer time to disclose their error? Shall I wrap myself up in conscious innocence, and wait till time has rectified their mistake, and they seek my presence to expiate, by prayer and entreaty, the injuries which their easy faith, their precipitate suspicions have done me?

No; I have not intellectual force enough for that. The gratifications of that revenge would be delicious, but I cannot wait for it. I cannot endure to be deemed a guilty wretch by beings like Lousia Calvert and Sidney. That is the worst of evils.—I broke from this soliloquy to mount my horse, and set out that very hour for the city.

I first went to Wallace's. I saw Mrs. Wallace. She regarded me with looks in which contempt was mingled with

sorrow. I inquired for my cousin. She was gone to Lancaster. She had returned home.

This was an unexpected and stunning blow. I stayed not to parley, but instantly resolved to find out Sidney. I was admitted to his presence. He looked at me with coldness and solemnity.

I threw my cousin's letter before him. I desired him to read it and to explain the contents.

He cast his eye on the first line, and then, putting it aside, said, sedately, "I have read it."

"You have read it? And know what it means? If you do, I swear by him that made me, that your knowledge exceeds mine."

He started at my emphatic manner, and said, with glances of anger, "Oaths, Felix, are not made to sport with. They are needless, at least, on this occasion."

"Will you explain to me the meaning of this letter? You have read, it seems, and perhaps, dictated it."

He looked at me again, with solemn benignity! "It stands in no need of explanation."

"And you will not give me any."

He paused for some time, and then spoke: "Felix! this demand is strange, but I will comply with it. On the evening of the Saturday before you left town, you were seen in a tavern in this city. There it was you spent the evening. Yet you afterwards affirmed upon oath, that you spent it with Miss Neville. You left the city promising an absence of some weeks, yet in a few days, you clandestinely returned, and renewed your commerce with this foreigner. You skulked all day in a sordid inn of the suburbs, and stole to the place of assignation by night in a contemptible but ineffectual disguise: yet you wrote letters to your cousin, as if from Burlington, pretending the deepest compunction for past misdeeds, and promising wondrous reformation for the future."

"And this," said I, with a contemptuous and bitter smile, "is the explanation of this letter. This charge, false in every part, in every word of it, you have whispered to my cousin. Thus you have tainted her heart, and turned her affections

away from me; but be it so. If your credulity is so great as to confide in such lame and ambiguous evidence as that on which a falsehood like this must rest; if your regard for me is so small as not to make you seek for my vindication from my own lips; if she is feeble and absurd enough to lend implicit ears to your tale, ye are both worthless. I cast ye off forever. Henceforth, I seek a different society—a new world." In saying this, my eyes, fixed steadfastly on those of my companion, flashed indignation, and my gestures gave force to the accents that fell from my lips.

The countenance of Sidney assumed an expression impossible to be described. He looked at me, but not as before. After a moment's pause he turned from me in silence, and left the room. There was nothing to detain me in it.

My resolution was now taken. Unhappily for me, external circumstances were favourable to the execution of a scheme dictated by rashness and want of foresight. A ship bound for Ireland, lay at this moment in a cove near the mouth of the Schuylkill. Without preparation, without reflection, without delay, I put myself on board of her. In a few hours she hoisted sail, and in less than two days, left the coast of America. As its sandy heights faintly gleamed in the horizon, I exclaimed; "Farewell, my native land, farewell forever!"

Now was I a wanderer on the great deep, unaided by the impulse of courage, and unguided by the rudder of discretion. My voyage was begun in a moment of blind passion, with no suitable provision of any kind, either against the exigencies of my voyage, or against those which could not fail to beset me on my landing on a foreign shore. I had never thought of these. Resentment and despair, the wrongs imagined to be done by Sidney and my cousin, engrossed my thoughts, and excluded all those considerations, that, in any other mind, would have probably obtained the chief place.

These ebullitions, however, subsided in a short time. The novelty and danger of my new situation quickly rushed on my mind. I became timorous, forlorn, and panic-struck. I looked around me on the boundless and turbulent expanse of waters,

on the wide interval that severed me from my native country, and which hourly grew wider; on the long, long way that lay before me, with sensations of melancholy not to be expressed.

These were soon changed for worse sensations. I was attacked with sea-sickness, and all its horrors. This completed the conquest of my courage. The breeze with which we left the coast, soon increased to a storm. Dangers of a strange and unforeseen kind encompassed me on all sides, and I began bitterly to lament my undertaking, which now appeared in its true colours to my awakened reason.

What, said I, will the gentle and affectionate Louisa think, when she hears of my sudden flight. Deceived by atrocious, but plausible charges, will she not consider this a confirmation of them all? How will she deplore the fate of the ill-starred Felix, and add those fears for his personal safety, naturally flowing from the knowledge when it reaches her, of my headlong scheme, to those regrets already inspired by my defection from virtue! Was this the conduct which it became me to pursue, either as conscious of my own integrity, and anxious for the purity of my fame, or as grateful for the love which this angel among women bore me, and solicitous to secure her happiness; that happiness which is entangled with mine?

And my mother! who feared nothing more than my voyage to Europe; whose felicity depended, not on my safety merely from perils and temptations, but on my presence. How will she feel when apprised of this rash act? I pictured to myself her surprise, her indignation, and her sorrow. Methought I heard, in my short and unquiet sleep, the voice of her upbraiding; her charge of ingratitude; and when she comes to know the suspicions of my cousin and of Sidney, how will she mourn over the guilt of her idolized child! How will all her hopes with regard to me, expire and become extinct!

These images were excruciating. The sensations they produced were not to be endured. Added to the dangers and horrors of my actual condition, they inspired the most dismal and soul-sickening despondency. I grew impatient of existence, and entreated those near me to drag me from my hammock, and throw me into the sea.

We had now been three weeks at sea. The blustering atmosphere with which we set out, became daily more tempestuous, till, at length, it rose to an hurricane. Our vessel was old, crazy, and in ill condition. The buffeting of the waves quickly produced a leak, which, for a time was not formidable, but grew finally, too much for the strength of an harassed and terrified crew. Incessant pumping did not prevent the slow increase of the water in the hold, and, at length, it was evident that the ship must sink.

In this desperate situation, and before our fate was quite finished, a vessel, which came in sight, generously offered the assistance of which we stood in so much need. They took the crew and passengers on board, and the ship soon after disappeared. I was so reduced by mental distress and sea-sickness, that they were obliged to carry me in their arms from my birth to the boat. This was a large, stout ship, bound from l'Orient to Baltimore.

This transition may be supposed to have had a powerful effect on me. I was now, in spite of contrary expectations and designs, returning to that country which I had abandoned. Heaven had interfered with a benignity to which my merits gave no claim, to obviate the effects of my rashness. The storm speedily abated, and clear skies, smooth seas, a propitious gale, and the prospect of restoration to an home that now was as dear, as it had formerly been hateful to me, dissipated my malady, and gave vigour to my hopes.

On the day that I landed at Baltimore, I hired an horse, and proceeded, with the utmost expedition, to Philadelphia. It was not till my near approach to that city, that I began to ponder on the perplexities of my situation, and revolve the means of escaping them. Sidney and my cousin, it was plain, were strongly prepossessed with the notion of some guilt, which, in truth, I never had committed. This guilt was of no common or excusable kind, and my mother was, probably, ere this, infected with the same suspicions. First, said I, I will go to Sidney; him I will detain and interrogate, and leave no obscurity unremoved. My mother and my cousin shall be sought for anon, and Sidney's commendations shall attend my appeal to their forgiveness.

I entered the city in the dusk of the evening, and alighting at the inn where my horse used to be kept, proceeded, without delay, to Sidney's lodgings. His mother, sisters, and himself, were abroad, but were expected shortly to return. I resolved to wait his return, and seated myself in the apartment which he used for business and study. My mind was deeply occupied in ruminating on the doubtful prospects before me, when Sidney entered the house. I heard him enquire of the servant if any message had been left for him in his absence, and her answer that Mr. Calvert staid for him in his study.

"Calvert!" said he, "can that be possible?"

I wondered not at these expressions, nor the tone with which they were accompanied; and yet, methought they denoted not so much surprise as might have been expected from an incident so unlooked for as my return. Of my departure, all my friends could not fail of being apprized, by the measures which I took for that end, in a very short time after it took place. Sidney's tone, however, if it had little surprise in it, had no pleasure, and this I did not expect from his known benevolence of temper.

He entered the room, advanced toward me with a cheerful brow, and offered me his hand, saying, "This return is unexpectedly soon, Calvert. I am pleased that it has happened so, nevertheless I hope you bring good news with you."

This reception was embarrassing; but Sidney's behaviour had ever been too little agreeable to my habits, to warrant me in wondering at any of his actions; and yet, thought I, this is strongly inconsistent with his deportment at our parting interview; but, perhaps, somewhat has happened to clear up the mistakes under which he then laboured.

My embarrassment was increased by his immediately entering into general conversation, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. After a few remarks, he seemed to notice my embarrassment, and asked:

"You are uneasy and reserved, my friend; surely, it is time to lay aside solicitudes which can answer no useful purpose. I thought you too wise to be in any situation unhappy. Come,

what is it you think of? Be it good or ill, it is politic to let it forth."

The surprise which was given me by these words, suggested the thought that possibly my voyage had been hitherto unknown to Sidney. I now looked wistfully at him and said:

"Surely, my friend, you cannot be at a loss as to my cause of uneasiness. You cannot but be aware of the effect which such deportment as yours is likely to have upon me."

"Indeed I am," said he, without any change of his tone. "I cannot conceive why my behaviour should give birth to any uncommon feelings; I thought, when we last saw each other, that a perfect understanding was established between us."

"That," interrupted I, "is the cause of my present embarrassment. Recollecting your behaviour then, and the conduct which I immediately adopted, and comparing that with present appearances, I confess I am sunk into perplexities."

"What!" said he, with more surprise than he had hitherto disclosed, "I do not comprehend you? Our parting was surely what it ought to have been."

"Indeed," said I, discouraged by this assertion, "I was persuaded, by your present deportment, to hope that your opinion in that respect was changed."

"More, and more do you surprise me," said he; "I repeat that I do not comprehend you."

"Surely, surely, you can be no stranger to the rash, the desperate act to which your treatment and my cousin's urged me."

"Rash and desperate! What do you mean?"

"Good Heaven! then you know not yet—Yet my sudden return may well have contradicted your former intelligence. You knew not of my actual embarcation for Europe."

To describe the changes which now took place in Sidney's countenance is impossible. He started, and putting his face close to mine, eagerly scrutinized my features. He then withdrew his attention and all his faculties seemed locked up in astonishment and satisfaction.

A pause, on both sides, ensued.

Meanwhile, I, on my part, knew not what to think. His ignorance as to my frustrated voyage was apparent; and yet, why

should he be astonished or pleased at my return, and why not manifest this state of mind sooner?

Sidney continued silent. His bosom seemed to labour with some great thought. His eye, fixed on the floor, was void of *speculation*. A kind of self-debating; a weighing of different measures was apparent in his countenance. Every other emotion gave way in my heart to curiosity. At length I said:

"Reflecting on the manner in which we parted, five weeks ago, in this very room, I cannot but be surprised at your present demeanour. Then all was recrimination and anger, now you seem to be my friend. I did not merit any thing but friendship at your hands, and your and my cousin's indignation at imaginary transgressions, awakened the same sentiment in my breast. Hence the sudden adoption of my scheme, which I have been happily prevented from accomplishing by the untowardness of the winds and waves. Has any thing happened, may I ask, in my absence, to change your opinion of me?"

Sidney now looked on me with beaming benignity. "There has," said he, with emphasis; "appearances deceived me; but such appearances that mere humanity could not fail to be misled by them. I ask not your pardon. I confess not any prejudice or haste in judging. Circumstances being as they then were, I was right in deciding as I did; but these are now past. Sincerely do I rejoice to see you. So saying, he arose and embraced me. "But let me ask," continued he, "whence came you? I supposed you to be half over the Atlantic by this time."

"Indeed!" interrupted I, "then you knew that I embarked for Ireland!"

"Certainly. It was known to all your friends, a few hours after you went on board."

"And my mother——"

"Will be made happy by the sight of you. But how came this?"

I then gave him a summary account of my disasters. The attempt to do this, and the countenance of Sidney, luminous with pleasure, insensibly opened my heart. I averred to him my innocence of those offences, whatever they were, with which he and my cousin had charged me. I recounted all the rueful

thoughts that beset my pillow, during my outward voyage. I concluded with inquiries respecting my mother's and my cousin's welfare.

"They are well," said he; "they have only commiseration and regret on your account, which your return will dissipate. They acquit you of all blame, except on account of the temerity and precipitation of your last scheme, which your juvenile inexperience, the passionate impetuosity of your character, will somewhat palliate. Your mother and cousin will be to-morrow or next day in this city."

I expressed my delight at this news, and my resolution to set out to Burlington immediately.

"No," said he, gravely, "that must not be."

I was somewhat startled, and inquired into the reason of his prohibition.

"I want to tell you," he replied, "something of great moment for you to know before your introduction to your friends. Meanwhile, I will ease their cares and suspences by a note." He took up pen, and wrote the following billet to my mother.

"Let me make you happy, dear madam, in the information of the safe return of your errant son. The vessel in which he embarked foundered at sea; but the crew and passengers escaped to another, by which they were brought to Baltimore, whence your son has this moment arrived; he longs to pay his duty to you, but as I have much to say to him before your interview, and as you expect so soon to be in town, I have persuaded him to wait your coming."

"This letter with a confirmatory postscript, from yourself if you please, we will send by a special messenger early in the morning. Meanwhile, I must tell you what has happened. Strange incidents they are, and such as, I believe, have now occurred, for the first time, in the history of human beings. But I need not relate them by word of mouth. Your hand rests upon a book, in which the narrative is contained in a more satisfactory form than I can now bestow on it. The book contains transcripts of all the letters that have passed be-

tween your cousin and me during your absence. You may read them. You will find laid open in them, all the heart of the writers, and every information respecting what has happened, which you stand in need of.

"I must be gone an hour on some urgent business, and will leave you to this employment." So saying, Sidney left me, and I eagerly opened the manuscript. The letters, for I afterwards read them over so often as at length to have them by rote, were in these words:

LETTER I.

To LOUSIA CALVERT.

"Be not too much surprised and grieved, my friend. The event I am going to relate, I own, disconcerted and distressed me for a time, but I now think of it with little discomposure. On the whole, it is, I persuade myself, the best that could have happened.

"*Hector* has just been with me. He brought a letter from Felix for his mother, who, at four o'clock Tuesday evening, went on board the Swiftsure, bound for Cork. She had been wind-bound some time. Hector accompanied his master on board, and left not the ship till she was under sail, the wind becoming favourable a little before. He was charged to detain this letter till Saturday, and then bring it to me. You see the boy has faithfully adhered to his master's directions. This delay was, no doubt, enjoined, in order to preclude any measures for effecting his return.

"Let me repeat to you my counsel, not to be distressed. At least, let not this aggravate the sorrow you already feel. In this act there is no guilt. There is temerity, perhaps, and indiscretion in it, but no more than this inconsiderate and headstrong youth had given us full reason to expect.

"No doubt he is at this moment bitterly deploring his own rashness, and tormenting himself with the thoughts of what misery the tidings of his flight will produce to you and to his mother. But these will be passing evils. Doubtless he has carried money with him, and will easily find out his Lancashire cousin, by whom all deficiencies in purse or in knowledge will be readily supplied. Let not, I once more repeat, let not this incident afflict you too much. I always told you that the

youth, in spite of all his faults, will do well at last. I am still as much of this opinion as ever.

"I weep to think on his poor mother's astonishment and affliction. That Felix could not paint to himself what that could be, and be inspired, by such images, with a different resolution, is truly wonderful. Tell me, as soon as possible, your thoughts upon this event. S. C."

LETTER II.

To the same.

"Overpowered as I am with surprise and vexation, I know not that I ought to write to you, but the employment is salutary. I have always found that the most efficacious consolation to ourselves, is the attempt to console another; and this letter may afford new proof of my opinion.

"I told you, three days ago, that our Felix had embarked for Europe. Such was Hector's testimony: such was the assurance of the letter brought by the servant for his mother. She has written to me since, inclosing her son's epistle in her own. It is an eloquently incoherent composition, dictated, as it seems, by hostile passions and fluctuating purposes. It avers his innocence of what we laid to his charge, declares that his letter to you contains the whole truth of his offences, foresees and deprecates his mother's grief, and defends and accuses himself in the same breath. In short, it is a letter which only Calvert, and, I was going to add, an innocent man could write.

"But now, Lucy, what have I to tell you! The lad is *not gone*. He is still in this city: still harboured in Walden's tavern. I discovered it last night. Thus it was:

"I was called to draw up the will of a dying man in Southwark. It was eight o'clock in the evening, but the moonlight made every object distinct. I walked pretty fast, the case being desperate, and was accompanied by the messenger. Crossing Pine-street, at its junction with Front-street, I saw before me, crossing Front-street and going down Pine-street towards the water, a figure, whom, to mistake for any other than our Felix was impossible. My way lay down Front-street, but, in spite of that occasion which required my presence elsewhere, I turned and followed him.

"He turned Penn-street corner toward the south. I mended my pace so as to come very close to him and take such a survey of his person, as might annihilate all fallacy. He looked not back, but walked as fast as I, and presently turned into Walden's, the very house in which I had before alighted on him.

"I now pursued my first purpose, resolving, on my return, to stop at this house, and, if possible, to procure an interview with this mysterious youth. My business was not speedily accomplished with the sick man. I did not leave his house till past ten; but, so much the better, thought I, it is still more likely that I shall meet my fugitive, as he will be returned for the night.

"I looked carefully round me in the public room at Walden's, but could not discover Felix among any of the groupes. Thus unsuccessful, nothing remained but to make the obvious inquiries of Walden himself. I have long had a slight acquaintance with this man.

"By his answers to my inquiries I found the name and situation of his guest were well known to him. Felix, he told me, had lodged at his house during the last fortnight. During this time he spent the day usually abroad, but returned hither in the evening. He had left him the day before, and had come in an hour or two before my visit, and settled his bill. Having done this, he had gone out again, and he had no expectation of again seeing his guest.

"How," I asked the man, "did he discover Calvert's name?"

"Why," said he, "one day, a month or two ago, I was dealing with a black fellow in market for some baskets of fruit, when this young man came up, and, speaking to the black, asked him some questions about Calverton, and directed the black to have certain things prepared against such a time, when he expected to bring several friends down who would be likely to spend the night there. I knew what and where Calverton was well enough, for who does not? and I had often had dealings for market stuff with the same dominic. I knew the last owner, and supposed that this might be the young man I heard he left the estate to. I looked at him narrowly, and, when his back

was turned, asked the negro who it was. He said it was his master, Felix Calvert. When he first came to my house, I knew him again in a moment, though he was not dressed over and above nice, and I wondered that he should come to such an house as mine for a lodging; but, that you know, was none of my business. I remember when I first called him by his name, he stared at me as if he wondered how I should have found it out."

"As to what was Calvert's motive for residing here, how his days were employed, and who were his associates, Walden was totally uninformed; and I left him, plunged in the most painful perplexity.

"Clelia has actually left the city three days ago; for I called on her again, resolved to extort from her some explanation of this mystery. I found the doors and window-shutters closed and fastened, and no sign of an inhabitant within.

"I am greatly disturbed. I know not whether to mention to you a suggestion that has lately occurred. I would willingly spare you needless inquietudes, but I hope I may rely, in every vicissitude, on your strength of mind. Hitherto I have always had reason to rely upon it.

"Calvert's conduct has lately been inexplicable. I cannot account for it on any of the ordinary principles of human action. Misguided passions make many a man a paradox; but the passions, in their wildest energy, produce uniform appearances.

"I now look back, with somewhat different eyes, upon my late interview with Calvert. I recollect his visible sincerity in denying my insinuations of falsehood; the tenour of his copious letter to you, and of that to his mother; the suddenness of his resolution to embark for Europe, and this lying incognito in a city where it is impossible that he should not be noticed by some friend or acquaintance.

"Putting these things together, I have admitted a suspicion—yet I am loath, while I cannot forbear to admit it. No less averse am I to mention it, plausible as it now appears.

"But if this suspicion be true, we have hitherto acted most unwisely and unfortunately.

"I am now earnestly desirous of meeting this youth, yet know

not where to look for him. I have wandered the streets the better part of this day. I have been to all the places where he might possibly be found. I have inquired of the market-coming dominic, and been more than once at Walden's. No tidings of him. Perhaps he has left the city. Perhaps he has gone to Burlington.

"I will write again shortly, have I—have I not intelligence——

S. C."

LETTER III.

To the same.

"I write again, as I promised you, but with intelligence that will call forth all your astonishment, and, I fear, though unreasonably, all your grief.

"Last night, after I had written to you, I walked out. That, you know, is my refuge from care. When any thing takes fast hold of my mind, and demands my meditations, I must walk. Since Woodward's garden has been open to all strollers, I usually betake myself to one of its embowered walks.

"I had scarcely entered the garden, which, notwithstanding the radiance and mildness of the evening, had only two or three persons in it, when I saw, seated on a bench, in the broadest moon-shine, Felix Calvert! I passed him once, and surveyed him closely, that I might commit no mistake.

"He seemed to look at me as I first passed, but spoke not, nor gave any sign of recognizing me. I presently returned, and took my seat close beside him. Still he chose not to recognize or to speak to me. Remembering the manner of our parting, I naturally imagined that he had adopted this mode of showing his resentment. I was at a loss in what manner to begin the conversation with him. At last, I made some trite remark upon the weather. He seconded my observation in the accent and air of one who is addressing an absolute stranger.

"I was affected by this coldness, and still imputing it to his resentment, and conscious that his indignation was not wholly without foundation, I turned to him, and, pressing his hand in mine, said, in a conciliating tone, "Come, my dear Felix, let me persuade you to forget the harshness and austerity of my be-

haviour when we last met. I was wrong, and have ever since been anxious to repair the wrong by asking your pardon and promising a different behaviour for the future."

"He looked at me with an air of astonishment, but cheerfulness, and said, "Really, I harbour no resentment against you; nor, indeed, if I know myself, against any human being. I accept your apology, therefore, though I know not, or have forgotten your offence."

"The features of my companion, and the tones of his voice had a significance which I never observed in them before. They used to denote too much of that restless, changeful, and impetuous temper which reigned within; but now, I never saw a more benign complacency. His voice used likewise to be variable, and his utterance sometimes hurried and sometimes tardy, and at no time perfectly and distinctly clear; but now, none of these defects are perceived. I looked at him with great attention, and my former suspicion that all was not well with him, very forcibly recurred. I was at a loss in what manner to renew our discourse, and was silent.

"Pray," said he, "permit me to ask where and how you and I, sir, were last together. I have really forgotten the event, and cannot outroot the persuasion that this is the first time I ever saw you. Your name, I beseech you, sir; that, perhaps, may revive my recollections. My own name is Felix Calvert.'

"You may easily imagine how low my heart sunk at this address. I looked at him again to dispel the momentary doubt that my eyes had been deceived as to his person, but such deception was impossible. I was still silent; for what could I say? He continued;

"It is strange. This is not the first time, since my arrival in this city, that persons whom I never before saw, have accosted me by my name, and claimed me for an old acquaintance. I have been inexpressibly amazed and confounded, and was determined that I would not part with the next person who should chance to greet me in this style, till the meaning of this conduct was fully explained. You, sir, have chanced to be the next; and, as you seem to be more interested in my fate than others have been, I will not part with you till you have perfectly

dispelled this mist. Whom do you take me to be, and what was the interview to which you have just alluded?"

"All this tended still more strongly to confirm my apprehensions. I could not conceal my distress. He noticed it.

"What a maze is here! You are greatly disturbed, sir. Am I, or is my deportment the cause of it? If we ever met before, it must have been beyond the ocean. So short a time has passed since my arrival, that I could not so soon have forgotten one with whom I have had any transactions in America. Did we ever meet in Europe?"

"Judge of the effect which words like these were adapted to produce upon my feelings. At last, my reflections suggested the propriety of humouring this strange perversion; and I said, in a calmer tone, "Perhaps there is some mistake in one or both of us. I will willingly lay before you my reasons for supposing you one with whom I have been long acquainted, if you will favour me with your company to my house." "With all my heart," said he.

"In our way home, neither of us spoke. I was busied in ruminating on an accident so very mournful; for I need not tell you that these appearances were, in my eyes, sufficient indications of intellects unsound. At length we entered the house and my study, and seated ourselves at opposite sides of a table, with lights between us. I once more fixed my eyes upon his countenance, which was very strongly illuminated. Its expression, so very different from what it used to be, struck me in a very forcible manner. Had I not prepared the means of accounting for this change, I should not have hesitated to pronounce myself mistaken as to his person.

"And now," said he, "gratify my impatient curiosity. Where was it that you and I were formerly acquainted?"

"I paused: what answer could I make?

"Perhaps," said he, "you have mistaken one person for another. Look at me attentively. It cannot be that the faces of different persons are perfectly alike. Some differences must exist to one familiarly acquainted with either. Look at me, sir. Such an error is not impossible nor unexampled."

"This intimation now took hold of my belief for the first

time. I was willing to suppose myself mistaken. To account for the past conduct of Felix, and for the scene that had just passed, by supposing him insane, was painful and abhorrent to my feelings.

"I complied, therefore, with his request. I perused his features with an eager scrutiny. Strange that I had not noted diversities before; but I had only seen him at a distance or by the dubious light of the moon. The well-known scar upon the left cheek of our friend; his hazel eyes; his dark hair; were utterly wanting in the image now before me.

"Twice and thrice, clear and more clearly still, did I examine these features. My whole soul was in a tumult of amazement. These were the lineaments and proportions of Felix, but the eyes were blue, the cheek was smooth, and the hair of the lightest chesnut tint. Were these changes wrought by some omnific spell? And was the man before me absolutely different from your cousin? Yet, his name was Felix Calvert.

"He observed my unceasing perplexity." "What," said he, "have you discovered? Do you not perceive the cause of your mistake? for some mistake it has assuredly been."

"But your name," said I——

"Is Felix Calvert."

"Again was I overwhelmed with doubts. How could the names thus exactly agree? "But your age?" said I——

"My birth-day was the tenth of August, and I want two months of being nineteen years of age."

"I need not tell thee, Lucy, that this was the birth-day, and this the age of our Felix. "Who are your parents?"

"I know them not. I never knew them. I lost them in my infancy. Yet they contrived to secure to me their name, and a knowledge of my age, by engraving them upon a piece of copper."——

Thus far I perused, uninterruptedly, Sidney's letter. Here it dropped from my hand. My brain was for a moment clouded by that confusion which Sidney had naturally imagined to account for the contradictions he had witnessed. Thoughts, of such magnitude and number, rushed at once on my mind that they impeded and overturned each other. I held my hand to

my forehead. I walked about the room with unequal steps. Surprise, joy, remorse took possession of me. Rapid recollections of my father's history, of his flight from his native country, of my twin-brother, whom my mother was compelled to leave behind her in the care of the faithful Alice, and of whom Alice was robbed by my vindictive grand-father, of the name of Felix, which, in a moment of foreboding, she inscribed upon a piece of worthless copper and fastened round the child's neck, and my change of name, my mother substituting for Stephen, which I first received, that of Felix, which had been conferred upon my brother, supposed by her to be irretrievably lost.

This is that stolen child; that long-lost brother, whom some freak of nature has impressed with a powerful resemblance of me, and whom some propitious star has thus led to the bosom of his family. Now is the shriek which Clelia uttered in spying her preserver from her window explained; now is that being, for the sake of whom she fled from England, whom she imagined herself to have recognized in me, whose portrait she had, perhaps, clandestinely drawn; now is her mysterious distress, on discovering my real character and history, disrobed of all that created my wonder and anger!

This, then, is he whom Murphy and his sister talked of; *that* Felix Calvert whom they naturally supposed to have re-appeared upon this stage, to have renewed his intercourse with Clelia; and this is he whom Sidney discovered at the draught-board, and whose similarity to *their* Felix, misled him and my cousin into such pernicious errors with regard to me.

But where is this inestimable brother who partakes existence with me in this intimate and wonderful degree? Has he been claimed by my cousin and my mother? Has he gained access to Clelia, and put an end to those doubts and to that distress which were visible at our last interview?

I was still rapidly musing upon these ideas when Sidney entered the room. His eye sparkled with some new and pleasurable meaning. The papers he had given me lay upon the table; and my countenance clearly bespoke the discovery which I had already made by their means.

"I need not ask you," said he, "whether you have read these

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papers. I *see* that you have. Have you any inquiries to make which the letter have not solved?"

"Ten thousand," said I, impetuously, "Where is this brother? Has he seen your common parent? Does he know of my existence? Has he told you of his adventures?"

"Stop," said Sidney, "not so fast. These questions will more probably be put to him than me. He is this moment in the outer room, and waits only my signal to enter. Stay a breath, and I will bring him to you."—Sidney went out.

The state of my mind, during this interval, would not be easily pourtrayed. Every fibre in my frame was tremulous. My heart throbbed as if I were on the eve of some fatal revolution. The suddenness of this occurrence, the meeting with a brother so long severed from my side, and whose mode of birth made him, in some sort, an essential part of myself, seemed like passage into a new state of being. My suspenses were quickly at an end: for Sidney returned in a moment, leading in the stranger.

P. S. Calvert's story is a five-act drama. Here ends the *first* act; and this being in itself complete, the links connecting it with ensuing acts being only afterwards unfolded, it is thought best to stop the piece-meal publication of it here. The reader's fancy has now a clue to all that has heretofore bewildered him, and will easily imagine to itself the consequences of such a meeting as is now about to take place.

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THE END.